SECOND PART OF THE

HISTORY OF THE

Valorous and witty KNIGHT-ERRANT,

Don Quixote of the Mancha.

VV ritten in Spanish by Michael

Ceruantes: And now Translated
into English.



LONDON,
Printed for Edward Blount.

1620.

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TO THE RIGHT

HONOR ABLE, GEORGE

Marquesse Buckingham, Viscount
VILLIERS, Baron of Whaddon, Lord High
Admirall of England; Iustice in Eyrc of all his Maiesties Forrests, Parkes, and Chases beyond Trent, Master of the
Horse to his Maiestie, and one of the Gentlemen of his Maiesties Bed-chamber, Knight of the most noble Order of the
Garter, and one of his MAIESTIES most Homourable Pring
Counsell of England and Scotland.

Right Noble Lord,



OVR humble seruant hath observed in the multitude of books that have past his hands, no small varietie of

Dedications; and those severally sorted to their Presenters ends: Some, for the meere ambition of Great names; Others, for the desire, or need

A 2

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

of Protection: Many, to win Friends, and so favour, and opinion; but Most, for the more sordid respect, Gaine. This humbly offers into your Lo: presence, with none of these deformities: But as a bashfull stranger, newly arrived in English, baving originally had the fortune to be borne commended to a Grande of Spaine; and, by the way of translation, the grace to kisse the hands of a great Ladie of France, could not despaire of lesse courtesse in the Court of Great Brittaine, then to bee received of your Lo: delight : his study being to sweeten those short starts of your retirement from publique affaires, which so many, so unseasonably, even to molestation trouble.

> By him who most trucly honours, and humbly professes all duties to your Lordship.



THE AVTHORS PROLOGVE TO THE

READER.

Ow God defend! Reader, Noble or Plebeyan, what ere thou art: how earneftly must thou needs by this time expect this Prologue, supposing that thou must find in it nothing but revenge, brawling, and rayling

whom I onely say as others say, that he was begot in Tordesillas, and borne in Tarragona? the truth is, herein I meane not to give thee content. Let it be never so generall a rule, that inivites awaken and rouze vp choler in humble bress, yet in mine must this rule admiran exception: Thou, it may be, woulds have mee be-Asse him, be-madman him, and be-soole him, but no such matter can enter into my thought; no, let his owne rod whip him; as hee hath brewed, so let him bake; else where he shall have it: and yet there is somewhat which I cannot but resent, and that is, that he exprobrates vnto me my age, and my mayme, as if it Helott one had been in my power, to hold Time backe, that so it of his hands. Should not passe vpon mee, or if my mayme had be-

A 2 falns

The Authors Prologue

Ar the Bat-

falne me in a Tauerne, and not vpon the most famous b occasion which either the ages past or present haue tell of Lepanto. Seene, nor may the times to come looke for the like: If my wounds shine not in the eyes of such as behold them; yet shall they be esteemed at least in the judgement of fuch as know how they were gotten. A Souldiour had rather be dead in the battell, then free by running away: and fo is it with me, that should men set before me and facilitate an impossibilitie. I should rather have defired to have beene in that prodigious action; then now to bee in a whole skinne, free from my skarres, for not having been in it. The skarres which a Souldiour shewes in his face and breft, are starres which leade others to the Heauen of Honor, & to the desire of just praise: and besides it may be noted, that it is not so much mens pens which write, as their iudgements; and these vse to be better'd with yeares. Nor am I insensible of his calling me Enuious, and describing me as an ignorant. What Enuy may be, I vow feriously, that of those two forts, that are; I skill not but of that Holy, Noble, and ingenuous Enuy, which being fo, as it is, I have no meaning to abuse any Priest; especially, if he hath annexed vnto him the Title of FAM I-LIAR of the Inquisition and if he said so, as it seemes by this fecond Author, that he did, he is vtterly deceiued: For I adore his wit, admire his workes, and his continuall vertuous imployment; and yet in effect I cannot but thanke this Iweet Senior Author, for faying that my Nouelles are more Satyrick, then Exemplar; and that yet they are good, which they could not be, were they not so quite thorow. It seemes, thou.

tellest me, that I write somewhat limited, and obscurely, and containe my felfe within the bounds of my modeflie, as knowing, that a man ought not adde mifery to him that is afflicted, which doubtleffe must needs be very great in this Senior, fince he dares not appeare in open field, in the light, but conceales his Name, faines his Countrey, as if hee had committed some Treason against his King. Well, if thou chance to light vpon him, and know him, tell him from mee, that I hold my selfe no whit aggricued at him : for I wellknow what the temptations of the Diuellare; and one of the greatest is, when hee puts into a mans head, that he is able to compose and print a booke, whereby he shall gaine as much Fame as money, and and as much money as Fame. For confirmation hereof, I intreat thee, when thou art disposed to be merry and pleasant, to tell him this Tale.

There was a Mad-man in Seuill, which hit vpon one of the prettiest absurd tricks that ever mad-man in this world lighted on, which was: Hee made him a Cane sharpe at one end, and then catching a Dogge in the street, or elsewhere, hee held fast one of the Dogges legges vnder his foot, and the other hee held vp with his hand. Then fitting his Cane as well as he could, behinde, he fell a blowing till hee made the Dogge as round as a Ball: and then, holding him still in the same manner, hee gave him two clappes with his hand on the belly, and so let him goe, Saying to those which stood by (which alwayes were many) how thinke you, my Masters, Is it a small matter to blow vp a Dogge like a Bladder? and how thinke you, Is it a small labour to make a Booke? If this

Tale .

The Ambors Prologue

Tale should not fit him: then, good Reader, tell him this other; for this also is of a Mad-man and a Dog. In Cordona was another Mad-man, which was wont to carry on the top of his head, a huge piece of Marble not of the lightest, who meeting a masterlesse Dogge, would stalke vp close to him: and on a sudden, downe with his burden vpon him: the Dogge would presently yearne, and barking and yelling run away, three streets could not hold him. It fell out afterwards among other Dogges (vpon whom hee let fall his load) there was a Cappers Dogge, which his Master made great account of, vpon whom hee let downe his great stone, and tooke him full on the head: the poore batter'd Currecryes pittifully. His Mafter fpies it, and affected with it, gets a meat-yard, affaults the mad-man, and leaves him not a whole bone in his skinne; and at euery blow that he gaue him, he cryes out, Thou Dogge, Thou Thiefe, my Spaniel! Saw'ft, thou not, thou cruell Villaine, that my Dogge was a Spaniell? And euer and anon repeating still his Spaniell, he fent away the Mad-man all blacke and blue. The Mad-man was terribly skarred herewith, but got away, and for more then a moneth after neuer came abroad: At last out hee comes with his invention againe, and a bigger load then before: and comming where the Dogge flood, viewing him ouer and ouer againe very heedily; he had no minde, he durft not let goe the sione, but onely said, Take heed, this is a Spaniell. In fine, whatfocuer Dogges he met, though they were Mastifs or Fysting-Hounds, hee still said they were Spaniels. So that after that, he neuer durst throw his great Stone any more. And who knowes but

but the same may befall this our Historian, that hee will no more let fall the prize of his wit in Bookes? for in being naught, they are harder then Rockes: tell him too, that for his menacing, that with his booke he will take away all my gaine; I care not a straw for him: but betaking my felfe to the famous Interlude of Perendenga: I answere him, Let the Old man my Master live, and Christ bee with vs all. Long live the great Conde de Lemes (whose Christianity and well-knowne Liberalitie against all the blowes of my short fortune. keepes me on foote) and long live that eminent Charitie of the Cardinall of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandonal y Rojas. Were there no printing in the world, or were there as many Bookes printed against mee, as there are letters in the Rimes of Mingo Revulge; these two Princes, without any sollicitation of flatterie, or any other kinde of applause, of their sole bounty haue taken vpon them to doe me good, and to fauour me; wherein I account my felfe more pappy and rich, then if fortune, by fome other ordinary way, had raised me to her highest : Honour, a Poore man may haue it, but a Vicious man cannot: Pouerty may cast a mist vpon Noblenes, but cannot altogether obscure it:but as the glimmering of any light of it selfe, though but thorow narrow chinkes and Cranyes, comes to be esteemed by high and Noble spirits, and consequently fauoured. Say no more to him; nor will I fay any more to thee : but onely advertise that thou confider, that this Second part of Don Quixote, which I offer thee, is framed by the same Art, and cut out of the same cloth that the first was: in it I present thee with Don Quixote enlarged, & at last dead and buried, that

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The Authors Prologue, &c.

that so no man presume to raise any farther reports of him; those that are past are enow: and let it suffice that an honest man may have given notice of these discreet follies, with purpose not to enter into them any more. For plenty of any thing, though never so good, makes it lesse esteemed: and scarsitie (though of evill things) makes them somewhat accounted of. I forgot to tell thee that thou mayst expect Persiles, which I am now about to finish; as also the Second part of Galatea.

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SVMMARY TABLE

of that, which this second part of the famous History of the valourous Don Quixote de la Mancha doth containe.

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SECOND PART

Of Don Quixote.

CHAP. I.

How the Vicar and the Barber passed their time with Don Quixote, touching his infirmity.



in the second part of this History, and Don Quixote his third fally, that the Vicar and Barber were almost a whole moneth without seeing him, because they would not renew and bring to his remembrance things done and past. Notwithstanding, they forbore not to visit his Neece and the olde woman.

charging them they should bee carefull to cherish him, and to give him comforting meats to eat, good for his heart and braine, from whence in likeli-hood all his ill proceeded. They answered, that they did so, and would doe it with all possible loue and care: For they perceived that their Master continually gave signes of being in his entire iudgement; at which the two received great ioy, and thought they tooke the right course, when they brought him inchaunted in the Oxe-Waine (as hath beene declared in the first part of this so famous, as punctual History.) So they determined to visit him, and make some trial of his amendment, which they thought was impossible; and agreed not to touch upon any point of Knight Errantry; because they would not endanger the ripping up of a sore, whose stitches

made it ver tender.

At length they visited him, whom they found set up in his bed, clad in a Walte-coat of greene bayes, on his head a red Toledo bonet, so dried and withcred vp, as if his flesh had beene mommied. He welcommed them, & they asked him touching his health: of it and himselfe he gaue them good account, with much judgement and elegant phrase, and in processe of discourse, they fell into State-matters, and manner of Gouernment, correcting this abuse, and condemning that; reforming one custome, and rejecting another; each of the three making himselfe a new Law-maker, a moderne Lycurgus, and a spicke and span new Solon; and they so refined the Common-wealth, as if they had clapped it into a forge, and drawne it out in another fashion then they had put it in. Don Quixote in all was so discreet, that the two Examinants undoubtedly beleeved, he was quite well, and in his right minde. The Neece and the old woman were present at this discourse, and could never give God thankes enough, when they faw their Master with so good vnderstanding: But the Vicar changing his first intent, which was, not to meddle in matters of Canallery, would now make a thorow triall of Don Quixotes perfect recovery; and so now and then tels him newes from Court, and amongst others, that it was given out for certaine, that the Turke was come downe with a powerfull Army, that his designe was not knowne, nor where fuch a clowd would discharge it felse : and that all Chriftendome was affrighted with this terrour he puts vs in with his yeerely Alarme: Likewise, that his Maiesty had made strong

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the coasts of Naples, Sieile, and Malta. To this (fayd Don Onixote) his Maielty hath done like a most politique Warrior. in looking to his Dominions in time, left the enemy might take him at vnawares: but if my counfaile might preuaile, I would aduile him to vsea preuention, which he is farre from thinking on at present. The Vicar scarse heard this, when hee thought with himselfe; God defend thee, poore Don Quixote: for mee thinkes thou fallest headlong from the high top of thy madnelle, into the profound bottome of thy limplicity. But the Barber presently being of the Vicars minde, askes Don Quixote what aduice it was he would give? for peraduenture (fayd he) it is such an one as may bee put in the roll of those many idle ones that are viually given to Princes. Mine, Good-man Shauer (quoth Don Quixote) is no fuch. I spoke not to that intent (replyed the Barber) but that it is commonly seene, that all or the most of your projects that are given to his Maiesty, are either impossible, or friuolous, either in detriment of the King or Kingdome. Well, mine (quoth Don Quixote) is neither impofsible, nor friuolous; but the plainest, the justest, the most manageable and compendious, that may bee contained in the thought of any Projectour. You are long a telling vsit, Mr. Don Quixote, fayd the Vicar. I would not (replyed hee) tell it you heere now, that it should bee earely to morrow in the cares of some priny Councellour, and that another should reap the praise and reward of my labour. For mee (quoth the Barber) I passe my word, heere and before God, to tell neither King nor Keisar, nor any earthly man what you say : an oath I learnt out of the Ballad of the Vicar, in the Preface whereof he told the King of the theefe that robbed him of his two hundred double piltolets, and his gadding mule. I know not your histories (fayd Don Quixote) but I presume the oath is good because I know Mr. Barber is an honest man. If he were not (fayd the Vicar) I would make it good, and vndertake for him, that he shall be dumb in this busines, under paine of excommunication. And who shall undertake for you, Mr. Vicar, (quoth Don Quixote?) My profession (answered he) which is to keep counfaile. Body of me, (fayd Don Quixote) is there any more to be done

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done then, but that the King cause proclamation to bee made, that at a prefixed day, all the Knights Errant that roue vp and downe Spaine, repaire to the Court? and if there came but halfe a doozen, yet fuch an one there might bee amongst them, as would destroy all the Turkes power. Harken to me, Hoe, and let me take you with mee: doe yee thinke it is strange, that one Knight Errant should conquer an army of two hundred thoufand fighting men, as if all together had but one throat, or were made of fugar-pellets? But cell me, how many Itories are full of those maruels? You should have brave Don Beliamis afine now, with a pox to me, for Ile curse no other; or some one of that inuincible linage of Amadus de Ganl: for if any of these were living at this day, and should affront the Turke, I faith I would not be in his coat : but God will provide for his people, and fend some one, if not so brane a Knight Errant as those formerly, yet at least that shall not be inferiour in courage; and God knowes my meaning, and I say no more. Alatse (quoth the Neece at this instant) hang me, if my master have not a desire to turne Knight Errant againe. Then cryed Don Quixote, I must die so, march the Turke vp and downe when he will, and as powerfully as he can, I say againe, God knowes my meaning. Then sayd the Barber, Good Sirs, give me leave to tell you of a briefe tale of an accident in Seuil, which because it fals out heere so pat, I must needs tell it. Don Quixote was willing, the Vicar and the rest gaue their attention, and thus he began.

In the house of the mad-men at Semil, there was one put in there by his kindred, to recouer him of his lost wits, hee was a Bachelour of Law, graduated in the Canons at Osma, and though he had beene graduated at Salamanca, yet (as many are of opinion) he would have beene mad there too; this Bachelor after some yeeres imprisonment, made it appears that hee was well and in his right wits, and to this purpose writes to the Arch-Bishop, desiring himearnessly, and with sorcible reasons, to deliver him from that misery in which hee lived, since by Gods mercy, he had now recovered his lost understanding: and that his kindred, onely to get his wealth, had kept him there, and so meant to hold him still wrongfully till his death. The

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Arch-Bilhop, induced by many fensible and discreet lines of his, commanded one of his Chaplaines to informe himselfe from the Rector of the house, of the truth; and to speake also with the mad-man, that if he perceived he was in his wits, hee should give him his liberty. The Chaplaine did this, and the Rector faid that the party was still mad, that although hee had fornetimes faire intermillions, yet in the end he would grow to fuch a rauing, as might equall his former discretion (as hee told him) he might perceive by discoursing with him. The Chaplaine would needes make triall, and comming to him, talked with him an houre and more, and in all that time the mad-man neuer gaue him a croffe, nor wildeanswer, but rather spoke aduisedly, that the Chaplaine was forced to beleeve him to be senfible enough; and amongst the rest he told him, the Rector had an inckling against him, because hee would not lose his kindreds Prefents, that hee might fay he was madde by fittes: withall hee faid, that his Wealth was the greatest vyrong to him in his euill Fortune, fince to enjoy that, his eneanies defrauded him, and would doubt of GODS mercie to him, that had turned him from a Beast to a Man. Lastly, hee spoke so well, that hee made the Rector to bee suspe-Eted, and his kindred thought couetous and damnable perfons, and himselfe so discreet, that the Chaplaine determined to haue him with him, that the Arch-Bishop might see him, and be satisfied of the truth of the businesse. With this good beliefe, the Chaplaine required the Rector to give the Bachelor the clothes hee brought with him thither : who replied; defiring him to consider what he did, for that the party was still madde: but the Rectors aduice prevailed nothing with the Chaplaine, to make him leave him; so hee was forced to give way to the Arch-bishops order, and to give him his apparell, which was new and handsome : and when the madde man faw himselfe ciuilly cladde, and his mad-mans weedes off, hee requested the Chaplaine, that in charity he would let him take his leave of the mad-men his companions. The Chaplaine told him that hee would likewise accompany him, and see the madde-men that were in the house. So vp they went, and with them some o-

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thers there present, and the Bachelor being come to a kinde of Cage, where an outragious mad-man lay, (although as then still and quiet,) he faid, Brother, if you will command me ought. I am going to my house; for now it hath pleased God, of his infinite goodnesse and mercy, without my desert, to bring me to my right minde: I am now well and sensible, for vnto Gods power nothing is vnpossible. Be of good comfort, trust in him, that since he hath turned mee to my former estate, he will doe the like to you, if you trust in him. I will be carefull to fend you some dainty to eat, and by any meanes eat it; for let metell you what I know by experience, that all our madnetle proceeds from the emptinette of our flomacks, that fills our brains with aire: Take heart, take heart; for this dejecting in mifery, leffens the health, and haltens death. Another madde-man in a Cage ouer-against, heard all the Bachelors discourse, and rayfing himselfe vpon an olde Matresse vpon which hee lay starke naked, asked aloud, who it was that was going away found and in his wits. The Bachelor replied : It is I, brother that am going, for I have no need to flay heere any longer; for which I render infinite thankes to God, that hath done me so great a fauour. Take heed what you fay, Bachelor, reply'd the madde. man, let not the Deuill deceive you; keepe still your foot, and be quiet heere at home, and so you may faue a bringing backe. I know (quoth the Bachelor) I am well, and shall need to walke no more stations hither. You'r well, faid the mad-man. The event will try; God be with you: but I fweare to thee by Jupiter, whose Maiesty I represent on earth, that for this dayes offence. I will eat up all Senill, for delivering thee from hence, and faving thou art in thy wits; I will take fuch a punishment on this City, as shall be remembred for euer and euer, Amen. Knowest not thou, poore rascall Bachelor, that I can doe it. fince (as I fay) I am thundering Jupiter, that carry in my hands the fcorching bolts, with which I can, and vie to threaten and destroy the world? But in onething onely will I chastise this ignorant Towne; which is, That for three yeers together there shall fall no raine about it, nor the liberties thereof, counting from this time and instant hence-forward, that this threat hath beene.

beene made. Thou free? thou found, thou wife, and I mad, I ficke, I bound? as fure will I raine, as I meane to hang my selfe. The slanders by gaue attention to the mad-man: but our Bachelor turning to the Chaplaine, and taking him by the hand, said, Be not afraid, Sir, nor take any heed to this mad-mans words: for if he be Impiter and will not raine, I that am Neptune the Father and god of the waters, will raine as oft as I litt, and need shall require. To which (quoth the Chaplaine) Nay, Mr. Neptune, it were not good angring Mr. Impiter. I pray stay you here still, and some other time, at more leisure and opportunitie, we will returne for you againe. The Rector and standards by began to laugh, and the Chaplaine grew to bee halfe abasshed: the Bachelor was valed the standards and the standards.

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Well; is this the Tale, Mr. Barber (quoth Don Quixote) that because it fell out so par, you could not but relate it? Ah, goodman Shauester, goodman Shauester, how blind is he that sees not light through the bottome of a Meale-fine? and is it possible that you should not know, that comparisons made betwixt wit, & wit, valour and valour, beauty and beauty, and betwixt birth and birth, are alwayes odious & ill taken? I am not Neptune, god of the waters, neither care I who thinks me a wife man, (I being none) onely I am troubled to let the world understand the errour it is in, in not renewing that most happy Age, in we'h the Order of Knight Errantry did flourish: But our depraued times deserve not to enioy fo great a happines, as former Ages, when Knights Errant vndertook the defence of Kingdomes, the protection of Damosels, the fuccouring of Orphans, the chastizing the Proud, the reward of the Humble. Most of your Knights now-a-daies, are such as russle in their silkes, their cloth of gold and silver, and such rich stuffes as these they weare, rather then Maile, with which they should arme themselves. You have no Knight now that will lye vpon the bare ground, subject to the rigour of the ayre, armed Cap a Pie: None now that vpright on his stirrops, & leaning on his Launce, striues to be head sleepe (as they fay your Knights Errant did:) You have none now, that comming out of this wood, enters into that mountaine, and from thence tramples ouer a barren and defirt shore of the Sea, most commonly stormy and vnquiet; and finding at the brinke of it some little Cock-boat, without Oares, Saile, Malt, or any kinde of tackling, calts himselfe into it with vindanted courage, yeelds himselfe to the implacable waves of the deepe Maine, that now tolle him as high as Heaven, and then cast him as low as hell, & he exposed to the incuitable tempelt, when he least dreames of it, findes himselfe at least three thousand Leagues distant from the place where he embarqued himselfe: and leaping on a remote and vnknowne shore, lights vpon successes worthy to be written in brasse, & not parchment. But now floth triumphs vpon industry, idlenetse on labour, vice on vertue, presumption on valour, the Theorie on the Practice of Armes, which onely lived and shined in those golden Ages, and in those Knights Errant. If not, tell me, who was more vertuous, more valiant, then the renowned Amadis de Gaul? more discreet then Palmerin of England? more affable and free, then Tirante the White? more gallant then Lifuart of Greece? a greater hackster, or more hacked then Don Belianis? more vindaunted then Perian of Gaule? who a greater undertaker of dangers then Felismarte of Hircania? who more sincere then Esplandian? who more courteous then Don Cierongilio of Thracia? who more fierce then Rodomant ? who wifer then King Sobrinus? who more couragious then Renalde? who more inuincible then Reldan? who more comely, or more courteous then Rogero? from whom the Dukes of Ferrara at this day are descended (according to Turpin in his Cosmography.) All these Knights, and many more (Master Vicar) that I could tell you, were Knights Errant. the very light and glory of Knight-hood. Thefe, or such as thefe. are they I wish for, which if it could be, his Maiesty would bee well ferued, and might faue a great deale of expence, and the Turke might goe shake his eares. And therefore let me tell you, I scorne to keepe my house, since the Chaplaine deliuers mee not, and his Impiter (as goodman Barber talkes) raines not; heeream I that will raine when I lift: this I speake, that goodman Bason may know I vnderstand him.

Truly Mr. Don Quixote (faid the Barber) I spoke it not to that end, and so help mee God, as I meant well, and you ought not to resent any thing. I know well enough whether I ought or no, Sir, replyed Don Quixote. Then (quoth the Vicar) well, goe to: I have not spoken a word hitherto, I would not willingly remaine

remaine with one scruple which doth grate and gnaw upon my conscience, sprung from what Mr. Don Quixote hath here told vs. For this and much more you have full liberty, good Mafter Vicar (faid Don Quixote) and therefore tell your icruple, for fureit is no pleasure to continue with a scrupulous conscience. Vnder correction (quoth the Vicar) this it is, I can by no means be perswaded that all that troope of Knights Errant which you named, were ever true, and really persons of flesh and bone in this world: I rather imagine all is fiction, tales, and lies, or dreames fet downe by men waking, or to fay trulier, by men halfe afleepe. There's another error (quoth Don Quixote) into which many have falne, who believe not that there have beene fuch Knights in the world: and I my felfe many times in divers companies, and vpon several occasions, have laboured to shew this common mistake, but sometimes have failed in my purpole, at thers not, supporting it vpon the shoulders of Truth, which is so infallible, that I may say, that with these very eyes I have beheld Amadis de Ganl, who was a goodly tall man, well complectioned, had a broad beard, and blacke, an equal countenance betwirt milde and sterne, a man of small discourse, slow to anger, and foone appealed: and just as I have delineated Amadis, I might in my judgement paint and decipher out as many Knights Errant, as are in all the Histories of the world : for by apprehending, they were such as their histories report them, by their exploits they did, and their qualities; their features, colours, and statures may in good Philosophy be gueffed at. How bigge, deare Mr. Don Quixote (quoth the Barber) might Gyant Morgante be? Touching Gyants (quoth Don Quixote) there be different opinions whether there have beene any or no in the world: but the holy Scripture, which cannot errea iot in the truth, doth shew vs plainely that there were, telling vs the flory of that huge Philistine Golias, that was seuen cubits and a halfe high, which is an vnmeasurable greatnesse. Besides, in the Ile of Sicilia, there have beene found shanke-bones, and shoulder-bones so great, that their bignesse shewed their owners to have beene Gyants, and as huge as high towers, which Geometry will make good. But for all this, I cannot easily tell.

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you how big Mergante was, though I suppose he was not very tall; to which opinion I incline, because I finde in his history, where there is particular mention made of his Acts, that many times hee lay vnder a roofe : And therefore fince hee found an house that would hold him, tis plaine, he could not be of extraordinary bigneffe. Tistrue (quoth the Vicar) who delighting to heare him talke fo wildely, asked him what he thought of the faces of Renaldo of Montalban, Don Roldan and the rest of the twelue Peeres of France, who were all Knights Errant. For Renalde (quoth Don Quixote) I dare boldly fay, he was broad-faced, his complexion high, quicke and full eyed, very exceptious and extremely cholericke, a louer of theeues and debaucht company. Touching Rolando, or Rotolando, or Orlando, for histories afford him all these names, I am of opinion, and affirme that hee was of a meane stature, broad-shouldred, somwhat bow-legged, Abourne bearded, his body hairie, and his lookes threatning, dull of discourse, but affable and well behaued. If Orlando (faid the Vicar) was so sweet a youth as you describe him, no maruell though the faire Angeliea disdained him, and left him, for the handsome, briske and conceited beard-budding Medor, and that the had rather have his foftnelle, then tothers roughnelle. That Angelica (quoth Don Quixote) was a light huswife, a gaddet, and a wanton, and left the world as full of her fopperies, as the reports of her beauty: shee despised a thousand Knights, a thousand both valiant and discreet, and contented herselfe with a poore beardleffe Page, without more wealth or honour, then what her famous finger Ariofto could give her in token of his thankfulnetfeto his friends loue, either because hee durst not in this respect, or because hee would not chaunt what befell this Lady, after her base prostitution, for sure her carriage was not very honest: So he left her when he said,

And how Catayes scepter she had at will, Perhaps, some one will write with better quill.

And vindoubtedly this was a kinde of prophesie, for Poets are called *Oates*, that is, South-savers: and this truth liath beene cleerely seene, for since that time, a famous Andaluxian Poet wept; and sing her teares: and another famous and rare Poet of

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Castile her beauty. But tell mee, Mr. Don Quixote (quoth the Barber) was there ever any Poet that wrote a Satyre against this faire Lady, amongst those many that have written in her praise? I am well perswaded (quoth Don Quixote) that if Sacripant or Orlando had beene Poets, they had trounced the Damotell: for it is an ordinary thing amongst Poets once distained, or not admitted by their fained Mistresses, (fained indeed, because they, faine they love them) to revenge themselves with Satyres & Libbels; a revenge truely vnworthy noble spirits: but hisherto I have not heard of any infamatory verse against the Lady Angelica, that hath made any hurly burly in the world. Strange, quoth the Vicar. With that they might beare the Neece and the olde woman (who were before gone from them) keep anoyse without in the Court: so they went to see what was the matter.

CHAP. II.

Of the notable fray that Sancho Panca had with the Neectand the old woman, and other delightfull passages.

He Story fayes, that the noyfe which Don Quixote, the Vicar and the Barber heard, was of the Neece and the old woman, that were rating Sanche Panza, that Grove with them for entrance to fee Don Quixote, who kept the doore against him. What will this bloud-hound have heere? fayd they, Get youhome to your own house, for you are he & none elfe, that doth distract and ring-lead our Master, and carry him altray. To which (quoth Sancho) Woman of Satan, I am hee that is distracted, ring-led, and carried astray, and not your Mafler: twas he that led mee vp and downe the world, and you deceine you selnes and understand by halues : he drew me from my house with his conveatching, promising mee an Island, which I yet hope for. A plague of your Islands (replied the Neece) curfed Sancho; and what be your Islands? is it any thing to eat, good-man glutton, you cormorant, as you are? Tisnot to eat (quoth Sancho) but to rule and gouerne, better then foure. Cities, . Cities, or foure of the Kings Judges. For all that (fayd the olde woman) you come not in heere, you bundle of milchiefe and facke of wickednetle, get you home and governethere, and fow your graine, and leave feeking after Ilands or Dilands. The Vicar and the Barber tooke great delight to heare this Dialogue betweenethe three : But Don Quixote, fearing left Sanche should out with all, and should blunder out a company of malicious fooleries, or should touch vpon poynts that might not be for his reputation, he called him to him, and commanded the women to be filent, and to let him in. Sancho entred, and the Vicar and Barber tooke leave of Don Quixote, of whose recovery they dispaired seeing how much he was bent you his wilde thoughts. and how much he was beforted with his damned Knights Errant. So (quoth the Vicar to the Barber) you shall quickly, Gofsip, perceive, when we least thinke of it, that our Gallant takes his flight againe by the river. No doubt (fayd the Barber) but I wonder not so much at the Knights madnetse, as the Squires Simplicity, that believes so in the Ilands, and I thinke all the Art in the world will not drive that out of his noddle. God mend them (fayd the Vicar) and let vs expect what iffue the multitude of this Knight and Squires absurdities will have: for it feemes they were both framed out of one forge, at it were, for the Masters madnes without the Servants folly, is not worth a chip. Tis true (fayd the Barber) and I should be glad to know their present discourse. I warrant (sayd the Vicar) the Neece and old woman will tell vs all when they have done, for they are not so mannerly as not to harken. In the Interim, Don Quixote locked in Sancho, & thus discoursed with him: I am very forry, Sanche, you should affirme and make good, that I was hee that drew you from your dog-hole cottage, knowing that I willingly left mine, a Palace in comparison; wee went out iovntly, so we marched on, & fo we held our whole peregrination; both of vs having vndergone the same lot, the same fortune ; & if once thou walt tolled in a blanket, I have beene banged an hundred times, and heerein haue I the aduantage of thee. Why, it was very fit (answered Sancho) for (as you hold) misfortunes are more annexed to Knights Errant then to their Squires. Thou

art deceived, Sanche, (quoth Don Quixote: for according to the faving, Quando caput dolet, &c. I vnderstand no other language but mine owne, faid Sancho. Why I mean (replied Don Quixote) that when the head akes, all the body is out of tune: so that I being thy Lord and Matter, am thy head, and thou a part of me, fince thouart my feruant, in which respect, theill that toucheth me, mult concerne and grieue thee, and so thine me. Indeed (quoth Sancho) it ought to bee fo : but when I was tolled in the blanker, my head stood aloofe, like a part, beholding me fly in the aire, without any feeling my griefe, and fince the members are bound to fuffer for the head, the head in requitall should also suffer for them. You meane, Sancho (quoth Don Quixote) that I had no feeling of your being totled? And if you meane fo, doe not, neither imagine any fuch thing : for at that time, I was more vext in spirit, then thou couldst bee in body : but leave we this for the present; for wee shall have leisure to consider and rectifie it : and tell me, friend Sancho, what fay the common people of me? In what estimation doe the Gentlemen hold me? In what the Knights and Gallants? What fay they of my valour? What of my exployts? What of my affability? What discourse they touching my plot in raising and restoring to the world, the long forgotten order of Knight Errantry ? To conclude, I would have thee tell me all that thou half heard: and you must tell me, without adding to my praise, or diminishing my dispraise, for it is the part of loyall servants, to tell the naked truth to their Malters, in its native colour, without increasing it by flattery, or diminishing it for any other vaine respect; And I would have thee, Sancho, learne by the way, that if the naked truth should come to the cares of Princes, without the apparrell of flattery, we should have another manner of world, and other ages would be called iron, and not ours, and this would beethe golden age. And let mee aduife thee, Sancho, that well and difcreetly thou tell me the truth of what thou knowest, concerning my demand. I shall with a very good will, Sir, (quoth Sancko) vpon condition that you shall not bee angry at what I shall tell you, fince you will have the naked truth, without any other clothing then what I have feeneher with. By no meanes will I

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be angry (answered Don Quixote) thou mayst speake freely, Sancho, and without any disguise. Why then, first of all I must tell you, the common people hold you for a notable mad-man, and that I am no leffe Cox-combe. The ordinary Gentle-men fay, that not containing your felfe within the limits of Gentrie, you will needs be-Don your felfe, and be a man of honour, hauing but three or foure acres of land, and a rag before, and another behinde. The Knights fay, they would not have your poore Squires bee ranked with them, that clout their owne shooes, and take vp a stitch in their owne blacke stockings with greene filke. That concernes not me (quoth Don Quixote) for thou feeft that I goe alwaies well clad, and neuer patcht: indeed a little torne fometimes, but more with my armour, then by long wearing. Concerning your valour (quoth Sancho) your affability, your exploits, and your plot, there bee different opinions: Some say you are a mad-man, but a merry one : others, that you are valiant, but withall vnfortunate: a third fort, that you are affable, but impertinent: and thus they descant upon vs. that they leave neither you nor me a found bone. Why looke thee , Sancho (quoth Don Quixete) wherefocuer vertue is eminent, it is persecuted: few or none of those braue Hero's that haue lived, have scaped malicious calumniation. Inline Cafar, that most couragious, most wise, most valiant Captaine, was noted to be ambitious, and to be somewhat souenly in his apparrell and his conditions. Alexander, who for his exploits obtained the title of Great, is faid to have beene given to drunkenneile: Hercules, hee with his many labours, was faid to have beene lasciuious and a Striker: Don Galaor, brother to Amadis de Gaul, was grudged at for being offensive: and his Brother for a sheepe-biter. So that, Sancho, since so many worthy men haue beene calumniated, I may well fuffer mine, if it have beer e no more then thou tellest me. Why, there's the guiddity of the matter, Body of my father, quoth Sancho. Was there any more layd then, faid Don Quixote? There's more behinde ver, faid Sancho: all that was faid hitherto, is cakes and white-bread to this: but if you will know all concerning these calumnies, lle bring you one hither by and by, that shall tell vm you all withreely.

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out milling a fcrap ; for last night Bartholomen Carrafco's fonne arrived, that comes from fludy from Salamanca, and hath proceeded Bachelour, and as I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that your History was in print, under the Title of the most Ingenious Gentle man Don Quixote de la Mancha; and hee tels mee that I am mentioned too, by mine owne name of Sancho Panfa, and Dulcinea del Tobofo is in too, and other matters that palled betwixt vs, at which I was amazed, and bleffed my selfe how the Historian that wrote them, could come to the knowledge of them. Affure thee, Sancho (faid Don Quixote) the Author of our Hiltory is some Sage Enchanter: for such are not ignorant of all secrets they write. Well (faid Sancho) if hee "It should be were wife and an Enchanter, I will tell you according as Samfon Benengel, but Carrafco told me (for thats the mans name that spoke with me) mistakes, as that the Authors name of this Hiltory is Cid Hamete2 Beregena. followeth in That is the name of a Moore, fayd Don Quixote. It is very like the next note. (quoth Sancho) for your Moores are great louers of b Beren- b Berengena is a gens. Sancho (laid Don Quixote) you are out in the Moores sir- which they name, which is Cid Hamete Benengeli, and Cide in the Arabicke boyle with fignifieth Lord. It may bee so (quoth Sanche) but if you will sod meat, as haue the Bachelour come to you, Ile bring him to you flying. we do carrats, Friend (quoth Don Quixote) thou shalt doe mee a speciall plea- and here was fure, for I amin suspence with what thou hast told me, and will sancho's simplicity in mistanot eat a bit till I am informed of all. Well, I goe for him (fayd king, and to Sancho;) And leaving his Malter, went for the Bachelor, with thinke that whom a while after hee returned, and the three had a passing name was gipleasant Dialogue.

uen the Author for loning the fruit.

CHAP. III.

The ridiculous discourse that passed betwint Don Quixote, Sancho, and the Bachelour Samson Carrasco.

On Quixote was monstrous pensative, expecting the Bachelour Carrasco, from whom he hoped to heare the newes of himselfe in print (as Sancho had told him) and

he could not be perswaded that there was such a History, since yet the bloud of enemies, killed by him, was scarse dry vpon his fword blade, and would they have his noble acts of Chivalry already in the Presse? Notwithstanding, hee thought that some wife man, or friend, or enemy, by way of enchantment, had committed them to the Prelle: If a friend, then to extoll him for the most remarkable of any Knight Errant: If an enemy, to annihilate them, and dap vm beneath the basest and meanett that cuer were mentioned of any inferior Squire, although (thought he to himselse) no acts of Squire were euer divulged : but if there were any Hiltory, being of a Knight Errant, it must needs be lofty and stately, famous, magnificent, and true. With this he comforted himselfe somewhat, but began to bee discomforted, to thinke that his Author mult be a Moore, by reason of that name of Cide: and from Moores there could beeno truth expe-Eted; for all of them are Cheaters, Impoltors, and Chymilts.

He feared likewise, that he might treat of his Loue with some indecency, that might redound to the letsening and prejudice of his Lady *Dalcinea del Toboso's* honesty, he delired that he might declare his constancy, and the decorum that hee had euer kept toward her, contemning Queenes and Empresses, and Damosels of all sorts, keeping distance with violencies of naturals motions. Sancho and Carrasco found him thus tossed and turmoy-led in these & many such like imaginations, whom *Don Quixoso*

received with much courtesie.

This Bachelour, though his name was Samson, was not very tall, but a notable Wag-halter, leane-faced, but of a good vinderstanding; he was about foure and twenty yeeres of age, round-faced, slat-nosed, and wide-mouthed, all signes of a malicious disposition, and a friend to conceits and merriment, as he shewed it when he saw Don Quixote; for hee fell vpon his knees before him, saying, Good Mr. Don Quixote, give me your Greatnesse his hand, for by the habit of S. Peter, which I weare, you are, Sir, one of the most complete Knights Errant, that hath beene, or shall be vpon the roundnesse of the earth. Well fare, Cad Hamete Benengeli, that left the stories of your Greatnesse to posterity, and more then well may that curious Author fare, that

had the care to cause them to bee translated out out of the Arabicke into our vulgar Cattillan, to the generall entertainment of all men.

Don Quixote made himrise, and sayd; Then it seemes my Hiltory is extant, and that he was a Moore, and a wife man that made it. So true it is (quoth Samson) that vpon my knowledge, at this day, there bee printed about twelve thousand copies of your Hittory : if not, let Poringal, Barcelona, and Valencia ipeak, where they have been eprinted, and the report goes, that they are now printing at Antwerp, and I have a kinde of ghelle, that there is no Nation or Language where they will not bee translated. One of the things then (quoth Don Quixote) that ought to giue a man vertuous and eminent content in, is, to fee himfelfe living, and to have a good name from every bodies mouth, to be printed and in the Presse. I said with a good name: for otherwise, no death could bee equalled to that life. If it bee for good name (faid the Bachelour) your Worship carries the prize from all Knights Errant: For the Moorein his language, and the Christian in his, were most carefull to paint to the life, your gallantry, your great courage in attempting of dangers, your patience in aduerficies, & your sufferance as well in misfortunes, as in your wounds, your honesty and constancy in the so Platonick loues of your selfe, and my Lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso. I neuer (replied Sancho) heard my Lady stiled Don before, onely the Lady Dulcinea del Tobofo, and there the Hillory erreth fornwhat. This is no objection of momen (faid Carrafee.) No truly (quoth Don Quixote) but tell me, Signior Bachelour, which of the exploits of mine are most ponderous in this History?

In this (said the Bachelour) there bee different opinions, as there bee different tastes: Some delight in the adventure of the winde-mils, that you tooke to be Briareans and Gyants: Others in that of the fulling-hammers: This man in the description of the two Armies, which afterwards fell out to be two flockes of sheepe; That man doth extoll your adventure of the dead man, that was carried to be buried at Segonia: One saith, that that of the freeing of the gally-slaues goes beyond them all: Another, that none comes neere that of the Benitian Gyants, with the

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combate of the valorous Biscayner. Tell mee (said Sancho) Sr. Bachelour, comes not that in of the Tangnessan Carriers? when our precious Rozinante longed for the forbidden fruit? The wise man (said Samson) left out nothing, he sets downe all most punctually, even to the very capers that Sancho setcht in the blanket. Not in the blanket (replied Sancho) but in the aire,

more then I was willing.

According to my thought (fayd Don Quixote) there is no humane History in the world, that hath not his changes, especially those that treat of Cauallery, which can never bee full of prosperous successes. For all that (replied the Bachelour) there be some that have read your History, that would bee glad the Authors had omitted some of those infinite bastings, that in diuers encounters, were given Sr. Don Quixote. I, there (quoth Sancho) comes in the truth of the Story. They might likewise in equity filence them, (faid Don Quixote) fince those actions that neither change nor alter the truth of the Story, are best left out, if they must redound to the misprizing of the chiefe perfon of the Hiltory. Enem i faith was ne're so pitifull, as Virgil paints him out : Nor Visses so subtill, as Homer describes him. Trucitis (fayd Samfon) but it is one thing to write like a Poet, and another like an Hiltorian; the Poet may fay or fing things, not as they were, but as they ought to have beene : And the Historian must write things, not as they ought to bee, but as they have beene, without adding or taking away ought from the truth.

Well, (faid Saneho) if you goeto telling of truths, wee shall finde that this Signior Moore hath all the bastings of my Master and mee; for I am sure they neuer tooke measure of his Worships shoulders, but they tooke it of all my body too: but no maruell, for as my Master himselfe saith, the rest of the parts must participate of the heads griese. Sancho, you are a Crackrope (quoth Don Qnixote) I saith you want no memory, when you list to haueit. If I would willingly forget those cudgellings that I haue had, the bunches yet fresh on my ribs would not consent. Peace, Sancho (quoth Don Qnixote) and interrupt not the Bachelour, whom I request to proceede, and tell mee what is

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what is faid faid of mee in the mentioned Hiltory. And of mee too (faid Sancho) for it is faid, that I am one of the principall Parlonages ofir. Personages, and not Parsonages, you would say Sancho (qd. Samson.) More correcting of words (quoth Sancho?) Goe to this; and we shall not end in all our life-time. Hang me, Sancho (said Samson) if you be not the second person in the Story, and you have some, that had as liefe heare you speake, as the best there : though others will not sticke to say, you were too credulous to beleeue, that your government of the Iland offered by Sr. Don Quixote heere present, might be true.

There is yet sun-shine vpon the wals (quoth Don Quixote) and when Sancho comes to be of more yeeres, with the experience of them, he will be more able and fit then now, to bee a Gouernour. By the Maile (faid Sancho) if I bee not fit to gouerne an Iland at these yeeres, I shall neuer gouerne, though I come to be as old as Methusalem; the mischiefe is, that the laid Iland is delaid I know not how, and not that I want braine to gouerneit. Leaue all to God, Sancho (said Don Quixote) for all will be well, and perhaps better then you thinke for; and the

leaves in the tree mooue not without the will of God.

Tis true indeed (faid Samson) for if God will, Sancho shall not want a thousand Ilands, much leffe one. I have seene (fayd Sancho) of your Gouernours in the world, that are not worthy to wipemy shooes, and for all this, they give vintitles, and are ferued in plate. These are not Governours of Ilands (replied Samson) but of other easier Gouernments: for they that gouerne Ilands, must bee at least Grammarians. For your Gra, I care not, but your Mare I could like well enough: but leaving this gouernment to Gods hands, let him place me where he pleafeth: I fay, Sr. Bacherour Samfon Carrafco, that I am infinitely glad that the Author of the Hiltory bath spoken of me, in such sort, that the things he speakes of me, doe not cloy the Reader, for by a In Spanish the faith of a Christian, if he had spoken any thing of mee not christiano view, befitting an a old Christian as I am, I should make deafe men a name they heare on't. That were to worke miracles, faid Samson. Mira-defire to be cles or not miracles (quoth Sancho) every man looke how hee from the speaks or writes of men, and fet not down each thing that comes Mcores by

into his noddle in a mingle-mangle. One of the faults that they fay (faid Carrafee) is in that Hittory, is this; that his Author pur init a certaine Nouell or Tale, intitled the Curious Impertment, not that it was ill, or not well contriued, but that it was vnfeafonable for that place, neither had it any thing to doe with

the Hiltory of Don Quixote.

Ile hold a wager (quoth Sancho) the Dog-bolt hath made a Gallimawfry. Let me tell you (taid Don Quinote) the Author of my Story is not wife, but tome ignorant Prater, that at vnawares and without judgement vndertooke it, hab-nab, as Orbanicja the Painter of Vbeda, who being asked what he painted, answered, As it happens, to metimes he would paint yee a Cocke, but so vnlike, that he was forced to write vnderheath it in Gothith letters, This is a Cocke; and thus I beleeue it is with my History; that it hath neede of a Coment to make it vnderstood.

No furely (replied Samfon) it is so conspicuous, and so void of difficulty, that children may handle him, youths may read him, men may vnderstand him; and old men may celebrate him: To conclude, he is so gleaned, so read, and so knowne to all sorts of people, that they scarse see a leane horse passeby, when they say, There goeth Rosinante: And amongst these, Pages are most given to read him: You have no great mans withdrawing room that hath not a Don Quixote in him, some take him, if others lay him downe, these close with him, they demand him: Lastly, the Story is the most pleasing, the least hurtfull for entertainment, that hath hitherto beene seene; for all over it, there is not to be seene a dishonest word, or one like one; nor an imagination lesse them Catholike.

He that should write otherwise (quoth Don Quixote) should write no truths, but lies, and he that doth so, ought to bee burned, like them that coyne false mony; and I know not what the Author meant, to put in Nouelsand strange Tales, my Storie affording him matter enough; belike, he holds himselfe to the prouerbe of chasses & hay, &c. Well, lle tell you, out of mentioning onely my thoughts, my sighs, my teares, my honest wishes, and my on-sets, he might have made a greater volume then all Tostans works. Indeed, Signior Bachelor, all that I conceive,

is, that to write a Hillory, or any other worker of what fort focuer, a man had need of a strong judgement and a ripe vnderstanding: To speake wittily, and write conceits, belongs onely to good wits: The cunningst part in a play, is the Fooles; because he must not be a foole, that would well counterfet to seeme so: An Hillory is as a sacred thing, which ought to be true & reall, and where truth is, there God is, in-assument as concerneth truth, howsouer; you have some that doe so compose and cast their

workes from them, as if they were Fritters.

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There is no booke so bad (said the Bachelour) that hath not fome good in it. No doubt of that (faid Don Quixote:) but many times it fals out, that those that have worthily hoorded vp, and obtained great fame by their writings, when they commit them to the Presse, they either altogether lose it, or in something letlen it. The reason of it (quoth Samson) is this, that as the printed workes are viewed by leifure, their faults are eafily elpied. and they are so much the more pried into, by how much the greater the Authors fame is : Men famous for their wits, great Poets, illustrious Historians, are alwaies or for the most part ennied by them, that have a pleasure and a particular pattime, to judge of other mens writings, without publishing their owne. That's not to bee wondred at (cries Don Quixote) for there bee many Divines that are nothing worth in a pulpit, and are excellent in knowing the defect or excelle of him that preacheth. All this (faid Carrasco) Sr. Don Quixote, is right, but I could wish fuch Censurers were more milde, and lesse scrupulous, in looking on the moats of the most cleere sunne of his workes, whom they bite; for if aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus, let vm confider how much hee watched, to shew the light of his worke without the least shadow that might bee; and it might bee, that what seemes ill to them, were moles that sometimes increase the beauty of the face that hath them; and thus, I fay, that hee that prints a booke, puts himselfe into a manifest danger, being of all impossibilities the most impossible to frame it fo, that it may content and fatisfie all that shall read it.

The booke that treats of me (quoth Don Quinote) will have pleased very few. Rather contrarie (saies Samson) for as Stul-

torum infinitus est numerus, an infinite number haue been delighted with this History, but some found fault, and craftily taxed the Authors memory, in that hee forgot to tell, who was the theese that stole Sancho's Dapple, for there is no mention there, onely it is inferred that hee was stole, and not long after wee see him mounted vpon the same Asse, without knowledge how he was found. They also say, that he forgot to tell what Sancho did with those hundred pistolets, which he found in the Maile in Sierra Morena, for he neuer mentions them more, and there be many that desire to know what became of them, and how he imployed them, which is one of the essential points in the worke.

Master Samson (said Sancho) I am not now for your reckonings or relations, for my stomacke is faint, and if I setch it not again with a sup or two of the old Dog, it will make me as gaunt as Saint Lucia; I have it at home, and my Pigs-nie staies for me, when I have dined I am for ye, and will satisfie you & all the world in any thing you will aske me, as well touching the loss of mine Asse, as the expence of the hundred pistolets: And so without expecting any reply, or exchanging another word, home he goes. Don Quixote intreated the Bachelour to stay and take a pittance with him; The Bachelour accepted the invitement, and so staid dinner: Beside their ordinary fare, they had a paire of houshold Pigeons added; at table they discoursed of Cauallery, Carrasco sollowed his humour, the banquet was ended, and they slept out the heat: Sancho returned, and the former discourse was renewed.

CHAP. IV.

How Sancho Pansa satisfies the Bachelor Samson Carrasco's doubts and demands; with other accidents worthy to be knowne and related.

Shis former discourse, said: Touching what, Mr. Samson defired

fired to know; who, how, and when mine Asse was stolne: By way of Answer, I say; That the very same night wee fled from the Hue and Cry, we entred Sierra Morena, after the ynfortunate aduenture of the Gally-slaues, & the dead man that was carrying to Segonia; my Master & I got vs into a thicket, where he leaning ypon his launce, & I ypon my Dapple, both of vs well bruized and wearied with the former skirmishes, we fell to sleep as soundly, as if we had beene ypon foure feather-beds, especially I, that slept so soundly, that he, whosoeuer hee was, might easily come and put me ypon foure stakes, which he had fastned ypon both sides of my pack-saddle, ypon which he less me thus mounted, and without perceiuing it, got my Dapple from ynder mee.

This was easie to be done, and no strange accident; for wee read that the same happened to Sacripant, when being at the siege of Albraca, that samous Theese Brunelo, with the selfe-same slight got his horse from under his legs. Sancho proceeds: It was light day (said he) when I had searse stretched my selfe, but the stakes sailed, and I got a good squelch upon the ground: then I looked for mine Alse, but not finding him, the teares came to mine eyes, and I made such strange moane, that if the Authour of our History omitted it, let him be assured he forgot a worthy passage. I know not how long after, comming with my Lady the Princesse Micomicona, I knew mine Alse, and that he who rode on him in the habit of a Gipson, was that Gines de Passamonte, that Cheater, that arrant Mischiefe-monger, that my Master and I freed from the Chaine.

The errour was not in this (faid Samson) but that before there was any newes of your Asse, the Authour still said, you were mounted upon the selfe-same Dapple. I know not what to say to that (quoth Sancho) but that either the Historian was deceived, or else it was the carelessesses of the Printer. Without doubt (saith Samson) twas like to bee so: But what became of the Pistolets? Were they spent?

I spent them vpon my selfe (quoth Sancho) and on my wife and children, & they have been the cause that she hath endured my lournies and Careeres, which I have setched in my Master

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Don Quixotes service: for if I should have returned empty, and without mine Asse, I should have been welcommed with a pox: and if you'l know any more of me, heere I am, that will answer the King himselse in person; and let no body intermeddle to know, whether I brought, or whether I brought not; whether I spent, or spent not; for if the blowes that I have had in these voyages were to be paid in money, though every one of them were taxed but at three sarthings apiece, an hundred Pistolets more would not pay meet he halfe of them, and let every man looke to himselse, and not take white for blacke, and blacke for white, for every man is as God hath made him, and sometimes a

great deale worfe.

Lec me alone (quoth Carrasco) for accusing the Author of the Hiltory, that if he print it againe, hee shall not forget what Sancho hath faid, which shall make it twice as good as it was. Is there ought elfe, Sr. Bachelour (faid Don Quaxote) to bee mended in this Legend? Yes Mary is there (faid he) but nothing fo important as what hath beene mentioned. Perhaps the Author promiseth a second part (quoth Don Quixote?) He doth (said Samson) but saith, hee neither findes nor knowes who hath it, so that it is doubtfull, whether it will come out or no : so that partly for this, and partly because some hold that second parts were neuer good; and others, that there is enough written of Don Quixore, it is doubted, that there will been o fecond part, although some more Towiall then Saturnifts, cry out; Let's have more Quixotismes: Let Don Quixote affault, and Sancho speake. let the rest bee what they will, this is enough. And how is the Authour enclined?

To which (faid Samson) when hee hath found this History, that hee searcheth after with extraordinary diligence, hee will straight commit it to the Presse, rather for his profit tho, then for any other respect. To this (said Sancho) What? Doth the Authour looke after money and gaine? tis a wonder if he be in the right: rather he will be like your false stitching Taylours upon Christmas Eeues: for your hasty work is never well performed: let that Mr. Moore have a care of his businesse, for my Master and I will furnish him with rubbish enough at hand, in

matter

matter of aduentures, and with fuch different successes, that he may not onely make one second part, but one hundreth: the poore fellow thinkes belike, that we sleep heerein an hay-mow; well, let it come to scanning, and hee shall see whether wee bee desective: This I know, that if my Master would take my counfaile, hee should now bee abroad in the Champion, remedying grievances, rectifying wrongs, as good Knights Errant are wont to doe.

No sooner had Sancho ended this discourse, when the neighing of Rozinante came to his eares, which Don Quixote tooke to be most auspicious, and resolved within three or toure dayes after to make another fally, and manifesting his minde to the Bachelor, asked his advice to know which way hee should begin his iourney; whose opinion was, That hee should goe to the Kingdome of Aragon, and to the City of Saragosa; where, not long after, there were solemne lusts to bee held in honour of Saint George, wherein heemight get more fame then all the Knights of Aragon, which were aboue all other Knights. Hee praised his most noble and valiant resolution, but withall desired him to be more wary in attempting of dangers, since his life was not his owne, but all theirs also, who needed his protection and succour in their distresse.

I renounce that, Mr. Samson, (faid Sancho) for my Master will set upon an hundred armed men, as a boy would upon halfe a doozen of young Melons; Body of the world, Sr. Bachelour, there is a time to attempt, a time to retire, all must not be Sainte lacques, and upon vin. Besides, I have heard, and I Santiago, yeier-beleeve from my Master himselfe, (if I have not forgotten) that ra Espana. As valour is a meane betweene the two extremes of a Coward and we vie in Engara a rash man: and if this be so, neither would I have himselfy, nor George and the follow, without there be reason for it: but above all, I wish that Victory, if my Master carry me with him, it be upon condition, that he fight for us both, and that I be tied to nothing but waiting upon him, to looke to his clothesand his diet, for this I will doe as minbly, as bring him water; but to thinke that I will lay hand to my sword, although it be but against base fellowes and poore raskals, is most impossible. I (Mr. Samson) strive not to hoord

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vp a fame of being valiant, but of the best and trustiest Squire that ever served Knight Errant : And if Don Quixote my Master, obliged thereunto by my many services, will bestow any Iland on mee, of thosemany, his Worship saith, wee shall light vpon, I shall be much bound to him : and if he give mee none. I was borne, and one man must not live to relie on another, but on God; and perhaps I shall beeaswell with a peece of bread at mine ease, as to be a Gouernour; and what doe I know, whether in these kindes of gouernments, the Deuill hath set any tripping-blocke beforeme, where I may stumble and fall, and dash out my teeth? Sancho was I borne, Sancho must I die; but for all that, if so and so, without any care or danger, Heauen should provide some lland for me, or any such like thing, I am not so very an Aile as to refuse it, according to the Prouerbe, Looke not a ginen horse in the mouth.

Friend Sancho (quoth Carrasco) you have spoken like an Oracle : Notwithstanding, trust in God and Mr. Don Quixote. that he will give you not onely an Iland, bura Kingdome too. I thinke one aswell as tother (quoth Sancho) and let me tell you. Mr. Samson, (said Sancho) I thinke my Malters Kingdome would not bee bestowed on mee in vaine, for I have felt mine owne pulse, and finde my selfe healthy enough to rule Kingdomes and gouerne Ilands, and thus I have told my Malter ma-

my times.

Looke yee, Sancho (quoth Samfon) Honours change manners, and perhaps when you are once a Gouernour, you may scarse know your owne mother. That's to be understood (faid Sancho) of them that are basely borne, and not of those that * To expresse have on their soules a foure fingers fat of the old Christian, as I his not being haue: No, but come to my condition, which will bee vngratefull to no body. God grantit (quoth Don Quixote) and wee shal see when the Gouernment comes, for me thinks I have it before mine eyes. (Which faid) he asked the Bachelour whether he were a Poet, and that he would doe him the favour to make him some verses, the subject of his farewell to his Mistris Dulcineadel Tobofo, and withall, that at the beginning of every verie, he should put a letter of her name, that so joy aing all the first let-

borne a lew, or Moore.

ters, there might bee read Dulcinea del Tobofo? The Bachclour made answer, that though he were none of the famous Poets of Spaine, which they faid were but three & an halfe; yet he would not refuse to compose the said meeter, although he found a great deale of difficulty in the composition, because there were scuenteen letters in the name; and, if hee made foure staues, of each foure verses, that there would be a letter too much; and if heemade them of five, which they call Decimi, there would be three too little; but for all that, hee would fee if hee could drowne a letter; fo in foure staues there might be read, Dulcinea del Tobofo. By all meanes (quoth Don Quixote) let it be fo : for if the name be not plaine and conspicuous, there is no woman will beleeue the meeter was composed for her.

Vpon this they agreed, and that eight dayes after their departure should be. Don Quixote enjoyned the Bachelour to keep it fecret, especially from the Vicar, and a Mr. Nicholas, his Necce, a The Barber. and the old woman, left they should diffurbe his noble and valiant resolution. Carrasco assured him, and so tooke leave, charging Don Quixote he should let him heare of all his good or bad fortune, at his best leisure. So they tooke leave, and Sancho went

to prouide for their iourney.

CHAP. V.

Of the wife and pleasant discourse, that passed betwint Sancho Pansa and his wife Teresa Pansa, and other accidents worthy of happy remembrance.

He Translatour of this History, when he came to write this fifth Chapter, saies, that hee holds it for Apocrypha, because Sancho speakes init after another manner then could be expected from his slender understanding, and speakes things more acutely then was possible for him, yet hee would translate it, for the accomplishment of his promise, and so goes on, as followeth.

Sancho came home so iocund and so merry, that his wife perceined.

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ceiued it a flight-shot off, infomuch that shee needs would aske him: Friend Sancho, what's the matter that you are so joyfull? To which he answered : Wife, I would to God I were not so glad as I make thew for. I understand you not husband (quoth thee) and I understand not what you meane, that if it pleased God, you would not bee so concented; for though I bee a

foole, yet I know not who would willingly be fad.

Looke vee, Terefa (faid Sancho) I amiolly, because I am determined to serue my Master Don Quixote, once more, who will now this third time fally in purfuit of his adventures, and I also with him, for my pouerty will have it so; besides my hope that rejoyceth me, to thinke that I may finde another hundred Pistolets, for those that are spent : Yet I am sad againe, to leave thee and my children, and if it pleased God that I might live quietly at home, without putting my felfe into those Delarts and croffe-waies, which he might eafily grant if he pleafed and were willing; it is manifelt, that my content might bee more firme and wholesome, since the present joy I have, is mingled with a forrow to leave thee: fo that I faid well, I should bee glad if it pleased God I were not so contented,

Fie Sancho (replied Terefa) euer fince thou hast been a member of a Knight Errant, thou speakest so round-about the bush. that no body can understand thee. It is enough (quoth Sancho) that God vinderstands mee, who vinderstands all things, and so much for that : but marke, Sifter, I would have you for these three daies, looke well to my Dapple, that hee may bee fit for Armes, double his allowance, feeke out his pack-faddle, and the rest of his tackling; for wee goe not to a marriage, but to compaile the world, and to give and take, with Gyants, Sprights and Hobgoblins, to heare hilling, roaring, bellowing, and bawling: and all this were sweet meat, if we had not to doe with a Tan-

eneses and enchanted Moores.

a The Carriers that beat the Master I.part. Den Duixote.

I beleeue indeede (quoth Terefa) that your Squires Errant and man. Vide gaine not their bread for nothing: I shall therefore pray to our Lord, that he deliver you speedily from this misfortune. He tell you, wife (faid Sancho) if I thought not ere long to bee Gouernour of an Iland, I should die suddenly. None of that, Huf-

band,

band (quoth Terefa:) Let the hen live, though it bee with her pip; Line you, and the Deuill take all the Governments in the world, without Gouernment were you borne, without Gouernment have you lived hitherto, and without Government must you goe, or bee carried to your grave, when it shall please God. How many be there in the world, that live without Gouernments, yet they live well enough, and well effeemed of ? Hunger is the best sawce in the world, and when the poore want not this, they eat contentedly. But harke, Sancho, if you should chance to see a Gouernment, pray forget not mee and your children: little Sanchois now just fifteene yeeresold, and tis fit he goe to schoole, if his vncle the Apbot meane to make him a Church-man : And looke yeto, Mary Sancha our daughter will not die, if we marry her, for I suspect she defires marriage, as much as you your Gouernment, and indeed a daughter is better ill married, then well Paramour'd.

I good faith (quoth Santho) if I have ought with my Go. uernment, Wife; Mary Saneba shall be so highly married, that the shall be called Lady at least. Not so, Sancho (quoth Teresa) the best way is to marry her with her equall, for it in stead of her pattins you give her a high shooes, if in stead of a course petti- a chapines. coat, a farthingale and filke kirtle, and from little Mal, my Lady Whacham, the girle will not know her felfe, and shee will every foot fall into a thousand errours, discouering the thred of her

grotle and course web.

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Peace, foole (fayd Sancho) all must bee two or three yeeres practice, and then her greatnesse will become her, and her state fall out pat : howfoeuer, what matter is it ? let her be your Ladiship, and come what will on it. Measure your selfe by your meanes (said Teresa) and seeke not after greater, keepe your felfe to the Prouerbe; Let neighbours children hold together: Twere pretty i faith to marry our Mary with a great Lord or Knight, that when the toy takes him in the head, should newmould her, calling her milke-maid, Boores daughter, Rockepeeler: not while I liue, Husband: for this for footh haue I brought vp my daughter & Get you money, Sancho, and for marrying her, let me alone : Why, there's Lope Toche, John Techo's

cho's some, a sound chopping Lad, wee know him well, and I know, he casts a sheepes eye ypon the wench, and tis good marrying her with this her equall, and wee shall have him alwayes with vs, and wee shall bee all one: Parent, sonnes, and grand-sonnes, and sonne in law, and Gods peace and blessing will alwaies be amongst vs, and let not me have her married into your Courts and Grand Palaces, where they I neither vnderstand her, nor she them.

Come hither, Beast (quoth Sancho) Woman of Barrabas. why wilt thou, without any reason, hinder mee from marrying my daughter where shee may bring mee grand-sonnes that may be stiled Lordship? Behold, Terefa, I have alwaies heard mine Elders say, That he that will not when hee may, when hee desireth, shall have nay: And it is not fit that whilst good lucke is knocking at our doore, we shut it: let vs therefore faile with this prosperous winde. (For this and for that which followeth, that Sancho spoke, the Author of the History sayes, hee held this Chapter for Apperapha.) Doe not you thinke, Bruit-one (faye Saucho) that it will be fit to fall vpon some beneficiall Gouernment, that may bring vs out of want : and to marry our Daughter Sancha to whom I please, and you shall see how she shall bee called Dona Terefa Panfa, and fit in the Church with your carpet and your cushions, and your hung-clothes, in spite of the Gentle-women of the towne? No, no, remaine still as you are, in one estate, without increasing or diminishing, like a picture in hangings; goe to, let's have no more, little Sancha must beca Counteffe, say thou what thou wilt.

What a coyle you keepe (quoth Terefa?) for all that, I feare this Earledome will be my daughters vndoing, yet doe what ye will, make her Dutchesse or Princesse; it shall not bee with my consent: I hauealwaies loued equality, and I cannot abide to see folkes take vpon vm without grounds, I was Christned Teresa, without welt or gard, nor additions of Donor Dona, my fathers name was Cascaio, and because I am your wise, they call me Teresa Pansa, for indeed they should have called me Teresa Cascaio: But great ones may doe what they list, and I am well enough content with this name, without putting any Don vpon

it, to make it more troublesome, that I shall not be able to beare it, and I will not have folke laugh at mee, as they fee mee walke in my Countelles apparell, or my Gouernelles, you shall have them cry straight, Looke how stately the Hog-rubber goes, the that was but yesterday at her spindle, and went to Church with the skirt of her coat ouer her head in stead of an Huke, to day she is in her Varthingale and her buttons, and so demure, as if we knew her not : God keepe mee in my feuen wits, or my fine, or those that I have, and He not put my selfe to such hazards; Get you, Brother, to bee a Gouernment or an Iland, and take state as you please, for by my mothers Holy-dam, neither I nor my daughter will stirre a foot from our villages better a broken ioynt then a loft name, and keepe home, the honest mayd, to bee doing is her trade, goe you with Don Quixote to your adventures, and leave vs to our ill fortunes; God will fend better, if we be good, and I know not who made hima Don, or a title which neither his Father nor his Grandfather euer had.

Now I say (quoth Sancho) thou hast a Familiar in that body of thine: Lord bletle thee for a woman, and what a company of things hast thou strung up without head or feet? What hath your Cascaio, your buttons, or your Prouerbes, or your state, to doe with what I have fayd? Come hither Cox-combe, foole (for fo I may call you, fince you understand not my meaning, and neglect your happineise) If I should say, my daughter should cast her selfe downe some Towre, or she should roue vp and downe the world, as did the Princelle Dona Vrraca, you An Infants of had reason not to consent : But if in lesse then two trap-blowes, spaine, or the opening & shutting of an eye, I clap yee a Don and Ladi-(bip vpon your shoulders, and bring it out of your stubble, and put it you under barne-couer, and fet you in your state, with more Cushions then the Almohada Moores had in all their linage: why, will you not confent to that, that I would have you? Would you know why, Husband (answered Teresa?) for the Prouerbe that fayes; He that couers thee, discouers thee: Euery one paileth his eyes flightly ouer the poore, and vpon the rich man they fasten them, and if the said rich man have at any

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time beene poore, there is your grumbling and curfing, and your back-biters neuer leave, who swarme as thicke as hues of Bees thorow the streets.

Marke, Terefa (taid Sancho) and give eare to my speech, such as peraduenture you have not heard in all you life time, neither doe I speake any thing of mine owne, for all I purpose to speak, is sentences of our Preacher, that preached all last Lent in this Towne, who (as I remember) said, that all things that wee see before our eyes present, assist our memory much better, and with more vehemency, then things past.

(All these reasons heere deliuered by Sansho, are the second, for which the Translatour of the History holds this chapter for Apocrypha, as exceeding the capacity of Sansho, who proceed

ded, faying:)

Whereupon it happens, that when wee see some personage well clad in rich apparrell, and with many followers, it feemes hee mooues and inuites vs perforce to give him respect : although our memory at that very inflant represents vnto vs some kinde of basenetse, which we have seen in that personage, the which doth vilifie him, bee it either for pouerty or linage, both pailed ouer, are not : and that which wee fee prefent, only is. And if this man (whom fortune blotted out of his balenelle, and to whom confequently his father left all height of prosperity) be well-behaued, liberall and courteous towards all men, and contends not with fuch, as are most anciently noble, affure thy felfe, Terefa, all men will forget what he was, and reucrence him for what hee is, except the envious, whom the greatest scape not. I understand you not, Husband (replied Terefa) doe what you will, and doe not trouble me with your long speeches and your Rhetoricke; and if you be revolved to doe what you fay. Resolued you must say, Wife (quoth Saneho) and not revolued. I pray dispute not with mee, Husband (fayd Terefa) I speake as it pleases God, and strine not for more eloquence : and I tell you, if you perfift in having you Gouernment, take your sonne Sancho with you, and teach him from henceforth to gouerne; for it is fit that the sonnes doe inherit, and learne the offices of their fathers.

When

When I have my Gouernment (quoth Sancho) I will fend Post for him, and I will send thee monies, for I shall want none, and there never want some that will lend Gouernours money when they have none; but clothe him so, that hee may not appeare what he is, and may seeme what he must bee. Send you money (quoth Teresa) and Ile clad him like a Date-lease. So that now (sayd Sancho) wee areagreed that our daughter shall bee a Countesse.

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The day that I shall see her a Countesse (said Teresa) will bee my deaths day: But I tell you againe, doe what you will, for we women are borne with this clog, to bee obedient to our husbands, though they be no better then Leekes: And heere she began to weep so heartily, as if her little daughter Sancha had been dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, saying, that though she must bee a Countesse, yet hee would deferre it as long as hee could. Heere their Dialogue ended, and Sancho returned to see Don Quixoto, to give order for their departure.

CHAP. VI.

What passed betwixt Don Quixote, his Neece, and the old woman: and it is one of the most materiall Chapters in all the History.

Hilft Sancho and his wife were in this impertinent aforefayd discourse, Don Quixotes Neece and olde woman were not idle, and by a thousand signes ghessed, that her Vnckle and their Master would a stabing the third time, and returne to the exercising of his (for them) ill Knight Errantry; they sought by all meanes possible to divert him from so bad a purpose; but all was to no purpose, to preach in a Desart, or to beat cold iron.

Notwithstanding, amongst many other discourses that passed betwirthem, the old woman told him; Truely Master, if you keepenor your foot still, and rest quiet at home, and suffer your selfe to be led thorow mountaines and valleyes, like a soule

in Purgatory, seeking after those they call adventures, which I call mistortunes, I shall complaine on you, and cry out to God and the King, that they remedicit. To which, Don Quivore answered; Woman, what God will answer to your complaints, I know not, nor what his Maiesty will: onely I know, it I were a King, I would sauca labour in answering such an infinity of foolith Petitions, as are given him daily: for one of the greatest toyles (amongst many others that Kings have) is this, to bee bound to harken so all, to answer all; therefore I would bee loth, that ought concerning mee, should trouble him. Then (quoth the old woman) tell ws Sir, In his Maiesties Court bee there not Knights? Yes (answered hee) and many, and good reason, for the adorument and greatnesse of Princes, and for offentation of the Resalt Maiesty. Why? would not your Worship (replyed she) bee one of them that might quiedy serve the

King your Mafter at Court?

Looke yee, friend (answered Don Quixote) All Knights cannot be Courtiers, nor all Courtiers neither can, nor ought to be Knights Errant, in the world there mult bee of all forts, and though wee bee all Knights, yet the one and the other differ much: For your Courtiers, without flirring out of their chambers, or over the Court thresholds, can travell all the world ouer, looking vpon a Map, without spending a mite, without suffering heat, cold, hunger, or thirst. But wee, the true Knights Errant, with funne, with cold, with aire, withall the inclemencies of Heauen, night and day, a horse-backe and on foor, doe trace the whole world thorow: And wee doe not know our enemies by supposition, as they are painted, but in their reall being, and at all times, and vpon enery occasion wee fet vpon vm, without standing vpon trifles, or on the lawes of Duello, whether a fword or a lance werelonger or shorter, whether cither of the parties woreacharme, or some hidden deceit, if they shall fight after the Sunnes going downe or no, with other ceremonies of this nature, which are vsed in single combates betwixt man and man, that thou knowell not of, but I doe. Know further, that the good Knight Errant (although he feeten Gyants, that with their heads, not onely touch, but overtop the: clouds.

clouds, and that each of them lack legs as big as two great towres, andarmes like the mails of mighty thips, and each eye as big as a mill-wheele, and more fiery then a glaffe ouen) must not be affrighted in any wife, rather with a stay d pace and vndaunted courage, hee mult fer on them, close with them; and if possible, ouercome, and make vm turne taile in an instant; yea, though they came armed with the shels of a certaine fish, which (they fay) are harder then Diamonds, and though in Itead of Iwords, they had cutting skeines of Damasco teele, or iron clubs with pikes of the same, as I have seene them more then once or twice. All this haue I faid, woman mine, that you may fee the difference betwixt some Knights and others, and it is reafoh that Princes should more esteeme this second, or (to fay firter) this first Species of Knights Errant (for as we read in their hiltories) fuch an one there hath beene amongst them, that hath beene a fafe-guard not onely of one Kingdome, but many.

Ah Sir, then faid his Necce, beware; for all is lies and fiction that you have spoken, touching your Knights Errant, whose flories, if they were not burnt, they deserve each of them at least to have a penance inflicted upon them, or fome note, by which they might beeknowne to bee infamous, and ruiners of good

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I affure thee certainely (quoth Don Quixote) if thou wert not lineally my Neece, as daughter to mine owne Sifter, I would so punish thee for the blasphemy thou half spoken, as should refound thorow all the world. Is it possible that a Pitle-kitchin, that fearee knowes how to make Bone-lace, dares speake and censure the histories of Knights Errant? What would Sr. Amadis, have faid if hee should have heard this ? But I warrant hee would have forgiven thee, for hee was the humblest and most courteous Knight of histime; and moreouer, a great Protector of Dunozels: but such an one might have heard thee, that thou mightly have repented thee; for all are not courteous, or pitifull, forme are harth and brutifft. Neither are all that beare the name of Knights, fo, truely; for some are of gold, others of Alchymy, yetall feeme to be Knights : but all cannot brooke the touch-Hone oftruth : You have some base Knaues that bueltagaineto

feeme Knights, and some that are Knights, that kill themselves in post-hatte till they become Peasants: The one either raise themselves by their ambition, or vertue; the others fall, either by their negligence, or vice; and a man had need be wife to dittinguish betweene these two forts of Knights, so neere in their

names, so distant in their actions.

Helpe me God (quoth the Neece) that you should know so much Vnckle, as were it in case of necessity, you might step into a pulpit, and a preach in the streets, and for all that you goe on so blindely, and fall into so eninent a madnesse, that you would have vs thinke you valiant, now you are old, that you are strong, being so fickly, that you are able to make crooked things straight, being crooked with yeeres, and that you are a Knight when you are none? for though Gentle-men may bee Knights,

makes his pul- yet the poore cannot.

thing in Spaine, that a Prier or lefuite (when a fiery zeale takes him) makes his pulpit in any part of the fireet, or marketplace.

2 An viuall

You say well, Neece, in that (quoth Don Quixote) and I could tell thee things concerning linages, that should admire thee, but because I will not mingle Divinity with Humanity, I fay nothing: Marke yee hoe, to foure forts of linages (harken to me) may all in the world be reduc'd, and they are thefe. Some that from base beginnings have arrived at the greatest honours. Others that had great beginnings, and so conserue them till the end. Others, that though they had great beginnings, yet they end pointed like a Pyramis, having lettened & annihilated their beginning, till it ends in nothing. Others there are (and these the most) that neither had good beginning, nor reasonable middle, and so they passe away without mention, as the linage of the common and ordinarie fort of people. Let the house of the Othomans bee an example to thee of the first, who had an obscure beginning, but rose to the greatnesse they now preserve, that from a base and poore shepheard that gave them their first beginning, have come to this height, in which now we fee them. Many Princes may be an instance of the second linage, that began in greatnetse, and was so preferued, without augmentation or diminution, onely kept their inheritance, containing themselves within the limits of their own Kingdomes peacefully. Thousands of examples there bee of fuch

such, as began in greathelle, and letlened towards their end. For all your Pharaos, your Ptolomies of Ægpt, your Cafars of Rame, with all the hurrie (if I may so terme them,) of your infinite Princes, Monarchs, Lords, Medes, Assyrians, Pertians, Grecians, and Barbarians, all these linages, all these Lordships ended, pointed, and came to nought, as well they, as those that gaue them beginning, for it is not possible to finde any of their succetlors, and if it were, hee must been meane and base estate; with the common fort I have nothing to doe, since they only sive, and serve to increase the number of men, without description more

fame, or elogie of their greatneile.

Thus much (fooles) you may inferre from all that hath beene faid, that the confution of linages is very great; and that those are the most great & glorious, that shew it in the vertue, wealth, and liberalitie of their owners. Vertue, wealth, and liberality (I fay) for that great man that is vicious, will be the more fo, by his greatnetle, and the rich man not liberall, is but a couctous begger, for he that polletleth riches, is not happie in them, but in the spending them, not only in spending, but in well spending them. The poore Knight hath no way to shew he is a Knight, but that he is vertuous, affable, well fashioned, courteous, and well-behaued, and officious . not proud, not arrogant, not backebiting, and aboue all, charitable: for in a penie (that he gives cheerefully to the poore) he shewes himselfe as liberall, as he that for oftentation gives an Almes before a multirude, and there is no man that fees him adorned with these vertues, but although he know him not, he will judge of him, and thinke he is well descended: for if he were not, twere miraculous, & the reward of vertue hath beenealwaies praise, and the vertuous must needs be praised.

There be two courses for men to come to be wealthie and noble by, the one is Artes, tother Armes. I have more armes then learning, and was borne (according to my inclination that way) under the influence of the Planet Mars, so that I must of force follow his steps, which I meane to doe in spight of all the world, and it is in vaine for you to striue to perswade me, that I should nill what the heavens will me, fortune ordaines, and rea-

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fon requires, and above all, my affection desires. Well; in knowing (as I know) the innumerable troubles that are annexed to Knight Errantrie, so I know the infinite goods that are obtained with it. And I know that the path of vertue is very narrow, and the way of vicelarge and spacious. And I know that their endes and resting places are different, for that of vice, large and spacious endes in death, and that of vertue, narrow and cumber-some endes in life, and not in a life that hath ending, but that is endlesse. And I know what a our great Castillian Poet said,

To the high Seate of Immortalitie

Through crabbed paths, we must our iourney take. Whence he that falles, can neaer climbe so hie.

Woe is me (faid the Neece) my Master too is a Poet, he knowes every thing: I hold a wager, if he would be a Mason, he would build a house as easily as a cage. I promise thee, Neece (qd. Don Qnixore) if these knightly cogitations did not wrap my senses, there is nothing I could not doe, nor no curiositie should scape me, especially cages, and tooth-pickers. By this one knockt at the doore, & asking who was there, Sancho answered, Tis I. The old woman, as soone as she heard him, ranne to hide her selfe, because she would not see him, for she could not abide him. The Neece let him in, and his Master Don Qnixote went to receive him with open armes: & they both locked themselves in, where they had another Dialogue as good as the former.

CHAP. VII.

what passed betwixt Don Quixote and his Squire, with other most famous accidents.

HE olde woman, as soone as shee saw her Master and Sancho locked together, began to smell their drift, and imagining that his third fally would result from that consultation, and taking her mantle, sull of sorrow and trouble, she went to seeke the Bachelour Samson Carrasco, supposing, that as he was wel spoken, & a late acquaint ace of Don Quixous,

he might perswade him to leave his doting purpose; she found him walking in the Court of his house, and seeing him, she fell downe in a cold sweate, (all troubled) at his feete. When Carrasco saw her so sorrowfull and affrighted, he asked her : Whats the matter? what accident is this? Me thinkes thy heart is at thy mouth. Nothing (faid she) Mr. Samfon, but my Master is run out, doubtleffe, he is run out. And where runs he, faid he? hath he broken a hole in any part of his body? He runnes not out (answered she) but out of the doore of his madnetle: I meane, fweete fir Bachelour, he meanes to be a gadding againe, and this is his third time, he hath gone a hunting after those you call aduentures : I know not why they give vm this name. The first time they brought him vs athwart vpon an Aile beaten to pieces. The second time he came clapt vp in an Oxe-Wayne, and locked in a Cage, and he made vs beleeue hee was enchaunted. & the poore foule was so changed, that his mother that brought him forth, would not have knowne him, so leane, so wan, his eies fo funke into his head, that I spent about fixe hundreth egges to recouer him, as God is my witnesse, and all the world, and my hennes that will not let me lye. That I well beleeue (quoth the Bachelor) for they are so good, and so fat, and so well nurtured. that they will not say one thing for another if they should burst for it. Well, is there ought else? hath there any other ill lucke hapned more then this you feare, that your Malter will abroad? No St, (faid the:) Take no care (quoth he) but get you home on Gods name, and get me some warme thing to breakefast, and by the way as you goe, pray me the Orifon of Saint Apolonia, if you know it, and Ile go thither presently, and you shall see won-

Wretch that I am (quoth shee) the Orison of Saint Apolonia quoth you, that were, if my Master had the toothach, but his paine is in his head. I know what I say (quoth hee) and doe not you dispute with me, since you know I have proceeded Eachelour at Salamanca: doe yee thinke there is no more thereto take the degree (said hee) With that, away she goes: and he went presently to seeke the Vicar, and communicate with him, what shall be said hereafter.

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At the time that Don Quixote and Sancho were locked together, there palled a discourse betweene them, which the his

storic tels with much punctualitie, and a true relation.

Sancho said to his Malter, I have now reluc't my wife to let me goe with you whither socuer you please; reduct you would say, sancho (quoth Don Quixote.) I have bid you more then once (if I have not forgotten) said Sancho, that you doe not correct my words, it so be you understand my meaning, and when you doe not understand them, cry, Sancho, or Divell, I understand thee not: and if I doe not expresse my selfe, then you may correct me, for I am so focible.

I vnderstand thee not, Sancho (quoth Don Quixote) for I know not the meaning of your focible. So focible is (said Sancho) I am so, so. Leste and lesse doe I vnderstand (said Don Quixote.) Why if you do not vnderstand (said Sancho) I cannot do withall, I know no more, & God be with me. Thou meanest docible I beleeue, and that thou art so pliant, and so taking, that thou wilt apprehend what I shall tell thee, and learne what I shall

instruct thee in.

Ile lay a wager (said Sancho) you searched and understood me at first, but that you would put me out, and heare me blunder out a hundreth or two of follies. It may bee so (quoth Don Quixose) but what saies Teresa? Teresa bids mee make sure worke with you, and that wee may have letse saying, and more doing, for great sayers are small doers A bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush. And I say, a womans advice is but sender, yet he that resuseth it, is a madman. I say so too (quoth Don Quixose) But say (friend Sancho) proceede, for to day thou speakest preciously.

The businesse is (quoth Sancho) that as you better know then I, wee are all mortall, here to day, and gone to morrow, as soone goes the yong lambe to the roste, as the olde sheepe, and no man can promise himselfe more daies then God hath given him, for death is deafe, and when she knocks at lifes doore, she is in haste, neither threats, nor entreaties, nor Scepters, nor mitters can stay her, as the common voice goes, and as they tell vs in Pulpits.

All this is true (faide Don Quixote) but I know not where

cked thou meanelt to stop. My stoppe is (quoth Sanebo) that your Worthip allow me fome certaine wages by a the moneth, tor e hi the time that I shall serue you, and that the said wages be paide some of me out of your tubitance, for lie trult no longer to good turnes, Spaine is, to o let which come either flowly, or meanely, or neuer, God give mee pay their ferould ioy of mine owne. In a word, I mutt know what I may gaine, uants wages little or much: for the henne layes as well vpon one egge as ma. by the ny, and many littles make a mickle, and whillt fomething is got-moneth. ten, nothing is lott. Indeede, if it should so happen (which I neither beleeve, nor hope for) that your Worship should give mee corthe Island you promised me, I am not so vngratefull, nor would carrie things with fuch extremity, as not to have the rent of that for I Island prized, and so to discount for the wages I received, cantitle for cantitie. Is not quantitie as much worth as cantitie, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote? I vnderstand you now, faid Sancho, and dare lay any thing that I should have faid quantitie, and not cantitie: but that's no matter, feeing you have vnderitood mee. I vinderstand yee very well (answered Don Duixote) and have penterated the vemolt of your thoughts, and

ble arrowes of your prouerbes.

Looke yee, Sancho, I could willingly affoord you wages, if I had found in any Histories of Knights Errant, any example that might give me light, through the least chinke, of any wages giuen monethly or yeerely : but I have read all, or the most part of their Hiltories, and doe not remember that ever I have read, that any Knight Errant hath allowed any fet wages to his Squire. Only I know, that all lived vpon countenance, and when they least dreamt of it, if their Masters had had good lucke, they were rewarded, either with an Island or some such thing equiualent, and at least they remained with honour and title.

know very well, what marke you aymeat, with the innumera-

If you, Sancho, upon these hopes and additaments have a minde to returne to my service, a Gods name; but to thinkerhat I will plucke the old vie of Knight Errantry out of his bounds, and off the hindges, is a meere impossibility. So that, Sanche, you may goe home, and tell your Terefa mine intention; and if that shee and you will rely vpon my fauour, bene quidem; and if

once rrect ayou. Stand

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ow then as foone no man im, for in halte, can Itay ilpits. ot where thou not, let's part friends; for if my pigeon-house have Comyns, it will want no Doues. And take this by the way, A good expostation is better then a bad possession, and a good demand better then an ill pay. I speake thus, Sancho, that you may see, I know as well as you, to sprinkle Prouerbes like raine-showres. Lastly, let me tell you, if you will not trust to my reward, and run the same fortune with me, God keepe you, and make you a Saint, for I shall not want more obedient Squires, and more carefull, and not so irksome, nor so talkative as you.

When Sancho heard his Masters firme resolution, hee waxed clowdy, and the wings of his heart began to stoope; for hee thought verily his Master would not goe without him, for all the treasure in the world. Thus being doubtfull and pensative, Samson Carrasco entred, and the Neece desirous to heare how he perswaded her Master that hee should not return to his ad-

uentures.

In came Samfon, a notable Crack-rope, and embracing him as at first, began in this loud key: Oh flower of Chiualrie, bright light of Armes, honour and mirrour of our Spanish nation: may it please almighty God of his infinite goodnesse, that he, or they, that hinder or disturbe this thy third fally, that they never finde it in the Labyrinth of their delires, nor let the ill they wish, for euer be accomplished. And turning to the old woman, he faid: You need no longer pray the Orifon of Saint Apolonia for I know, the determination of the spheres, is, that Don Quixote put in execution his loftie and new defignes, and I should much burden my conscience, if I should not perswade and intimate vnto this Knight, that hee doe no longer withdraw and hold backe the force of his valerous arme, and the courage of his most valiant minde, for with his delaying he defraudes the rectifying of wrongs, the protection of Orphans, the honor of Damfels, the bulwarke of married women, and other matters of this qualitie, which concern, apperrain, depend, & are annexed unto the order of Knight Errantrie. Go on then, my beautifull, my braue Don Quixote, rather to day then to morrow, let your Greatnesse be vpon the way, and if any thing be wanting to your journey, here am I to supply with my wealth, with my person, and if neede

need be, to be thy Magnificence his Squire, which I shall hold a mott happy fortune. Then (said Don Quixote) turning to Sancho, Did not Itell thee, Sancho, that I should want no Squires? See who offers himselfe to mee: the most rare Bachelour Samson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delighter of the Salamancan schooles, sound and active of body, silent, suffering of heates and coldes, hunger and thirst, with all the abilities that belong to the Squire of a Knight Errant: but heaven forbid, that for my pleasure, I hox and breake off the Columne of learning, the vessell of Sciences, and that I lop off the eminent branch of the liberall Arts: Remaine thou another Samson in thy Country, honour it, and those gray haires of thine aged Parents, for I will content my selfe with any Squire, since Sancho daignes not to attend mee.

I doe daigne, faid Sancho, (all tender) and the teares standing in his eyes, and thus proceeds: It shall not be fayd, Master, for me, No longer pipe, no longer dance; Nor am I made of hardelt oake, for all the world knowes, and especially my Towne, who the Pansa's were, from whom I descend; besides, I know and haue fearched out, by many good works, & many good words, the defire that your Worship hath to doe me a kindnesse, and if I have beene too blame to meddle in reckonings concerning my wages, it was to please my wife, who when shee once falls into a vaine of perswading, there's no hammer that doth so fasten the hoopes of a Bucket as shee doth, till shee obtaine what the would have; but howfoever, the husband must be husband, and the wife, wife; and fince I am a man enery where (I cannot deny that) I will also bee so at home, in spite of any: so that there's no more to bee done, but that you make your will, and fet to your Codicill, in fuch fort, that it may not bee revolked, and let's straight to our journey, that Mr. Samfons soule may not fuffer; for he faith, his conscience is vnquiet, till hee have perswaded you to your third fally thorow the world, and I afresh offer my service faithfully & loyally, as well and better then anie Squire that ever served Knight Errant in former times, or in prefent.

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thod of speaking: for though in the first history he had read of his Master, he never thought Sancho had beene so witty, as they there paint him out, yet hearing him now mention will and Codicill, revolking in stead of revoking, he beleeved all that he had read of him, and confirmed him to be one of the most solemnest Cox-combes of our age, and said to himselfe, that two such mad men, as Master and man, were not in all the world agen.

Now Don Quixote and Sancho embraced, and remained friends, and with the grand Carrasco's approbation and good will (who was then their Oracle) it was decreed, that within three daies they should depart, in which they might have time to provide all things necessary for their voyage, and to get an helmer, which Don Quixote said, hee must by all meanes carry. Samson offered him one, for he knew a friend of his would not deny it him, although it were fowler with mould andrust, then

bright with smooth steele.

The Neece and the olde woman curfed the Bachelour ynmercifully, they tore their haire, scratcht their faces, and as your funerall mourners vse, they howled at their Masters departure. as if he had beene a dead man. The deligne that Samlon had to perswade him to this third fally, was, to doe what the History tels vs heereafter, all by the aduice of the Vicar and the Barber, to whom he had before communicated it. Well, in those three dayes, Don Quixote and Sancho fitted themselves with what they thought they needed, and Sancho having fet downe the time to his wife, and Don Quixote to his Neece, and the olde woman, toward night, without taking leave of any body, but the Bachelor, who would needs bring them halfe a league from the towne, they tooke their way towards Toboso. Don Quixote vpon his good Rezinante, and Sancho on his old Dapple, his wallets were stuffed with prouant, and his purse with money that Don Quixote gaue him for their expences. Samfon embraced him. & defired him that he might heare of his good or ill fortune, to reiovce for the one, or bee forry for the other, as the law of friendship did require; Don Quixote made him a promise. Samfon returned home, and the two went on towards the famous City of Tobofo.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

what befell Don Quixote, going to see bis Mistris Dulcinea del Toboso.

Lessed be the powerfull Ala (saith Hamete Benengele) at Ala amongst the beginning of this eighth Chapter: Blessed bee Ala, the Moores, is which he thrice repeated, and sayd, that he rendred these as much as benedictions, to see that now Don Duixote and Sancho were vpon their march, and that the Readers of their delightfull Hiptory may reckon, that from this time the exployts and conceits of Don Duixote and his Squire doe begin: Hee perswades them they should forget the former Chiualry of the noble Knight, and fix their eyes vpon his Acts to come, which begin now in his way towards Toboso, as the former did in the fields of Montiel, and it is a small request, for so much as he is to performe, so he proceeds, saying:

Don Quizote and Sancho were now all alone, and Samfon was scarce gone from them, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to sigh, which, both by Knight and Squire were held for lucky signes, and an happy presaging, though if the truth were tolde, Dapples sighs and brayings were more then the Horses neighing: whereupon Sancho collected, that his fortune should exceede and ouer top his Masters; building, I know not vpon what judiciall Astrologie, that sure he knew, although the History sayes nothing of it, onely he would often say, when he fell downe or stumbled, he would have beene glad, not to have gone abroad: for of stumbling or falling came nothing, but tearing his shooes, or breaking a rib, and though he were a soole, yet he was not out in this.

Don Quixote said vnto him; Friend Sanche, the night comes on vs apace, and it will grow too darke for vs, to reach Toboso ere it be day, whither I am determined to goe, before I vndertake any aduenture, and there I meane to receive a benediction, and take leave of the Pecrelesse Duleinea del Toboso, after which I know and am assured, I shall end and close vp every dange-

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rous adventure; for nothing makes Knights Errant more hardy, then to fee themselves savoured by their Mistrelles. I beleeve it (quoth Sancho) but I doubt you will not speake with her, at least, not see her where you may receive her blessing, if shee give you it not from the mud-wals, where I saw her the first time, when I carried the letter and newes of your madde pranckes, which you were playing in the heart of Sierra Morena.

Were those mud-wals in thy fancie, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) where or thorow which thou sawest that neuer-enough-praised gentlenesse and beauty? They were not so, but galleries, walkes, or goodly stone pauements, or how call yee vm? of rich and royall Palaces. All this might bee (answered Sancho) but to methey seemed no better, as I remember. Yet let's goe thicker (quoth Don Quixate) for so I see her; let them bemud-wals, or not, or windowes; all is one, whether I see her thorow chincks, or thorow garden-lettices, for each ray that comes from the sunne of her brightnesses for mine eyes, will lighten mine winderstanding, and strengthen mine heart, and

make me soleand rare in my wisdome and valour.

Truely Sir (fayd Sancho) when I faw that funne, it was not fo bright, that it call any rayes from it, and belike twas, that as the was winnowing the wheat I told you of, the dust that came from it, was like a cloud vpon her face and dimmed it. Still doest thou thinke, Sancho (quoth Don Quixote?) Beleeue and grow obstinate, that my Mistris Dulcinea was winnowing, it being a labor fo vnfit for persons of quality, that vse other manner of exercises and recreation, which shew a slight-shoot off their noblenette? Thou doest ill remember those verses of our Poet, where he paints out vnto vs, the exercises which those foure Nymphes ysed in their christall habitations, when they advanced their heads above the loved a Tagus, and fat in the greene fields working those rich embroyderies, which the ingenious Poet there describes vnto vs, all which were of gold, of purle, and wouen with embotled pearles: fuch was the worke of my Mistris, when thou fawest her, but that the enuy, which some base Enchanter beares to mine affaires, turnes all that Mould give me delight, into different shapes, and this makes me feare.

² A riuer in Spaine.

feare, that the Hillorie of my exploits which is in print(if so be some Wizard my enemie were the Author) that he hath put one thing for another, mingling with one truth a hundreth lies, diuerting himselfe to tell tales, not fitting the continuing of a true Hillorie. Oh enuie thou roote of infinite cuils, thou worms of vertues.

All vices, Sancho, doe bring a kinde of pleasure with them, but enuic hath nothing but diltalte, rancor and rauing. I am of that minde too (faid Sanebo) & I thinke that in the Historiethat Carrafeo told vs of, that he had scene of vs, that my creditis turned toplie turuy, and (as they fay) goes a begging. Well, as I am honelt man, I neuer spoke ill of any Enchanter, neither am I lo happie as to be enuied: true it is, that I am somewhat malicious, and have certaine knauish glimpses: but all is covered and hid under the large cloake of my simplicitie, alwaies naturall to me, but never artificiall: and if there were nothing else in me, but my beliefe (for I beleeve in God, and in all that the Romane: Church believes, and am sworne a mortal enemie to the sewes) the Hiltorians ought to pittie me, and to vie me well in their writings: but let vm fay what they will, naked was I borne, naked I am, I neither winne nor lose, and though they put me in bookes, and carrie me yp and downe from hand to hand, I care not a figge, let vm fay what they will.

'I was just the same (quoth Don Quixote) that happened to a famous Poet of our times, who having made a malicious Satyre against all the Currizans, he left out one amongst them, as doubting whether she were one or no, who seeing she was not in the sero whe amongst the rest, tooke it vnkindly from the Poet, asking him, what he had seene in her, that he should not put her amongst the rest, and desired him to enlarge his Satyre, and put her in the spare roome: if not, she would scratch out his eyes: the Poet consented, and set her downe with a vengeance, and she was satisfied, to see her selfe famous, although indeed infamous. Besides, the tale of the shepherd agrees with this, that fer Diana's Temple on fire, which was one of the seuen wonders of the world, because he would be talked of for it; and although there were an Edict, that no man should either mention him by

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speaking or writing, that he might not attaine to his desire; yethis name was knowne to be Erostratus: the same allusion may be had out of an Accident, that befell the great Emperor Charles

the fift with a Knight of Rome.

The Emperour was desirous to see the famous Temple of the Rotunda, which in ancient times was called the Temple of all the Gods, and now by a better stile, of all Saints, and it is the only entire edifice that hath remained of all the Gentiles in Rome, and that which doth most conserue the Glory and Magnisicence of it's founders: tis made like an halfe Orange, exceeding large, and very lightforme, having but one window that gives it light, or to fay truer, but one round Loouer on the top of it: the Emperour looking on the edifice, there was a Romane Knight with him, that shewed him the deuices and contriving of that great worke and memorable architecture; and stepping from the Loouer, faid to the Emperour: a thousand times, mightie Monarch, haue I defired to fee your Maiestie, and cast my selfe down from this Loouer, to leave an everlasting fame behind me. I thanke you (faid the Emperour) that you have not performed it, and henceforward, I will give you no fuch occasion to shew your loyaltie, and therefore I command you, that you neither speake to me, nor come to my presence; and for all these words. he rewarded him.

I'le tell you, Sancho, this desire of honour is an itching thing: What do'st thou thinke cast Horatius from the Bridge all arm'd into deepe Tyber? What egged Curtius to lanch himselfeinto the Lake? What made Musius burne his hand? What forced Casar against all the South-sayers to passe the Rubicon? And to give you more moderne examples, What was it bored those ships, and less those valorous Spaniards on ground, guided by the most courteous Correz in the new world?

All these, and other great and seuerall exploits, are, have bin, and shall be the workes of same, which mortals desire as a reward, and part of the immortalitie, which their famous artes deserve: though we that be Christian Catholicke Knights Errant, must looke more to the happinesse of another world (which is Eternall in the Ethereall and Celestial regions) then to the vani-

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tie of fame, which is gotten in this present fraile age, and which, let it last as long as it will, it must have ending with this world which hath its limited time: fo that, oh Sancho, our actions mult not passe the bounds, that Christian Religion (which wee pro-

felle) hath put vs in.

In Gyants we must kill pride: enuie in generousnesse and noble brelts: anger in a continent reposed and quiet minde: ryot and drowzinesse, in temperance and vigilance: lasciniousnelle, in the loyaltie we observe to those that we have made the Mistresses of our thoughts: and sloth, by travelling vp & downe the world, feeking occasions, that may make vs (belides Christians) famous Knights. These, Sancho, are the meanes, by which the extremes of glory are obtained, which fame brings with it.

All that you have hitherto spoken (quoth Sancho) I vnder-Rand passing well: but I would faine have you zolue me of one doubt, which even now comes into my head. Refolue thou would'it fay Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) Speake a Gods name, for I'leanswer thee, as well as I can. Tell me, Sr, said Sancho, these Iulies, or Augusts, and all these famous Knights you talke of, that are dead, where are they now? The Gentiles, faid he, vndoubtedly are in Hell: the Christians, if they were good Christians, either in a Purgatorie, or in Hell. Tis very well, but the Sepulchers where the bodies of these great Lordings lye in- According terred, have they b filuer lampes burning before them, or are to the Romish their Chappell walles decked with Crutches, winding sheets, opinion, erroperiwigs, legges, and waxe eyes? and if not with these, b Relicks that with what? The Sepulchers of the Gentiles (saide Don vie to be han-Quixote) were for the most part, sumptuous Temples, the ged up in the ashes of Iulius Casars bodie were put vpon a huge Pyramis of Papists Churstone, which at this day, is called Saint Peters needle. The Em- ches. perour Adrians Sepulchre was a great Caltle as bigge as a pretty village, it was called Moles Adriani, and at this day, the Callle of Saint Angelo in Rome: Queene Artemisia buried her hufband Manseolus in a Sepulchre, which was held to be one of the feuen wonders of the world: but none of all these, nor many others the Gentiles had, were decked with winding sheetes,

nor any kinde of offrings or fignes that tellified, they were Saints that were buried in them.

That's it I come to (faid Sancho:) and tell me now, which is more, to raife a dead man, or to kill a Gyant? The answer is at hand (faid Don Quinote:) To raife a dead man. There I caught you (quoth Sancho) then, the fame of him that raifeth the dead, gives light to the blinde, makes the lame walke, restoreth sicke men, who hath lampes burning before his Sepulchre, whose Chappell is full of denout people, which vpon their knees adore his Relickes, this man hath greater renowne, and in another world, then ever any of your Gentile Emperours, or Knights Errant ever left behind them.

I grant you that (qd. Don Quixote). Wel, answered Sancho, this fame, these graces, these prerogatives, how call ye vin? have the bodies and Relikes of Saints, that, by the approbation & license of our holy Mother the Church, have their lampes, their lights, their winding sheetes, their crutches, their pictures, their heads of haire, their eyes, and legges, by which they increase mens deuotions, and endeere their Christian same; Kings carrie the bodies of Saints, or their Reliques vpon their shoulders, they kisse the pieces of their bones, and doe decke, and inrich their

Chappels with them, and their most precious alters.

What will you have me inferre from all this, Sancho (quoth Don Quixote?) I meane (faid Sancho) that we endeuour to be Saints, and we shall the sooner obtaine the same we looke after: and let me tell you Sr, that yesterday or tother day, (for so I may say, it being not long since) there were two poore baresoote Friers canonized or beatissed, and now many thinke themselues happie, to kitse or touch, those yron chaines, with which they girt and tormented their bodies, and they are more reverenced, then is (as I said) Roldans sword in the Armorie of our Lord the King, (God saue him:) So that (Masser mine) better it is, to be a poore Frier of what order soeuer, then a valiant Knight Errant: a doozen or two of lashes obtaine more at Gods hands, then two thousand blowes with the launce, whether they be given to Gyants, to Spirits, or Hobgoblins.

Althis is true (answered Don Quixote:) but al cannot be Friers,

and God Almighty hath many waies, by which he carries his Elect to heaven: Cavallerie is a religion, and you have many Knights Saints in heaven. That may be (faid Sancho) but I have heard, you have more Friers there, then Knights Errant. That is (quoth Don Quixote) because the Religious in number are more then the Knights. But there are many Knights Errant (said Sancho.) Many indeede (quoth Don Quixote) but sew that deferue the name.

In the feand such like discourses they passed the whole night, and the next day, without lighting vpon any thing, worth relation, for which, Don Quixote was not a little sorrie: at last, the next day toward night they discoursed the goodly Citie of Toboso, with which sight Don Quixotes spirits were required, but Sancho's dulled, because he knew not Dulcineas house, nor ever saw her in his life, no more then his Master, so that, the one to see her, and the other, because he had not seene her, were at their wits end, and Sancho knew not how to doe, if his Master should stand him to Toboso: but Don Quixote resolved to enter the Citie in the night, and till the rime came, they staide betweene certaine Okes, that were neere Toboso; and the prefixed moment being come, they entred the citie, where they lighted vpon things, things indeede.

CHAP. IX.

where is fet downe as followeth.

Idnight was necre spunne out, when Don Quixote and Sancho lest the mountaine, and entred the Citie: the cowne was all husht, and the dwellers were alleepe, with their legges stretcht at length, (as they say:) the night was bright some, though Sancho with the had beene darker, that he might not see his madnetse: the dogges in the towne did nothing but barke and thunder in Don Quivotes eares, and affrighted Sancho's heart; now and then an Aise braied, Hogs grunted,

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Cats mewed, whose different howlings were augmented with the filent night: all which the enamoured Knight held to be ominous: but yet he spoke to Sancho, Sonne Sancho (said he) guide to Dulcinea's Palace: it may be, we shall finde her waking. Body of the Sunne (quoth Sancho) to what Palace shall I guide? for where I faw her Highnetle, it was a little house. Belike (quoth Don Quixote) she was retired into some corner of her Palace, to solace her selfe in private with her Damozels, as great Ladies and Princelles yfe to doe. St, (quoth Sancho) lince, whether I will or no you will hauemy Miltris Dulcinea's house to be a Palace, doe yethinke neuerthelesse, this to be a fit time of night to finde the doore open in? Doe you thinke it fir, that we bounce, that they may heare and let vs in, to disquiet the whole towne ? are we going to a bodie house thinke yee? Like your whoremasters, that come, and call, and enter, at what houre they list, how late soeuer it be? First of all, to make one thing sure, let's finde the Palace, replide Don Quixote, and then, Sancho, I'le tell thee what's fit to be done: and looke, Sanche, either my fight failes me, or that great Bulk and shadow that we see, is Dulcine. a's Palace.

Well, guide on St, (faid Sancho) it may be it is fo, though I'le first see it with my eyes, and feele it with my hands, and beleene it, as much as it is now day. Den Quixote led on, and having walked about some two hundreth paces, he lighted on the Bulk that made the shadow, and saw a great steeple, which he perceiued was not the Palace, but of the chiefe Church in the towne. Then faid he, Sancho, we are come to the Church. I fee it very well (quoth Sancho) and I pray God, wee come not to our graves : for it is no good figne to haunt Church-yards fo late, especially since I told you (as I remember) that this Ladies house is in a little Allie without pallage thorow. A poxe on thee blockhead (faid Don Quixote) where halt thou ever found, that Kings houses and Palaces have beene built in such Allies? St. (quoth Sancho) every country hath their feuerall fashions: It may be, here, in Tobefo, they build their great buildings thus, and therefore pray St, give me leave, to looke vp and downe the Streets, or Lanes that lie in my way, and it may be, that in some corner

corner I may light vpon this Palace (the Diuell take it) that thus mockes and mileades vs. Speake mannerly, Sr, (quoth Dos Quixote) of my Miltritles things, and let's be merry and wife,

and cast not the rope after the bucker.

I will forbeare (faid Sancho) but how shall I endure, that you will needs have me be thorowly acquainted with a house, I neuer saw but once, and to finde it at midnight, being you cannot finde it, that have seene it a million of times? Sirrah, I shall grow delperate (quoth Don Quixote) come hither hereticke. Haue not I rold thee a thousand times, that I never saw the Peerelelle Dulcinea, nor neuer croffed the thresholds of her Palace, and that I only am enamoured on her by heare-fay, and the great fame of her beautie and discretion? Why now I heare you (faid Sancho) and fince you fay, you have never feene her: nor I neither. That cannot be (faid Don Quixote) for you told me at least, that you had seene her winnowing of wheate, when you brought me the answer of the letter I fent by you. Ne're stand voon that (faid Sancho) for let me tell you, that I only faw her by heare-fay too, & so was the answer I brought: for I know her as well, as I can boxe the Moone. Sancho, Sancho, (faid Don Quixote) ther's a time to laugh, and a time to mourne. Not because I say, I have neither seene, nor spoken to the Miltris of my foule, shouldst thou fay, thou hast neither seene, nor spoken to her, it being otherwise (as thou knowest.) Being in this difcourse, they saw one passing by vm with two Mules, and by the noise the plough made which they drew youn the ground, they might seeit was some husbandman, that rose by breake of day, to goe to his tillage, and fo it was : as he came, he went finging that Romante, of the batell of Roncestalles with the Frenchmen.

In hearing of which (quoth Don Quixote) Sancho, hang me, if we have any good fortune this night. Doe not you heare what this Clownefings? Yes marry doe I (faid Sancho) but a desif we what doth the Chase of Roncestalles concerne vs? Tis no more should have then if he had sung the Romante of 2 Calanies, and all one, for soil in Engour good or ill lucke in this businesse.

By this the ploughman came by them: and Don Quivote Chafe, or fuch questioned him: Can you tell me friend (so God reward you) like.

which is the Palace of the Peerelesse Dulcinea del Toboso? Sir (answered the yong man) I am a stranger, and haue liued but a while in this towne, and serue a rich husbandman to till his ground; here ouer-against, the Vicar and the Sexton both liue, any of them will tell you of this Lady Princesse, as hauing a List of all the inhabitants of Toboso; although I thinke, there is no such Princesse here, but many Gentlesolkes, each of which may be a Princesse in her owne house. Why friend (quoth Don Quivote) it may be, that shee I aske for, is amongst these. It may be so (said the fellow) and Godspeede you, for now it begins to be day peepe: and switching his Mules, he staid for no more questions.

Sancho fecing his Master in a deepe suspence, and very male-content, told him: S^r, the day comes on apace, and it will not be so fit, that we Sunne our selues in the Streete: it is better to go out of the Citie, and that you shade your selfe in some Groue here abouts, and I will come backe anon, and not leane a by-place in all this towne, where I may search for the House, Castle, or Palace of my Lady, and it were ill lucke, if I found her not: and if I doe, I will speake with her, and let her know, where, and how you doe, expecting, that she give you order and direction, how you may see her, without prejudice to her honour

and good name.

Sancho, (faid Den Quixote) thou hast spoken a thousand sentences, inclosed in the circle of thy short discourse: The aduice that thou hast now given me, I hunger after, and most louingly accept of it: Come, sonne, let vs take shade, and thou shalt returne (as thou sayest) to seeke, to see, and to speake to my Mistris, from whose discretion and courtesse, I hope for a thousand miraculous savours. Sancho stood vpon thornes, till he had drawne his Master from the towne, less he should verifie the lie of the answer, that he had carried him from Dulcinen, to Sierra Morena. So he hastned him to be gone, which was presently done, some two miles from the towne, where they found a forrest, or wood, where Don Quixote tooke shade: and Sancho returned to the Citie to speake with Dulcinen, in which Embassie matters besell him, that require a new attention, and a new beliefe.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

How Sancho cunningly enchanted the Lady Dulcinea, and other successes, as ridiculous as true.

THe Authour of this history comming to relate that which he doth, in this Chapter fayes; That hee would willingly have palfed it ouer in filence, as fearing not to be beleeued ; because heere Don Quixotes madnelle did exceed, and was at least two flight-shoots beyond his greatest that ever was: but for all this feare and suspition, he set it downe as tother acted it, without adding or diminishing the least iot of truth in the Hiltory, not caring for any thing that might bee objected against him for a lier, and hee had reason; for truth is stretcht, but neuer breakes, and tramples on the lie, as oyle doth vpon water; and so prosecuting his History, hee sayes, that as Don Quixote had shaded himselfe in the Forrest or Oake-wood neere the Grand Tobofo, he willed Sancho to returne to the City. and not to come to his presence, without he had first spoken to his Mistris from him, requesting her, that she would please to be seene by her captiu'd Knight, and to daigne to bestow her bleffing on him, that by it, hee might hope for many most prosperous successes, in all his onsets and dangerous enterprizes. Sancho tooke on him to fulfill his command, and to bring him now as good an answer as the former.

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Goe, Lad, (fayd Don Quixote) and bee not daunted when thou comest before the beames of the Sunne of Beauty, which thou goest to discouer; Oh happy thou, about all the Squires of the world, be mindfull, and forget not how she entertaines thee; if she blush instant, when thou deliuerest my Embassic; if she be stirred & troubled when she heares my name; whether her cushion cannot hold her; if she be set in the rich state of her Authority: and if she stand vp, marke her whether she clap somtimes one foot vpon another; if she repeat the answer she gives thee, twice or thrice ouer; or change it from milde to curst; from cruell to amorous; whether she seeme to order her haire,

though it be not disordered: Lastly, observe all her actions and gestures; for if thou relate them, just as they were, I shall ghesse what is hidden in her heart, touching my love in matter of fact: For know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not, that the actions and outward motions that appeare (when love is in treaty) are the certaine messengers that bring newes of what passeth within. Goe, Friend, and better fortune guide thee then mine, and send thee better successe then I can expect twixt hope and feare, in this vincouth solitude in which thou leavest me.

I goe (sayd Sancho) and will returne quickely; Enlarge that little heart of yours no bigger then an Hasell-nut, and consider the saying, Faint heart nener, &c. Sweet meat must bane sowre sauce: And another, Where wee least thinke, there goes the Hare away. This I say, because that if to night wee found not the Cattle or Palace of my Lady, now by day I doubt not but to finde it, when I least dreame of it, and so to finde her. Beleeue me, Sancho (quoth Don Quixoto) thou alwayes bringest thy Prouerbes so to the haire of the businesse wee treat of, as

God giue me no worse fortune then I desire.

This favd, Sancho turned his backe, and switched his Dapple, and Don Quixote stayd a horse-backe, easing himselfe on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, full of forrowfull and confufed thoughts, where we will leave him, and wend with Sancho, who parted from his Master no lesse troubled and pensative then he; infomuch, that hee was fcarce out of the wood, when turning his face, and feeing that Don Quixote was out of fight, he lighted from his Atle, and resting at the foot of a tree, hee began to discourse thus to himselfe, and say : Now, brother Sancho, I pray let's know whither is your Worship going? To fecke some Affethat you have lost? No for footh. Well, what is it you feeke for? I feeke (a matter of nothing) a Princetle, and in her the Sunne of Beauty, and all Heauen withall. And where doe yee thinke to finde this you speake of, Sancho? Where? Why in the Grand City of Tobolo. Well, and from whom doe yee feeke her? From the most famous Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, he that righteth wrongs, a gives the thirsty meat, and the hungry drinke. All this is well : and doe you know her

house.

Mistakes of fimplicity.

house, Sancho? My Master sayes, It is a Royall Palace, or a lofty Towre. And have you ever seene her, trow? Neither hee nor I, never. And doe you thinke it were well, that the men of Toboso should know, that you were here to entice their Princesses, and to trouble their wenches, and should come and grinde your ribs with bangs, and seave you never a sound bone? Indeed belike they should consider that you are commanded, friend, but as a mellenger, that you are in no fault, not you. Trust not to that, Sancho, for your Manchegan people are as cholericke, as honest, and doe not love to bee ielted with. In very deede, if they smell you, you are sure to pay for it. Ware Hawke, ware Hawke: No, no, let me for anothers pleasure seeke better bread then's made of wheat; and I may as well finde this Dulsinga, as one Mary in b Robena, or a Scholler in blacke in Sala-

einea, as one Mary in b Robena, or a Scholler in blacke in Sala- b As if wee manca: The Deuill, the Deuill, and none else hath clapt me into should say, one this businesse. This Soliloquy passed Sancho with himselfe, and some in London.

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All things (fayd he) have a remedy but death, under whose yoke wee must all passe in spite of our teethes, when life ends. This Master of mine, by a thousand signes that I have seene, is a Bedlam, fit to be bound, and I come not a whit short of him, and am the greater Cox-combe of two, to serue him, if the Prouerbe be true that fayes, Like master, like man ; and another; Thou art knowne by him that doth thee feed, not by him that doth thee breed. Hee being thus mad then, and subject, out of madnelle, to militaking of one thing for another, to judge blacke for white, and white for blacke, as appeared, when he fayd the winde-mils were Gyants, and the Friers mules, Dromedaries, and the flocks of sheepe, armies of enemies, and much more to this tune; it will not be hard to make him beleeve, that some hufband-mans daughter, the first we meet with, is the Lady Dulcinea: and if he beleeue it not, He sweare; and if hee sweare, He out-sweare him; and if he be obstinate, He be so more : and so, that I will stand to my tackling, come what will on it. Perhaps with mine obstinacy I shall so prevaile with him, that hee will fend mee no more vpon these kinde of messages, seeing what bad dispatch I bring him : or perhaps hee will thinke, that some wicked ..

forrow.

wicked Enchanter, one of those that he sayes persecute him, hath

changed her shape, to vex him.

With this conceit Sancho's spirit was at rest, and hee thought his businesse was brought to a good passe; and so staying there till it grew to be toward the Euening, that Don Quixote might thinke he spent so much time in going and comming from Toboso, all fell out happily for him: for when hee got up to mount upon Dapple, he might see three Countrey-wenches comming towards him from Toboso, upon three Asse-Colts, whether male or female, the Author declares not, though it bee likely they were shee-asses, they being the ordinary beasts that those Countrey-people ride on: but because it is not very pertinent to the story, we neede not stand much upon deciding that. In sine, when Sancho saw the three Countrey-wenches, he turned back apace to finde out his Master Don Quixote, and found him sighing, and uttering a thousand amorous lamentations.

As soone as Don Quixote saw him, he sayd; How now, Sancho, what is the matter? May I marke this day with a white or a blacke stone? Twere fitter (quoth Sancho) you would marke it with red Oker, as the Inscriptions are vpon Professours chaires, that they may plainely read that see them. Belike then (quoth Don Quixote) thou bringest good newes. So good (sayd Sancho) that you need no more but spurre Rozinante, and straight discouer the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with two Damozels waiting on her, comming to see your Worship. Blessed God! friend Sancho, what sayest thou (quoth Don Quixote?) See thou deceive mee not with thy salse mirth to glad my true

What should I get by deceiving you (quoth Sancho) the rather your selfe being so neere to discover the truth? Spurre, Sir, ride on, and you shall see our Mistris the Princesse comming, clad indeede and adorned like her selfe: She and her Damozels are a very sparke of gold: They are all ropes of pearle, all Diamonds, all Rubies, all cloth of gold, ten stories high at least: Their haires hung loose over their shoulders, that were like so many Sun-beames playing with the winde, and besides all this, they are mounted upon three slea-bitten Nackneyes, the siness

fight

fight that can be. Hackneyes thou would'st say, Sancho. Hackney or Nackney (quoth Sancho) there is little difference: but let them come upon what they will, they are the brauest Ladies, that can be imagined, especially, My Ladie the Princesse Dadeines that dazels the sences.

Let's go, sonne Sancho (quoth Don Quizote) and for a reward for this vnlookt for good newes, I bequeath thee the best spoile I get in our first aduenture next, and if this content thee not, I give thee my this yeeres Coltes by my three Mares thou knowest I have to soale in our towne Common. The Colts I like (quoth Sancho:) but for the goodnesse of the spoile of the first aduenture I have no minde to that. By this they came out of the wood, and saw the three Country wenches neere them. Don Quizote stretch his eyes, all ouer Toboso way, and seeing none but the three wenches, he was somewhat troubled, and demanded of Sancho, if he had left them comming out of the Citie. How, out of the Citie (qd. Sancho:) are your eyes in your noddle, that you see them not comming here, shining as bright as the Sunne at noone? I see none, said he, but three Wenches vpon three Asses.

Now God keepe me from the Deuill (quoth Sancho:) and is it possible that three Hackneyes, or how call ye vm, as white as a flake of snow, should appeare to you to be Asses? As sure as may be, you shall pull off my beard if that be so. Well, I tell you, friend Sancho, tis as sure that they are Hee, or Shee Asses, as I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, and thou Sancho Pansa; at least to me they seeme so.

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nest ght Peace, fir (quoth Sancho) and fay not so, but snuffe your eyes, and reuerence the Mistris of your thoughts, for now she drawes neere: and so saying, he advanced to meet the three Countreywenches, and alighting from Dapple, tooke one of their Asses by the halter, and fastning both his knees to the ground, sayd, Queene, and Princesse, and Dutchesse of beauty, let you Haugh-

Queene, and Princesse, and Dutchesse of beauty, let you Haughtinesse and Greatnesse be pleased, to receive into your grace and good liking, your captived Knight that stands yonder turned into marble, all-amazed and withour his pulse, to see himselfe before your Magnissent Presence. I am Sancho Pansa his Squire,

and he is the Way-beaten Knight Don Quixoto de la Mancha, otherwise called The Knight of the Sorrowfull Countenance.

And now Don Quixote was on his knees by Sancho, and beheld with vnglad, but troubled eyes, her that Sancho called Queene and Lady; but seeing he discouered nothing in her but a Countrey-wench, and not very well-fauoured, for shee was blub-fae'd, and star-nosed; he was in some suspence, & durst not once open his lips. The wenches too were astonisht, to see those two so different men upon their knees, and that they would not let their companion goe forward. But she that was stayed, angry to heare her selse mis-vsed, broke silence first, saying: Get you out of the way with a mischiese, and let's be gone, for wee are in haste.

To which (quoth Sancho) Oh Princelle and vniuerfall Lady of Tobelo, why doth not your magnanimous heart relent, seeing the Pillar and Prop of Knight Errantry prostrated before your Sublimated presence? Which when one of the other two heard. after the had cryed out to her Aile, that was turning afide, thee faid: Look how these Yonkers come to mocke at poore Countrey-folke, as if weeknew not how to returne their flouts vpon them : get you gone your way, and leave vs, you had belt. Rife, Sancho (quoth Don Quixote) at this instant, for I perceive now, that mine ill fortune, not fatisfied, hath shut vp all the paffages by which any content might come to this my wretched foule within my flesh. Oh thou, the extreme of all worth to bee defired, the bound of all humane gentlenetle, the only remedy of this mine afflicted heart that adores thee, now that the wicked Enchanter persecutes me, and hath put clouds and Cataracts in mine eyes, and for them onely, and none elfe, hath transformed and changed thy peereleffe beauty and face, into the face of a poore Countrey-wench, if so be now hee have not turned mine too into some Hobgoblin, to make it lothsome in thy fight, look on mee gently and amoroufly, perceiuing, by this submission and kneeling, which I refe to thy counterfet beauty, the humility with which my foule adores thee.

Marry-musse (quoth the Countrey-wench) I care much for your courtings: Get you gone, and let vs goe; and wee shall

be beholding to you. Saneho let her passe by him, most glad that he had sped so well with his deuice. The Countrey-wench that played Dulcinea's part, was no sooner free, when spurring her Hackney with a prickle she had at the end of her cudgell, she began to run apace; and the Asse feeling the smart of it more then ordinary, began to wince so fast, that downe came my Lady Dulcinea: which when Don Quixote saw, hee came to help her vp, and Sancho wentto order and gird her pack-saddle, that hung at the Asses belly; which being sitted, and Don Quixote about to lift his enchanted Mistris in his armes to her Asses being now got vpon her legs, saued him that labour; for stepping a little backe, shee fetcht a rise, and clapping both her hands vpon the Asses crupper, shee lighted as switt as an Hawke vpon the pack-saddle, and sate astride like a man.

Then layd Sanebo: By Saint Roque our Mistris is as light as a Robin-ruddocke, and may teach the cunningst Cordonan or Mexicanian toride on their Ginets: At one spring shee hath leapt over the crupper, and without spurres makes the Hackney run like a Muske-Cat, and her Damozels come not short of her; for they flie like the winde. And he said true: for when Dulcinea was once on horse-backe, they all made after her, and set a running for two miles, without looking behinde them.

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Den Quixote Itill looked after them, but when they were out of fight, turning to Sancho, he fayd; Sancho, how thinkest thou? How much Enchanters doe hate mee ? And fee how farre their malice extends, and their aime at mee, fince they have deprined me of the happinesse I should have received, to have seene my Miltris in her true being. Indeed I was borne to be an example of vnfortunate men, to be the Marke and Butt, at which Ill-Fortunes arrowes should be fent. And thou must note, Sancho, that these Enchanters were not content to have changed and transformed my Dulcinea: but they have done it into a shape, so base & vgly, as of a Country-wench thou faweft, & withall, they have taken from her, that which is so proper to her and great Ladies, to wit, her sweet sent of flowres and Ambers for let me tell thee, Sancho, that when I went to helpe Dulcinea to her Hackney (which as thou favelt, feemed to me to be a shee-Asle) she gaue meme fuch a breath of raw garlicke, as pierc'd and intoxicated my

Obase rout, cried out Sanoho instantly. Oh dismall and ill minded Enchanters. I would I might fee you all ftrung vp together like Galls, or like Pilchers in sholes; cunning you are, much you can, and much you doe: it had bin enough for you, Rascals to have turned the pearles of my Ladies eyes, into Corky galls, and her most pure golden haine, into Briftles of a red Oxes taile, and finally, all her feature from good to bad, without medling with her breath, for only by that, we might have gheffed, what was concealed under that course rinde, though to say true. I never faw her courfenelle, buther beautie, which was infinitely increased by a Moale she had youn her lippe, like a Mo-Stacho, with feuen or eight red haires like threeds of gold, and aboue a handfull long. To this Mode (quoth Don Quixote) according to the correspondencie that those of the face have, with those of the body, thee bath another in the Table of her thigh that correspondes to the link, where that of her face its but haired of that length thou speakelt of, are very much for Meales. Well I can tell your (quoth Sancha) that there they appeared, as if they had beene borne with her. I beleeve it friend, replide Don Quixore: for nature could formenothing in Dulemen that was not perfect and complete; and fo, though the had a hundreth Moales, as well as that one thou fawelt in her, they were not Moales, but Moones and bright starres.

But tell me, Sancho, that which chou didlt fet on, which feemed to me, to be a packe faddle, was it alphaine faddle, or a faddle with a backe? It was (faid Sancho) a Ginet faddle, with a field coursing, worth halfe a Kingdome, for the richnetle of it. And could not I fee all this? Well, now I fay againe, and will fay it a thousand times, I am the vnhappiels man aline. The crack-rope Sancho had enough to doe to hold laughter, hearing his Ma-

fters madnetle, that was fe delicately guilled.

Finally, after many other reasons that passed betwist them both, they gate up on their beasts, and held on the way to Saragosa, wherethey thought to be fitly, to see the solemnities that are performed once every yeere in that samous Citie But before

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they came thither, things befell them, that because they are many, famous and strange, they deserve to be written and read, as shall be seene here following.

CHAP. XI.

Of the strange Aduenture that befell Don Quixote, with the Cart or Waggon of the Parliament of Death.

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ON Quixete went on, wonderfull pensative, to thinke what a threwd tricke the Enchanters had played him in changing his Miltris Dulcines into the Rutticke shape of a Country Wench, and could not imagine what meanes he might vse to bring her to her Pristine being; and these thoughts so distracted him, that carelesly he gave Rozinante the Reines, who perceiving the libertie he had, staved every stirch-while to feede upon the greene graffe, of which those fields were full; but Sancho put him out of his Maze, faying: St, Sorrow was not ordained for bealts, but men : yet if men doe exceede in it, they become bealts, pray Sr, recollect and come to your felfe, and plucke vp Rozinantes Reines, reviue and cheere your felfe, shew the courage that befits a Knight Errant. What a Deuil's the matter? What faintnetle is this? are we dreaming on a dry Summer? Now Satan take all the Dulcineas in the world, fince the well-fare of one only Knight Errant, is more worth then all the Enchantments and transformations in the world.

Peace, Sancho (quoth Don Quixote) with a voice now not very faint: peace, I say, and speake no blashhemies against that Enchanted Lady, for I only am in fault for her missfortune and vnhappinesse: her ill plight springs from the enuie that Enchanters beare me. So say I too (quoth Sancho) for what heart sees her now, that saw her before, and doth not deplore? Thou mayst well say so, Sancho, repli'd Don Qnixote, since thou sawest her, in her iust entire beautie, and the Enchantment dimmed not thy sight, nor concealed her fairenesses gainst me only, only a-

gainst mine eyes the force of it's venome is directed.

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But for all that, Sancho, I have false vpon one thing, which is, that thou didt ill describe her beautie to me: for it I forget not, thou sayds she had eyes of Pearles, and such eyes are rather the cies of a Sea-Breame then a faire Dames: but as I thinke, Dulcineas eyes are like two greene Emeralds rared with two Celestiall Arkes, that serve them for Eye-browes. And therefore for your pearles, take them from her eyes, and put them to her teeth: for doubtlesse, Sancho, thou mislook'st eyes for teeth. All this may be, said Sancho, for her beauty troubled me, as much as her soulenesse since hath done you; but leave we all to God, who is the knower of all things that befall vs in this Vale of teares, in this wicked world, where there is scarce any thing without mixture of mischiese, Impostorship, or villanie.

One thing (Master mine) troubles me more then all the rest; to thinke what meanes there will be, when you ouercome any Gyant or other Knight, and command him to present himselse before the beautie of the Lady Dulcinea, where this poore Gyant, or miserable vanquisht Knight shall finde her. Me thinkes I see ym goe staring yp and downe Toboso, to finde my Lady Dulcinea, and though they should meete her in the midst of the streete, yet they would no more know her then my father.

It may be, Sancho (quoth Don Quixote) her Enchantment will not extend to take from vanquished and presented Gyants and Knights, the knowledge of Dulcinea: and therefore in one or two of the first I conquer and send, we will make triall, whether they see her or no, commanding them, that they returne to relate ynto me what hath befalne them.

I fay Sr, (quoth Sancho) I like what you have faid very well, and by this device we shall know what we desire; and if so be she be only hidden to you, your misfortune is beyond hers: but so my Lady Dulcinea have health and content, we will beare and passe it over here as well as we may, seeking our adventures, and let time alone, who is the best Phisician for these and other infirmities.

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho Pansa: but he was interrupted by a waggon that came crosse the way, loaden with the most different and strange personages and shapes, that might

be

be imagined. He that guided the Mules, and served for Wagoner, was an vgly Deuisi. The Wagons selfe was open without Tilt or Boughes. The first shape that presented it selfe to Don Quinnesseyes, was of Death her selfe, with a humane face, and next her an Angel with large painted wings. On one side stood an Emperour, with a crowne vpon his head, to see to of gold. At Deaths feet was the god called Cupid, not blind-folded, but with his Bow, his quiver, and arrowes. There was also a Knight compleatly Arm'd, only he had no Murrion or headpeece, but a hat full of direct colour'd plumes: with these there were other personages of different falhions and faces.

All which seene on a suddaine, in some fort troubled Don Quixote, and affrighted Sancho's heart, but straight Don Quixote was focund, believing, that some rare and dangerous Adventure was offred vnto him, and with this thought, and a minde disposed to give the onset to any perial, he got himselfe before the Wagon, and with a found and threatning voice, cried out: Carter, Coach man, or Deuill, or whatsoe re thou art, be not slow to tell me, who thou art, whither thou goest, and what people these are thou carried in thy Cart coach, rather like Cha-

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To which, the Deuill Haying the Cart, gently replide, Sr, we are Players of Thomas Angulo's Companie, we have playd a play called the Parliament of Death, against this Corpus Christity de, in a towne behind the ridge of yonder mountaine, and this afternoone we are to play it agains at the towne you see before vs, which because it is so neere, to saue a labour of new attiring vs, we goe in the same cloathes in which we are to Act. That yong man playes Death: that other an Angel: that woman our Authors wife, the Queene, a fourth there, a Souldier, a fift the Emperour, and I the Deuill, which is one of the chiefest Actors in the play, for I have the best part. If you desire to know any thing else of vs, askeme, and I shall answer you most punctually, for as I am a Deuill, nothing is vnknowne to me.

By the faith of a Knight Errant (soid Don Quixote) as foone as euer I faw this Waggon, I imagined some strange Adventure towards, and now I say it is fit to be fully satisfied of these ap-

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paritions, by touching them with our hands. God be with you, honest people: Act your play, and see whether you will command any thing wherein I may be serviceable to you, for I will be so most cheerefully and willingly: for since I was a boy, I have loved Maske-shewes, and in my youth, I have been ra-

uished with Stage-playes.

Whillt they were thus discoursing, it fell out, that one of the company came toward them, clad for the Foole in the Play, with Morrice-bels, and at the end of sticke, he had three Cowes bladders full-blowne, who thus masked, running toward Don Quixote, began to fence with his cudgell, and to thwacke the bladders vpon the ground, and to friske with his bels in the aire: which dreadfull sight so troubled Rozinante, that Don Quixote not able to hold him in (for hee had gotten the bridle betwixthis teeth) he fell a running vp and down the field, much swifter then his anatomized bones made shew for.

Sancho, that confidered in what danger of being throwne downe his Master might bee, leapt from Dapple, and with all fpeed ran to help him; but by that time he came to him, he was vpon the ground, and Rezinante by him, for they both tumbled. together. This was the common palle Rozinantes trickes and boldneile came to. But no sooner had Sancho left his horseback-ship to come to Don Quixote, when the damning Deuill. with the bladders leapt on Dapple, and clapping him with them, the feare and noy se, more then the blowes, made him fly thorow the field, towards the place where they were to play. Sancho beheld Dapples careere and his Masters fall, and knew not to which of the ill chances hee might first repaire : But yet like a good Squire and faithfull servant, his Masters love preuailed more with him, then the cockering of his Afle : though every hoysting of the bladders, and falling on Dapples buttocks, were to him trances and tydings of death, and rather had hee those blowes had lighted on his eye-bals, then on the least haire of his Alles taile.

In this perplexity hee came to Don Quixote, who was in a great deale worse plight then he was willing to see him and helping him on Rozinante, sayd; Sir, the Deuill hath sarried away Dapple.

Dapple. What Deuill (quoth Don Qnixote?) Hee with the bladders, replied Sancho. Well, I will recouer him (fayd Don Qnixote) though he should locke him vp with him in the darkelt and deepest dungeons of Hell: Follow me, Sancho, for the waggon goes but slowly, and the Mules shall satisfie Dapples losse. There is no neede (sayd Sancho:) temper your choller, for now I see the Deuill hath left Dapple, and hee returnes to his home, and he sayd true, for the Deuill having stalne with Dapple, to imitate Don Qnixote and Rozinante, he went on foot to the towne, and the Asse came backe to his Master.

For all that (fayd Don Quixote) it were fit to take reuenge of the Deuils vinannerlinelle vpon some of those in the waggon, euen of the Emperour himselfe. Oh neuer thinke of any such matter (fayd Sancho) and take my counsell, that is, neuer to meddle with Players, for they are a people mightily beloued: I have knowne one of vm in prison for two murders, and yet scap'd Scot-free: Know this, Sir, that as they are merry Iouiall Lads, all men loue, esteeme, and helpe them, especially if they be the Kings Players, and all of them in their fashion and garbe

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way pple, For all that (fayd Don Quixote) the Deuill-Player shall not scape from me & brag of it, though all mankind help him: & so saying, he gat to the waggon, that was now somewhat neere the towne, and crying aloud, sayd; Hold, stay, merry Greekes, for Ilemake yee know what belongs to the Asles and surniture, belonging to the Squires of Knights Errant. Don Quixotes noyse was such, that those of the waggon heard it, and ghessing at his intention by his speeches, in an instant Mistris Death leapt out of the waggon, & after her the Emperor, the Deuill-Waggoner, and the Angell, and the Queene too with little Cupid, all of them were straight loaded with stones, and put themselves in order, expecting Don Quixote with their Peebles poynts.

Don Quixote, that saw them in so gallant a Squadron, ready to discharge strongly their stones, held in Rozinantes reines, and began to consider how he should set upon them, with least hazard to his person. Whilst he thus stayd, Sancho came to him, and seeing him ready to give the on-set, sayd; Tis a meere mad-

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neise, Sir, to attempt this enterprise: I pray consider, that for your a river-sops, there are no defensive weapons in the world, but to be shut vp and inlayd vnder a brazen bell: and consider likewise, tis rather rashnes then valour, for one man alone to set vpon an Army, wherein Death is, and where Emperors sight in person, and where good and bad Angels help: and if the consideration of this be not sufficient, may this moove you to know, that amongst all these (though they seeme to be Kings, Princes and Emperours, there is no Knight Errant.

Thou hast his vpon the right, Sancho (layd Don Quixote) the very poynt that may alter my determination: I neither can nor mult draw my sword, as I have often told thee, against any that be not Knights Errant. It concernes thee, Sancho, if thou meanest to be revened for the wrong done thine Asse, and Ile encourage thee, and from hence give thee wholesome instructions. There needs no being revenged of any body (said Sancho) for there is no Christianity in it; besides, mine Asse shall be contented to put his cause to me, and to my will, which is, to live

quietly as long as Heauen shall afford me life.

Since this is thy determination (layd Don Quixote) honelt, wife, discreet, Christian-like, pure Sancho, let vs leave these dreams, & seek other better & more reall adventures: for I see, this Countrey is like to afford vs many miraculous ones. So he turned Rozinantes reines, and Sancho tooke his Dapple, Death with all the flying Squadron returned to the wagon, and went on their voyage: And this was the happy end of the wagon of Deaths adventure: thankes to the good advice that Sancho Pansa gave his Master: to whom there happened the day after another Adventure, no lesse pleasant, with an enamoured Knight Errant as well as he.

CHAP. XII.

Of the rare Aduenture that befell Don Quixote, with the Knight of the Looking-Glasses.

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On Quixote & his Squire palfed the ensuing night, after their Deaths encounter, vnder certaine high and shadie trees, Don Quixote having first (by Sancho's entreaty) eaten somewhat of the Provision that came vpon Dapple, and as they were at supper, Sancho sayd to his Master; Sir, what an Asse had I beene, had I chosen for a reward, the spoyles of the sirst adventure which you might end, rather then the breede of the three Mares? Indeed, indeed, a bird in the hand is better then two in the bush.

For all that (quoth Don Quixote) if thou, Sancho, hadfillet me give the on-fet (as I defired) thou hadfi had to thy share, at least, the Empresses golden crowne, and Cupids painted wings, for I had taken vm away against the haire, and given vm thee. Your Players scepters and Emperours crownes (layd Sancho) are never of pure golde, but least and Tinne.

Tis true (answered Don Quixote) for it is very necessary, that your Play-ornaments bee not fine, but counterfet and seeming, as the Play it selfe is, which I would have thee, Sancho, to esteeme of, and consequently the Actors too, and the Authors, because they are the Instruments of much good to a Commonwealth, being like Looking-glasses, where the actions of humane life are lively represented, and there is no comparison, that doth more truely present to vs, what we are, or what we should be, then the Comedy and Comedians: If not, tell mee, hast not thou seene a Play acted, where Kings, Emperours, Bishops, Knights, Dames, and other personages are introduced? One playes a Russian, another the Cheater, this a Merchant, t'other a Souldier, one a crafty Foole, another a foolish Louer: And the Comedy ended, and the apparrell taken away, all the rehearsers are the same they were.

Yes marry haue I, quoth Sancho. Why, the same thing F 3 (sayd

(fayd Don Quixote) happens in the Comedy and Theater of this world, where some play the Emperours, other the Bishops; and lastly, all the parts that may be in a Comedy: but in the end, that is, the end of our life, Death takes away all the robes that made them differ, and at their buriall they are equall. A braue comparison (quoth Sancho) but not so strange to me, that haue heard it often, as that of the Cheffe-play, that while the game lasts, every Peere hath it's particular motion, and the game ended, all are mingled and shuffled together, and cast into a lethern bag, which is a kinde of buriall.

Euery day, Sancho (quoth Don Quixote) thou growest wiser and wifer. It must needs bee (sayd Sancho) that some of your wisdome must cleaue to me; for grounds that are dry and barren, by mucking and tilling them, giue good fruit: I meane, your conversation hath beene themucke, that hath beene cast your the sterill ground of my barren wit; and the time that I have served you, the tillage, with which I hope to render happy fruit, and such as may not gaine-say or slide out of the paths of good manners, which you have made in my withered understanding.

Don Quivote laughed at Sancho's affected reasons, and it seemed true to him, what hee had sayd touching his reformation: for now and then his talke admired him, although for the most part, when Sancho spoke by way of contradicton, or like a Courtier, he ended his discourse with a downefall, from the mount of his simplicity, to the profundity of his ignorance:but that, wherein he shewed himselfe most elegant and memorable, was in vrging of Prouerbs, though they were neuer so much against the haire of the present businesse, as hath been seene, and noted in all this History.

A great part of the night they passed in these and such like discourses, but Sancho had a great desire to let fall the Pott-cullices (as he called them) of his eyes, and sleepe; and so vndressing his Dapple, he turned him freely to graze: with Rozinanter saddle he medled not, for it was his Masters expresse command, that whilst they were in field, or slept not within doores, hee should not vnsaddle him, it being an ancient custome observed by Knights Errant, to take the bridle and hang it at the saddle-

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pummell: but beware taking away the saddle, which Sancho observed, and gave him the same liberty, as to his Dapple, whose friendship and Rozinantes was so sole and vnited, that the report goes by tradition from father to sonne, that the Author of this true History made particular chapters of it, onely to keepe the decency and decorum due to so heroike a Story: he omitted it, although sometimes he forgets his purpose herein, and writes, that as the two beasts were together, they would scratch one another, and being wearied and satisfied, Rozinante would crosse his throte ouer Dapples necke, at least halfe a yard over the other side: and both of them looking willly on the ground, they would stand thus three dayes together, at least as long as they were let alone, or that hunger compelled them not to looke after their provander.

Tis fayd (I fay) that the Author in his Story, compared them in their friendship, to Niss and Eurialus, to Pilades and Orestes, which, if it were so, it may be seene (to the generall admiration) how sirme and stedfast the friendship was of these two pacificke beasts, to the shame of men, that so ill know the rules of friendship one to another. For this, it was sayd, No falling out, like to that of friends. And let no man think the Author was varied onable, in having compared the friendship of these beasts, to the friendship of men; for men have received many Items from beasts, and learnt many things of importance, as the Storks dung, the Dogs vomit and faithfulnesse, the Cranes watchfulnesse, the Ants providence, the Elephants honesty, and the

Horse his loyalty.

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At length Sancho fell fast assessed at the foote of a Corketree, and Don Quixote reposed himselfe under an Oke. But not long after, a noise behind waked him, and rising suddainly, he looked and hearkned from whence the noise came, and he saw two men on horsebacke, and the one tumbling from his saddle, said to the other; Alight, friend, and unbridle our horses, for me thinkes this place hath pasture enough for them, and besits the silence & solitude of my amorous thoughts: thus he spoke, & stretcht himselfe upon the ground in an instant, but casting himselfe down, his Armour wherewith he was armed made, a noise:

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a manifest token that made Don Quixote, thinke hee was some Knight Errant, and comming to Sancho, who was fast asseepe, hee pluck't him by the Arme, and tolde him softly. Brother Sancho, wee haue an Aduenture. God grant it bee good (quoth Sanch:) and where is this Masters Aduentures Worship? Where, Sancho, replide Don Quixote, looke on one side, looke, and there thou shalt see a Knight Errant stretcht, who (as it appeares to me) is not ouermuch ioyed, for I saw him cast himselfe from his horse, and stretch on the ground, with some shewes of griefe, and as he fell, he crossed his Armes. Why, in what doe you perceive that this is an Aduenture (quoth Sancho?) I will not say (answered Don Quixote) that this is altogether an Aduenture, but an introduction to it, for thus Aduentures begin.

But harke, it feemes he is tuning a Lute, or Viall, and by his fpitting and cleering his brest, he prepares himselfe to sing. In good faith you say right (quoth Sancho) and tis some enamoured Knight. There is no Knight Errant (said Don Quixote) that is not so: let vs give eare, and by the circumstance, we shall search the Laberynth of his thoughts, if so be he sing: for out of the abundance of the heart, the tongue speaketh. Sancho would have replied to his Master: But the Knight of the woods voice (which was but so so) hindered him, and whilst the two were

astonisht, he sung as followeth.

SONET.

Permit me, Mistris, that I follow may
The bound, cut out iust to your hearts desire:
The which, in mine I shall esteeme for aye,
So that I neuer from it will retire.
If you be pleas'd, my griefe (I silent) stay,
And die make reckning that I straight expire,
If I may tell it you; the unusual way
I will, and make lones selfe be my supplier.

Fashion'd

Fashion'd I am to proste of contraries,
As soft as waxe, as hard as Diamond too,
And to Loues lawes, my soule her selfe applies,
Or hard, or soft, my brest I offer you
Grauen, imprint in t what your pleasure is,
I (secret) sweare it never to forgoe.

With a deep-fetcht, heigh, ho: even from the bottome of his heart, the Knight of the wood ended his fong: and after some pause, with a grieued and forrowfull voice vetered these words: Oh the fairest and most vngratefull woman in the world. And shall it be possible, most excellent Casildea de Vandalia, that thou fuffer this thy captine Knight to pine and perish, with continuall peregrinations, with hard and painefull labours? Sufficeth not, that I have made all the Knights of Nanarre, of Leon, all the Tartesians, all the Castillians confesse thee to be the fairest Lady of the world ? I, and all the Knights of Mancha too? Not fo, (quoth Don Quixote straight) for I am of the Mancha, but neuer yeelded to that, for I neither could nor ought confesses thing so prejudiciall to the beautie of my Mistris: and thou feest, Sancho, how much this Knight is wide: but let vs heare him, ie. may be, he will vafold himselfe more. Marry will he (quoth Sancho) for he talkes, as if he would lament a moneth together. But it fell out otherwise; for the Knight of the wood, having ouer-heard that they talked somewhat neere him, ceasing his complaints, he stood vp, and with a cleere, but familiar voice thus spake, Who's there, who is it? Is it haply some of the number of the contented, or of the afflicted? Of the afflicted (answered Don Quixote.) Come to me then (said he of the wood) and make account, you come to fadnetfeit selfe, and to afflictions solfe. Don Quixote, when he saw himselfe answered so tenderly, and so modestly, drew neere, and Sancho likewise. The wailefull Knight laid hold on Don Quixotes arme, faying, Sit downe, Sr Knight: for to know that you are fo, and one that a serene, the professeth Knight Errantrie, it is enough that I have found you night-dew in this place, where solitarines, and the a Serene beare you com-that falles,

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To which Den Quixote replide, A Knight I am, and of the profession you speake of and though disgraces, missfortunes, and sorrowes have their proper seate in my minde: notwithstanding, the compassion I have to other mens griefs, hath not lest it: by your complaints I ghesse you are enamoured, I meane, that you loue that vngratefull faire one, mentioned in your laments. Whilst they were thus discoursing, they sat together louingly upon the cold ground, as if by day-breake, their heads

also would not breake.

The Knight of the wood demanded, Are you happily enamoured, St Knight? Vnhappily I am (quoth Don Quixote) although the vnhappines that ariseth from wel-placed thoughts, ought rather to be estemed a happinesse then otherwise. True it is (replide he of the wood) if distaines did not vexe our reason and vnderstanding, which being vnmercifull, come neerer to reuenge. I was neuer (said Don Quixote) distained of my Mistris. No indeed (quoth Sanebo) who was neere them: for my Lady is as gentle as a sambe, and as soft as butter. Is this your Squire (said he of the wood?) He is (said Don Quixote.) I ne're saw Squire (replide he of the wood) that durst prate so boldly before his Master, at least yonder is mine, as bigge as his father, and I can prooue he neuer vnfolded his lippes, whensower I spake.

Well yfaith (quoth Sancho) I have spoken, and may speake before, as, and perhaps: but let it alone, the more it is stirred, the more it will stinke. The Squire of the wood tooke Sancho by the hand, saying: Let vs goe and talke what we list Squirelike, and let vs leave these our Masters, Let them fall from their launces, and tell of their Loues: for I warrant you, the morning wil overtake them, before they have done. A Gods name (quoth Sancho) and let tell you who I am, that you may see whether I may be admitted into the number of your talking Squires. So the two Squires went apart, betweene whom there passed as

wittie a Dialogue, as their Masters was serious.

CHAP. XIII.

where the Aduenture of the Knight of the Wood is profecuted, with the discreete, rare, and sweete Coloquie, that passed betwint the two Squires.

THE Knights and their Squires were deuided; thefe telling their lives, they their loves: and thus fayth the Storie, that the Squire of the wood faid to Sauche, It is a cumbersome life that we leade, Sr, we, I say, that are Squires to Knights Errant: for truly we cate our bread with the Iweat of our browes, which is one of the curses, that God laid vpon our first parents. You may say also (added Sancho) that we cate it in the frost of our bodies: for who endure more heates and colds, then your miserable Sources ... Knights Errant? and yet not so bad if we might eate at all, for good fare leffens care: but fometimes it happens, that we are two daies without eating, except it be the ayre that blowes on vs. All this may be borne (quoth he of the wood) with the hope we have of reward: for if the Knight Errant whoma Squire ferues, be not two vnfortunate, he shall, with a little good hap, see himselfe rewarded with the gouernment of some Island, or with areasonable Earledome. I (said Sancho) have often told my Master, that I would content my selfe with the gouernment of any Island, and he is so Noble and Liberall, that he hath often promifed it me. I (faid he of the Wood) for my services would be satisfied, with some Canonrie, which my Master too hath promised me.

Your Master indeed (said Sancho) belike is an Ecclesiasticall Knight, and may doe his good Squires these kindnesses: but my Master is meerely Lay, though I remember, that some persons of good discretion (though out of bad intention) counselled him, that he should be an Archbishop: which he would not be, but an Emperour: and I was in a bodily feare, less the might hauea minde to the Church, because I held my selfe vncapable of benefits by it: for let me tell you, though to you I seeme a man, yet in Church matters I ama very beast. Indeed, Sr, (said he of the

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Wood) You are in the wrong: for your Island-Gouernments are not al so special, but that some are crabbed, some poore, some distastefull; and lastly, the stateliest and best of all brings with it a heavy burden of cares and inconveniences, which hee (to whom it falls to his lot) vndergoes. Farre better it were, that we, who professe this cursed slavery, retire home, and there entertaine our selves with more delightfull exercises, to wit, hunting and sishing; for what Squire is therein the world so poore, that wants his Nag, his brace of Grey-hounds, or his Angle-rod, to passe his time with, at his Village?

I want none of this (sayd Sancho:) true it is, I haue no Nag, but I haue an Asse worth two of my Masters Horse: An ill Christmas God send mee, (and let it be the next ensuing) if I would change for him, though I had source bushels of barley to boot: you laugh at the price of my Dapple, for dapple is the colour of mine Asse: well, Grey Nounds I shall not want neither, there being enow to spare in our towne; besides, the sport is

best at another mans charge.

Indeed, indeed, Sr. Squire (faydhe of the Wood) I have proposed and determined with my selfe, to leave these bezelings of these Knights, and returne to my Village, and bring vp my children, for I have three, like three Orient-pearles. Two have I (sayd Sancho) that may bee presented to the Pope in person, especially one, a wench, which I bring vp to bee a Countesse (God saue her) although it grieve her mother. And how olde (asked he of the Wood) is this Lady-Countesse that you bring

vp fo ?

Fifteene, somewhat vnder or ouer (sayd Sanebo) but she is as long as a lance, and as fresh as an Aprill-morning, and as sturdy as a Porter. These are parts (sayd he of the Wood) not onely for her to be a Countelle, but a Nymphof the Greeny Groue: Ah whoreson, whore, and what a sting the Queane hath? To which (quoth Sanebo somewhat musty) Shee is no whore, neither was her mother before her, and none of them (God willing) shall be, as long as I liue: and I pray, Sir, speake more mannerly: for these speeches are not consonant from you, that have beene brought vp amongst Knights Errant, the slowers of cour-

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tefie. Oh (faydhe of the Wood) Sr. Squire, how you millake, and how little you know what belongs to prailing: what? have yee neuer observed, that when any Knight in the market-place giues the Bula fure thrust with his lance, or when any body doth a thing well, the common people vie to fay; An whoreton whoremalter, how brauely he did it? so that, that which seemes to be a dispraise, in that sence is a notable commendation, and renounce you those sonnes and daughters, that doe not the workes, that may make their parents deserve such like praises. I doe renounce (layd Sancho) and if you meant no otherwise; I pray you clap a whole whore-house at once vpon my wife and children; for all they doe or fay, are extremes worthy of fuch praises, and so I may see them, God deliuer me out of this mortall finne, that is, out of this dangerous profession of being a Squire, into which I have this fecond time incurred, being inticed and deceived with the purse of the hundred duckats, which I found one day in the heart of Sierra Morena, and the Deuill cast that bag of Piltolets before mine eyes: (me thinkes) euery foot Itouch it, hugge it, and carry it to minehouse, set leales, and rents, and live like a Prince, and still when I thinke of this, all the toyle that I patle with this Block-head my Mafter, icems eatie and tolerable to me, who (I know) is more madman then Knight.

Heereupon (sayd he of the Wood) it is sayd; that, Allconet, all lose: And now you talke of mad-men, I thinke, my Master is the greatest in the world, he is one of them that cries, Hang sortow; and that another Knight may recouer his wits, hee'l make himselfe mad, and will seeke after that, which perhaps once found, will tumble him vpon his snowt. And is hee amorous haply? Yes (sayd hee of the Wood) hee loues one Casidea de Vandalia, the most raw and most rosted Lady in the world; but she halts not on that soot of her rawnesse, for other manner of impostures doe grunt in those entrailes of hers, which ere long

will be knowne.

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of courtelie. There is no way so plaine (quoth Don Quixose) that hath not some rubbe, or pit, or as the Prouerbe goes, In some houses they see the beanes, and in mine whole kettles full. So madnetse hath

more

more companions, and more needie ones then wisedome. But if that which is commonly spoken be true, that to have companions in misery is a lightner of it, you may comfort me, that serve as sottish a Master as I doe. Sottish but valiant, (answered he of the wood) but more knaue then soole or then valiant. It is not so with my Master, said Sancho: for he is ne're a whit knaue; rather he is as dull as a Beetle, hurts no-body, does good all, he hath no malice, a childe will make him beleeue tis night at noone day: and for his simplicitie, I loue him as my heartsstrings, and cannot finde in my heart, to leave him for all his sopperies. For all that, Brother and friend, (said he of the wood) if the blinde guide the blinde, both will be in danger to

fall into the pit.

Tis better to retire faire and foftly, and returne to our loued homes: for they that hunt after Aduentures, doe not alwaies light your good. Sanche spit often, and as it seemed, a kinde of plewy and dry matter; which noted by the charitable wooddy Squire, he faid, Me thinkes, with our talking, our tongues cleaue to our roofes: but I have suppler hangs at the pummell of my horse, as good as touch: and rising vp, he returned presently with a Borracha of wine, and a bak't meate at least halfe a yard long, and it is no lye, for it was of a Parboiled Cony fo large, that Sancho, when he felt it, thought it had beene of a Goate, and not a Kid: which being seene by Sancho, he said, And had yee this with you too, Sr? Why, what did yee thinke (faid the other) doe you take me to be some hungry Squire? I have better prouision at my horses crupper, then a Generall carries with him vpon a March. Sancho fell to, without inuitation, and champed his bits in the darke, as if he had scraunched knotted cordes, and faid, I marry, St, you are a true Legall Squire, round and found, Royall and Liberall (as appeares by you fealt) which if it came not hither by way of Enchantment, yet it feemes so at least, and like no vnfortunate wretch, that only carry in my wallets, a little Cheese, so hard, that you may breakea Gyants head with it, & only some doozens of Saint Johns Weed leaves, and some few Walnuts, and small nuts, (plentie in the strictnetle of my Master, and the opinion he hath) and the me-

thod he observes, that Knights Errant must only be maintained and fultained onely with a little dry fruit, & fallets. By my faith (Brother) replide he of the wood, my stomacke is not made to your thilles, nor your stalkes, nor your mountaine-roots: let our Masters deale with their opinions, and their Knightly statutes, and cate what they will, I have my cold meates, and this bottle hanging at the pummel of my faddle, will he, or nill he: which I reuerence and loue so much, that a minute scarce patieth me, in which I give it not a thousand killes & embraces. Which faid, he gaue it to Sanche, who rearing it on end at his mouth, looked a quarter of an houre together ypon the Starres : and when he had ended his draught, he held his necke on one fide, and fetching a great figh, cryes, Oh whorefoone raskal, how Catholike it is. Law yee there (faid he of the wood) in hearing Sancho's whorefoone, how you have praifed the wine, in calling it whoresoone? I say (quoth Sancho) that I confesse, that I know it is no dishonour to call any bodie whoresoone, when there is a meaning to praise him. But tell me, Sr, by the remembrance of her you loue best, is this wine of a Cinidad Realt? A brave taste A place in (said he of the wood:) it is no leffe, and it is of some yeeres stan- Spaine that ding too. Let me alone (faid Saneko) you could not but thinke I hath excelmust know it to the height. Doe nor you thinke it strange, Sr lent wines. Squire, that I should have so great, and so naturall an instinct, in dillinguishing betwixt wines, that comming to smell any wine, Thit vpon the place, the grape, the fauour, the lafting, the strength, with all circumstances belonging to wine? But no marueile, if in my linage by my fathers lide, I had two of the most excellent tasters that were knowne in a long time in Mansha: for proofe of which, you shall know what befell them.

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They gaue to these two some wine to taste out of a Hogshead, asking their opinions, of the state, qualitie, goodnesse or badnesse of the wine: the one of them prooued it with the tip of his tongue, the other only smelt to it. The first said, that that wine sauoured of yron. The second said, Rather of goats leather. The owner protested, the Hogshead was cleane, and that the wine had no kinde of mixture, by which it should receive any sauour of yron or leather. Notwithstanding, the two samous

tafters

tasters stood to what they had said. Time ran on, the wine was sold, and when the vessell was cleansed, there was found in it a little key, with a leatherne thong hanging at it. Now you may see, whether he that comes from such a race, may give his opini-

on in these matters.

Therefore I say to you (quoth he of the wood) let vs leaue looking after these Aduentures, and since we have content, let vs not seeke after dainties, but returne to our cottages, for there God will finde vs, if it be his will. Till my Master come to Saragosa, I meane (quoth Sancho) to serue him, and then weele all take a new course. In fine, the two good Squires talked and dranke so much, that it was sit sleepe should lay their tongues, and slake their thirst, but to extinguish, it was impossible; so both of them saltned to the night emptie bottle, and their meate scarce out of their mouthes, fell assept: where for the present wee will leaue them, and tell what passed betweene the two Knights.

CHAP. XIV. How the Aduenture of the Knight of the wood is profecuted.

Mongst many discourses that passed betweene Don Quixote, and the Knight of the Wood, the History saies, that he of the wood said to Don Quixote, In briefe, Sr Knight, I would have you know, that my destinie, or to say better, my election enamoured me vpon the peerelesse Casilden de Vandalia, Peerelesse I call her, as being so in the greatnesse of her Stature, and in the extreme of her being and beautie. This Casilden (I tell you of) repaide my good and vertuous desires, in employing me (as did the stepmother of Herenles, in many and different perils, promising me, at the accomplishing of each one, in performing another, I should enjoy my wishes: but my labours have beene so linked one vpon another, that they are numberselesse, neither know I which may be the last

to give an accomplishment to my lawfull defires.

Once the commanded me to give defiance to that famous Gyantelle of Senil, called the Giralda, who is so valiant & so strong (as being made of bratte, and without changing place) is the most mooueable and turning woman in the world. I came, I faw, and conquered her, and made her stand still, and keepe distance; for a whole weeke together, no windes blew, but the North: Otherwhiles the commanded me to lift up the ancient flones of the fierce Buls of Guifando: an enterprize fitter for As if we should Porters, then Knights: another time she commanded me to go the stones at downe and dive in the Vault of Cabra (a fearefull and vnheard of Stonage in attempt) and to bring her relation of all that was inclosed in that Wilt-thire. darke profunditie. Istaide the motion of the Giralda, I waied the Buls of Guilando, I cast my selfe downe the steep Caue, and broughe to light the secrets of that bottome, but my hopes were dead, how dead? her disdaines still living, how living? Lastly, the hath now commanded me, that I run ouer all the Provinces of Spaine, & make all the Knights Errant, that wander in them, confesse, that she alone goes beyond all other women in beauty, and that I am the valiantest, and most enamoured Knight of the world: in which demand I have travelled the greatest part of Spaine, and have overcome many Knights, that durst contradict me. But that which I prize and elterme molt is, That I haue conquer'd, in single combate, that so famous Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confelle that my Cafildea is fairer then his Dulcinea, and in this conquelt only I make account, that I have conquer'd all the Knights in the world, because the aforesaid Don Quixote hath conquered them all, and I having overcome him, his fame his glorie, and his honour, hath beene transferred and patled ouer to my person, and the Conquerour is fo much the more esteemed : by how much the conquered was reputed, so that the innumerable exploits of Don Quixote now mentioned, are mine, and palle vpon my account. Don Quixote admired to heare the Knight of the wood, and was a thousand times about to have given him the lve, and had his Thou lyest, upon the point of his tongue: but hee defer'd

it as well as he could, to make him confelle with his owne

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mouth that he lyed, and so he told him calmely. That you may haue ouercome (Sr Knight) all the Knights Errant of Spaine. and the whole world, I grant yee: but that you have overcome Don Quixote de la Mancha, I doubt it, it might be some other like him, though few there be so like. Why not? replide he of the Wood: I can affure you, Sir, I fought with him, ouercame, and made him yeeld. Hee is a tall fellow, withred faced. lanke and dry in his limbes, fomewhat hoary, sharpe-nofed and crooked; his multachoes long, blacke, and falne; hee marcheth under the name of The Knight of the Sorrewfull Countenance : he prelles the loine, and rules the bridle of a famous horse called Rozinante, & hath for the Miltris of his thoughts, one Dulcinea del Toboso, sometimes called Aldonsa Lorenso, iust as mine, that because her name was Casilda, and of Andaluzia, I call her Casildea de Vandalia: and if all these tokens be not enough to countenance the truth, heere is my fword that shall make incredulity it felfe belieue it. Haue patience, Sr Knight (quoth Den Quixote) and heare what I shall fay. Know, that this Don Quixote you fpeake of, is the greatest friend I have in this world, and so much that I may tell you, I loue him as well as my felfe, and by the fignes that you have given of him, so punctuall and certaine, I cannot but thinke it is he whom you have overcome. On the other side, I see with mine eyes, and seele with my hands, that it is not possible it should be he, if it be not, that, as he hath many Enchanters that be his enemies, especially one, that doth ordinarily perfecute him, there be some one that hath taken his shape on him, and suffered himselfe to be ouercome, to defraud him of the glory which his noble chiualry hath gotten and layd yp for him thorowout the whole earth. And for confirmation of this. I would have you know, that these Enchanters mine enemies (not two daies fince) transformed the shape and person of the faire Dulcinea del Tobofo, into a foule & base country wench, and in this fort belike they have transformed Don Quixote: and if all this be not sufficient to direct you in the truth, here is Don Quixote himselfe, that will maintaine it with his Armes on foot or on horse-back, or in what manner you please: and he grasped his fword, expecting what resolution the Knight of the Wood would

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would take, who with a stayed voyce, answered & sayd: A good Pay-master needs no surety: hee that could once, Don Quixore, ouercoin you when you were transformed, may very well hope to restore you to your proper being. But because it becomes not Knights to doe their feats in the darkelike high-way-robbers and Russians, let vs stay for the day, that the Sunne may behold our actions; and the condition of our combate shall be, that he that is ouercome, shall stand to the mercy of the Conquerour, to do with him according to his will, so farre as what he ordaineth shall be fitting for a Knight.

I am ouer-loyed with this condition and agreement (quoth Don Quixote.) And (this fayd) they went where their Squires were, whom they found fnorting, and iult as they were, when sleep first stole vpon them. They wakened them, and commanded they should make their horses ready: for by sun rising, they meant to haue a bloudy and vnequall single combate. At which newes Sancho was altonisht and amazed, as fearing his Masters safety, by reason of the Knight of the Woods valour, which he had heard from his Squire: but without any reply, the two Squires went to seeke their cattel: for by this the three horses and

Dapple had finelt out one another, and were together.

By the way, he of the Wood fayd to Sancho, You must vnderstand, Brother, that your Combatants of Andaluzia vse, when they are Sticklers in any quarrell, not to standidlely with their hands in their pockets, whill their friends are fighting I tell youthis, because you may know, that whilst our Malters are at it, we must skirmish too, and breake our lances to shivers. This custome, Sr Squire (answered Sancho) may be current there, and patle amongst your Ruffians and Combatants you talke of: but with your Squires that belong to Knights Errant, not fo much as a thought of it. At least, I have not heard my Malter so much as speake a word of any such custome, and hee knowes without booke all the ordinances of Knight Errantry. But let mee grant yee, that tis an expresse ordinance that the Squires fight, whillt their Masters doe so : yet I will not fulfill that, but pay the penalty that shall be imposed upon such peaceable Squires : for I doe not thinke, it will be aboue two pound

Ailuding to fome penalby Confesfors, to pay to burne in candles in the Church.

of wax, and I had rather pay them, for I know they will cost me lette, then the lint that I thall spend in making tents to cure my ties enjoyned head, which already I make account is cut and divided in two: besides, tis impossible I should fight', having neuer a sword,

and I neuer wore any.

For that (quoth he of the Wood) He tell you a good remedy, I have heere two linnen bags of one bignetle, you shall have one, and I the other, and with these equall weapons, wee'll fight at bag-blowes. Let vs doe so and you will (sayd Sancho) for this kinde of fight will rather serue to dust, then to wound vs. Not fo (fayd the other) for within the bags (that the winde may not carry them to and fro) wee will put halfea doozen of delicate smooth pebbles, of equall waight, and so we may bag-baste one another, without doing any great hurt. Looke ye, body of my father (quoth Sancho) what Martins or Sables furre, or what fine-carded wooll he puts in the bags, not to beat out our brains, or make Prinet of our bones: but know, Sir, if they were filke bals. I would not fight: let our Masters fight, and heare on it in another world, let vsdrinke and liue, for time will bee carefull to take away our lives, without our striving to end them before their time and season, and that they drop before they are ripe. For all that (favd he of the Wood) we must fight halfe an houre. No, no (fayd Sancho) I will not be so discourteous and vngratefull, asto wrangle with whom I have eaten and drunke, let the occasion bee neuer so small, how much more I being without choller or anger, who the Deuill can barely without these fight?

For this (fayd he of the Wood) Ile give you a sufficient cause, which is, that before wee begin the combate, I will come mee finely to you, and give you three or foure boxes, and frike you to my feet, with which I shall awake your choller, although it fleepe like a Dormouse. Against this cut I have another (quoth Sancho) that comes not short of it, I will take me a good cudgell, and before you waken my choller, I will make you fleepe fo foundly with baltinadoing you, that it shall not wake but in another world, in which it shall be knowne; that I am not hee that will let any man handle my face; and every man looke to the

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shaft he shoots: And the best way were to let euery mans choller sleepe with him, for no man knowes what's in another, and many come for wooll, that returne shorne, and God blessed the Peace-makers, and cursed the Quarreller; for if a Cat shut into a roome, much baited and straightned, turne to be a Lyon, God knowes what I that am a man, may turne to: Therefore, from henceforward, Sr. Squire, let mee intimate to you, that all the euill and mischiese that shall arise from our quarrell, bee vpon your head. Tis well (quoth he of the Wood) let it be day, and we shall thriue by this.

And now a thousand forts of painted birds began to chirp in the trees, and in their different delightfull tones, it seemed they bad good morrow, & saluted the fresh Aurora, that now discourred the beauty of her face, thorow the gates & bay-windowes of the East, shaking from her lockes an infinite number of liquid pearles, bathing the hearbes in her sweet liquour, that it seemed they also sprouted, and rained white and small pearles: the willowes did distill their sauoury Manna, the sountaines laughed, the brookes murmured, the woods were cheered, and the

fields were enriched with her comming.

But the brightnesse of the day scarce gaue time to distinguish things, when the first thing that offered it selfe to Sancho's light, was the Squire of the Woods nose, which was so huge, that it did as it were shadow his whole body. It is sayd indeed, that it was of an extraordinary bignesse, crooked in the middest, and all full of warts of a darkish-greene colour, like a Berengene, and hung some two singers ouer his mouth: this hugenesse, colour, warts, and crookednesse, did so distingure his sace, that Sancho in seeing him, began to lay about him back-ward and forward, like a young raw Ancient, and resolued with himselfe to endure two hundred boxes, before his choller should waken to fight with that Hobgoblin.

Don Quixote beheld his opposite, and perceived that his helmet was on and drawne, so that he could not see his sace, but he saw that he was well set in his body, though not tall; vpon his armour he wore an upper garment or cassocke, to see to, of pure cloth of gold, with many Moones of shining Looking-glasses

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spred about it, which made him appeare very braue and gorgeous, a great plume of greene feathers waved about his Helmer, with others white & yellow, his Lance which he had reared vp against a tree, was very long and thicke, and with a steele pike about a handfull long Don Quixote observed and noted all, and by what he had feene and marked, judged that the fayd Knight must needs be of great strength: But yet he was not afrayd (like Sancho) and with a bold courage thus spoke to the Knight of the Looking-glasses: If your eagernesse to fight, Sir Knight, have not spent your courtelie, for it, I delire you to lift vp your Vifor a little, that I may behold whether the liveline fe of your face be answerable to that of your disposition, whether vanquisht or · Vanquisher you be in this enterprize. Sir Knight (answered he of the Looking-glatles) you shall have time and leisure enough to fee me, and if I doe not now fatisfie your defire, it is because I thinke I shall doe a great deale of wrong to the faire Casildea de Vandalia, to delay so much time as to lift vp my Visor, till I have first made you confesse what I know you goe about. Well, vet while we get a horse-backe (fayd Don Quixote) you may resolue me whether I be that Don Quixote whom you sayd, you had vanquished.

To this I answer you (said he of the Looking-glasses) You are as like the Knight I conquered, as one egge is to another: But, as you say, Enchanters persecute you, and therefore I dare not affirme whether you bee hee or no. It sufficeth (quoth Don Quixote) for mee, that you beleeue your being deceived: but that I may entirely satisfie yon, let's to horse, for in letse time then you should have spent in lifting vp your Visor (if God, my Mithrisse, and mine Arme defend me) will I see your face, and you shall see that I am not the vanquisht Don Quixote you

speake of.

And heere cutting off discourse, to horse they goe, and Don Quixote turn'd Rozinante about, to take so much of the field (as was sit for him) to returne to encounter his enemie, and the Knight of the Looking-glasses did the like. But Don Quixote was not gone twenty paces from him, when he heard that he of the looking-glasses called him. So the two parting the way, he of

the Glasses sayd, Bemindefull, Sr. Knight, that the condition of our combate is, that the vanquished (as I have told you before) must stand to the discretion of the Vanquisher. I know it (fayd Don Quixote) so that what is imposed and commanded the vanquithed, be within the bounds and limits of Cauallery.

So it is meant, fayd he of the Glatles.

Heere Don Quixote faw the strange nose of the Squire, and he did not lelle wonder at the fight of it, then Sancho; infomuch that he deemed him a montter, or some new kinde of man not vsuall in the world. Sancho, that saw his Malter goe to fetch his Careere, would not tarry alone with Nose autem, fearing that at one fnap with tothers Nose vpon his, their fray would beeended, that either with the blow, or it, hee should come to the ground. So he ran after his Master, laying hold upon one of Rozinantes stirrup leathers, and when hee thought it time for his Master to turne backe, he fayd; I beseech your Worship, Master mine, that before you fall to your encounter, you helpe mee to climbe vp you Cork-tree, from whence I may better, and with more delight, then from the ground, see the gallant encounter you shall make with this Knight.

Rather, Sancho (fayd Don Quixote) thou wouldest get aloft, as into a scaffold, to see the Buls without danger. Let mee deale truely (fayd Sancho) the vgly nose of that Squire hath astonisht me, and I dare not come neere him. Such an one it is (fayd Don Quixote) that any other but I, might very well be afrayd of it,

and therefore come, and Ile helpe thee vp.

Whill Don Quixote was helping Sancho vp into the Corktree, he of the Looking-glatles tooke vp roome for his Careere, and thinking that Don Quixote would have done the like, without looking for trumpets found, or any other warning-figne, he turned his horses reines (no better to see to, nor swifter then Rozinante) and with his full speede (which was a reasonable trot) hee went to encounter his enemy: but feeing him bufied in the mounting of Sancho, hee held in his reines, and stopped in the midst of his Careere, for which his horse was most thankefull, as being vnable to mooue. Don Quixote, who thought his enemy by this came flying, fet fourres lustily to Ro-

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cinantes hinder-flancke, and made him post in such manner, that the Story sayes, now onely he seemed to run, for all the rest was plaine trotting heeretofore. And with this vnspeakable sury, he came where he of the Looking-glasses was gagging his spurres into his horse, to the very hoopes, without being able to remoute him a singers length from the place, where he had set vp

his rell for the Carcere.

In this good time and conjuncture, Don Quixote found his contrary puzzled with his horse, & troubled with his lance; for either he could not, or elfe wanted time to fet it in his rest. Don Onixote that never looked into these inconveniencies, safely and without danger, encountred him of the Looking-glaffes fo furioully, that in spight of his teeth hee made him come to the ground, from his horse-crupper, with such a fall, that stirring neither hand nor foot, hee made shew as if hee had beene dead. Saucho scarce saw him downe, when hee slid from the Corktree, and came in all halte to his Matter, who difinounted from Rozinante, got vpon him of the Looking-glaffes, and vnlacing his helmet, to fee if he were dead, or if he were aliue, to give him aire, he faw: (Who can tell without great admiration, wonder and amaze to him that shall heare it?) he saw (sayes the History) the selfesame face, the same visage, the same aspect, the same phifing nomy, the fame thape, the fame perspective of the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, and as he saw it, hee cryed aloud, Come Sancho, and behold what thou mayelf fee, and not beleeve, runne whore-sonne, and observe the power of Magicke, what Wisches and Enchanters can doe.

Sancho drew neere, and faw the Bachelour Samson Carrasco's face, & so began to make a thousand crosses, & to blesse himselfe as oft. In all this while the ouerthrowne Knight made no shew of living. And Sancho sayd to Don Quixote, I am of opinion, Sir, that by all means you thrust your sword down this fellowes throte, that is so like the Bachelour Samson Carrasco, and so perhaps in him, you shall kill some of your enemies the Enchanters. Tis not ill advised (quoth Don Quixote.) So drawing out his sword, to put Sancho's counsell in execution, the Knights Squire came in, his nose being off, that had so dissigned him, and sayd aloud:

aloud: Take heede, S. Don Quixote, what you doe; for hee that is now at your mercy, is the Bachelor Samson Carrasco your friend, and I his Squire.

Now Sancho feeing him without his former deformity, said to him, And your noie? To which he answered, Here it is in my pocket: and putting his hand to his right side, hee pulled out a pasted nose, and a varnisht vizard, of the manifacture described. And Sancho more and more beholding him, with a loud and admiring voyce said, Saint Mary desend me: and is not this Thomas Cecial my neighbour and my Gossip? And how say you by that (quoth the vn nosed Squire?) Thomas Cecial I am, Gossip and triend Sancho, and streight I will tell you, the conveyances, sleights and trickes that brought mee hither: in the meane time request and intreat your Malter, that he touch not, missuse, wound or kil the Knight of the Looking-glasses, now at his mercy; for doubtlesse it is the bold and ill-aduized Bachelor Samson Carrasco our Countryman.

By this time the Knight of the Looking-glatfes came to himfelfe, which Don Quixore feeing, hee clapt the bare point of his fword vpon his face, & faid, Thou diell, Knight, if thou confelle not, that the peerelelle Dulcimea del Tobofo excells your Cafildea de Vandalia in beauty: and moreouer, you shall promise (if from this battell and fall you remaine with life) to goe to the Citic of Tobofo, and present your selfe from me before her, that she may dispose of you as she pleaseth: and if she pardon you, you shall returne to me; for the tracke of my exploits will bee your guide, and bring you where I am, to tell mee what hath passed with her. These conditions (according to those wee agreed on before the battell) exceed not the limits of Knight Errantrie.

I confesse, said the faln Knight, that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torne and soule shooe, is more worth then the ill-combed
haire (though cleane) of Casildea: and here I promise to goe and
come from her presence to yours, and give you entire and particular relation of all you require. You shall also confesse and
believe (added Don Quixote) that the Knight whom you overcame, neyther was, nor could be Don Quixote de la Mancha,
but some other like him, as I confesse and believe, that you, although:

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though you feeme to be the Bachelor Samfon Carrafee, are not he, but one like him, and that my enemies have call you into his shape, that I may with-hold and remper the force of my choller. and vie moderately the glory of my conquelt. I confelle, judge, and allow of all as you confetle, judge, and allow (answered the backe-broken Knight.) Let merife, I pray you, if the blow of my fall will let mee ; for it bath left me in ill case. Don Quixote helped him to rife, and Thomas Cocial his Squire, on whom Sanche still cast his eyes, asking him questions, whose answeres gave him manifelt signes, that hee was Thomas Cecial indeed, as hee faid, but the apprehension that was made in Sancho, by what his Master had said, that the Enchanters had changed the forme of the Knight of the glatles into Samfon Carrafco's, made him not beleeue what he saw with his eyes. To conclude, the Mafter and Man remained ftill in their errour : and he of the glaffes and his Squire very moody and ill Errants, left Don Quixote, purpoling to feeke some towne where hee might seare-cloth himselfe, and settle his ribbes. Don Quixote and Sancho held on their way to Saragofa, where the story leaves them, to tell who was the Knight of the Glaffes and his Nofie Squire.

CHAP. XV. bo the Knight of the looking-glasses an

Who the Knight of the looking-glasses and his Squire were.

On Quixote was extremely contented, glad, and vaine-glorious, that hee had subdued so valiant a Knight, as hee imagined hee of the Looking-glasses was, from whose knightly word he hoped to know if the Enchantment of his Mistris were certaine, since of necessity the said vanquished Knight was to returne, (on paine of not being so) to relate what had happened vnto him: but Don Quixote thought one thing, and he of the Glasses another, though for the present he minded nothing, but to seeke where hee might seare-cloth himselfe. The history then tels vs, that when the Bache-

lor Samson Carrasco aduited Don Quixote that he should prosecute his forfaken Cauallery, hee entred first of all into counfell with the Vicar and the Barber, to know what meanes they should vie, that Don Quixors might bee perswaded to stay at home peaceably and quietly, without troubling himselfe with his valucky aduentures: from which counfaile by the common consent of all, and particular opinion of Carrasco, it was agreed, that Don Quixote should abroad againe, since it was impossible to stay him, and that Samfon should meet him upon the way like a Knight Errant, and should fight with him, since an occasion would not be wanting, and to to ouercome him, which would not be difficult, and that there should be a covenant and agreement, that the vanquished should stand to the courtesie of the vanquisher, so that Don Quixote being vanquished, the Bachelor Knight should command him to get him home to his towne and house, and not to stirre from thence in two yeeres after, or till hee should command him to the contrary: the which in all likelihood Don Quixote once vanquished would infallibly accomplish, as viwilling to contradict or bee defective in the Lawes of Knighthood, and it might fo be, that in this time of fequestring, he might forget all his vanities, or they might finde out some convenient remedy for his madnetle. Carrasco accepted of it, and Thomas Cecial offered himselfe to be his Squire, Sancho Panfa's neighbour and Gossip, a merry knaue and a wittie. Samson armed himselfe (as you have heard) and Thomas Cecial fitted the false nose to his owne, and clapt on his vizard, that he might not be known by his Gossip, when they should meete. So they held on the same voyage with Don Quixote, and they came even just as hee vvas in the adventure of Deaths Wagon. And at last they lighted on them in the Wood, where what befell them, the discreet Reader hath seene, and if it had not beene for the strange opinion that Don Quixote had, that the Bachelor was not the felfe-same man, he had beene spoyled for ever for taking another Degree, fince he mist his marke.

Thomas Cecial that faw vvhat ill vse hee had made of his hopes, and the bad effect that his iourney tooke, fayd to the Bachelor, Truely, M. Samson, we have our deserts: things are

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easily conceived, and enterprizes easily vndertaken, but very hardly performed. Don Quixoso mad, we wife, but hee is gone away found and merry, you are heere bruifed and forrowfull. Letysknow then vvho is the greatest mad-man, heethat is fo and cannot doe withall, or hee that is so for his pleasure ? To which (quoth Samfon) The difference betweene these madde men is, that hee that of necessity is so, will alwaies remaine so. and he that accidentally is fo, may leave it when he will. Since it is fo (faid Thomas Gecial) I that for my pleasure was madde, when I vyould needes be your Squire; for the same reason I will leave the office, and returne home to my owne house. Tis fit you should (faid Samfon) yet to thinke that I will doe so till I haue foundly banged Don Quixote, is vaine, and now I goe not about to restore him to his wits, but to revenge my selfe on him: for the intolerable paine I feele in my ribbes, will not permit mee a more charitable discourse. Thus they two vvent on parlying till they came to a Towne, where by chance they lighted vpon a Bone-setter, who cured the vnfortunate Samson. Thomas Cecial went home and left him, and hee stayed muling vpon his reuenge: and the History heereafter will returne to him, which at present must make merry with Don Quixote.

CHAP. XVI. what befell Don Quixote with a discreet Gentleman of Mancha.

On Quixote went on his journey with the joy, content, and gladnesse, as hath been ementioned, imagining that for the late victory, he was the most valiant Knight that that age had in the world, he made account that all aduentures that should from thence forward befall him, were brought to a happy and prosperous end: he cared not now for any enchantments, or enchanters: he forgot the innumerable bangs that in the prosecution of his Chiualrie had been given him, and the stones cast, that strooke out halfe his teeth, and the vnthankefulnesse of

the Galli flaues, and the boldnetle and showres of stakes of the Tangneses.

In conclusion, he said to himselfe, that if hee could finde any Art, manner, or meanes how to dif-enchant his Mistresse Dalcinea, hee would not enuy the greatest happinesse or prosperity that ever any Knight Errant of former times had obtained.

Hee was altogether busied in these imaginations, when Sancho told him: How fay you Sir, that I have Itill before mine eves that ill-fauoured, more then ordinary nose of my Gossip Thomas Cecial ? And doe you happily, Sancho, thinke that the Knight of the Looking-glatles was the Bachelor Samfon Carrasco, and his Squire Thomas Cecial your Gossip? I know not what to fay to it (quoth Sancho) onely I know, that the tokens he gaue me, of my house, wife, and children, no other could give ymmee buthe, and his face, (his nose being off) was the fame that Thomas Cecials, as I have feene him many times in our Towne, and next house to mine, and his voyce was the fame. Let vs bee reasonable, Sancho, (said Don Quixote:) Come hither; How can any man imagine that the Bachelor Samfon Carrasco, should come like a Knight Errant, arm'd with Armes offensive and defensive, to fight with me? Have I ever given him occasion, that he should dogge mee? Am I his Rinal, or is he a Professor of Armes, to enuy the glory that I have gotten by them? Why what should I say (answered Sanche) when I saw that Knight (be he who he will) looke to like the Bachelor Carrasco, and his Squire to Thomas Cecial my gosfip? and if it were an Enchantment (as you fay) were there no other two in the vvorld, they might look like. All is juggling & cunning (quoth Don Quixote) of the wicked Magicians that persecute me, who fore-feeing that I should remaine Victor in this combat, had prouided that the vanquisht Knight should put on the shape of my friend Carrasco, that the friendship I beare him might mediate betwixt the edge of my fword, and the rigor of my arme, and temper my hearts just indignation; and so, that he might efcape with his life, that with trickes and devices fought to take away mine. For proofe of which, oh Sancho, thou knowell by experience, that will not let thee lye or be deceived, how easie

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it is for Enchanters to change one face into another, making the beautifull deformed, and the deformed beautifull: and it is not two dayes, fince with thine owne eyes thou fawest the beauty and liuclinesse of the peerelesse Dulcinea in it's perfection, and naturall conformity, and I saw her in the foulenesse and meanenesse of a course milke maide, with bleare eyes, and stinking breath, so that the peruerse Enchanter, that durst cause so wicked a Metamorphosis, 'tis not much that hee hath done the like in the shapes of Samson Carrasco and Thomas Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my conquest. Notwithstanding I am of good comfort; for in what shape soeuer it were, I have vanquished mine enemy. God knowes all (said Sancho) and whereas hee knew the transformation of Dulcinea had beene a tricke of his, his Masters Chimera's gave him no satisfaction: but hee durst not reply a word, for feare of discovering his cozenage.

Whilest they were thus reasoning, one overtooke them that came their way, vpon a faire flea-bitten Mare, vpon his backe a riding-coate of fine greene cloth, vvelted with tawny Veluet, with a Hunters cap of the same; his Mares furniture was for the field, and after the Genet fashion, of the said tawny and greene, he wore a Moorish Semiter, hanging at a broad Belt of greene and gold, his buskins were wrought with the same that his belt was, his fours were not gilt, but layd on with a greene varnish, fo smooth and burnisht, that they were more sutable to the rest of his clothes, then if they had beene of beaten gold. Comming neere, he faluted them courteously, and spurring his Mare, rode on: But Don Quixote said to him, Gallant, if you goe our way, and your halte be not great. I should take it for a fauour that wee might ride together. Truly Sir, faid he with the Mare, I should not ride from you, but that I feare your horse will bee vnruly with the company of my Mare. You may wel, Sir (faid Sancho) you may well revne in your Mare: for our horse is the honestell and manerliest horse in the world; he is never vnruly vpon these occasions; and once when hee flew out, my Master and I pavd for it with a witnesse. I say againe, you may stay if you please, for although your Mare were given him betweene two dishes, he would not looke at her.

The Patlenger held in his reines, wondring at Don Quixotes countenance and pollure, who was now without his helmet, for Sancho carried it in a Cloke-bag at the pummell of Dapples pack-saddle : and if hee in the Greene did much looke at Don Quixote, Don Quixote did much more eye him, taking him to be a man of worth; his age shewed him to bee about fifty, having few gray haires, his face was somewhat sharp, his countenance of an equal temper : Lastly, in his fashion and posture, hee feemed to be a man of good quality. His opinion of Don Quixote was, that hee had neuer seene such a kinde of man before; the lankneise of his horse, the talneise of his owne body, the sparenetle and palenetle of his face made him admire; his armes, his gelture and compolition, a shape and picture, as it were, had not

beene seene (many ages before) in that Countrey.

Don Quixote noted well with what attention the Traueller beheld him, and in his suspence read his desire, and being so courteous and so great a friend, to give all men content, before he demanded him any thing, to preuent him, he fayd: This outside of mine that you have seene, Sir, because it is so rare and different fro others now in vie, may (no doubt) have bred forme wonder in you: which you will cease, when I shall tell you, as now I doe, that I am a Knight, one of those (as you would say) that seeke their fortunes. I went out of my Countrey, engaged mine estate, left my pleasure, committed my selfe to the Armes of Fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. My desire was to raise againe the dead Knight Errantry, and long agoe stumbling heere, and falling there, casting my selfe headlong in one place, and riling vp in another, I have accomplished a great part of my defire, fuccouring Widdowes, defending Damozels, fauouring married women, Orphans, and distressed children (the proper & naturall office of Knights Errant) so that by my many valiant and Christian exployes, I have merited to be in the Presse, in all. or most nations of the world: thirty thousand volumes of my History-have beene printed, and thirty thousand millions more are like to be, if Heauen permit. Lastly, to shut vpall in a word, Fam Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called, The Knight of the Sorromfull Countenance: And though one should not pratie

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praise himselfe, yet I must needs doe it, that is there being none present that may doe it for me: so that, kinde Gentle-man, neither this horse, this lance, nor this shield, nor this Squire, nor all these armes together, nor the palenesse of my face, nor my slender macilency, ought henceforward to admire you, you know-

ing now who I am, and the profession I maintaine.

This fayd, Don Quixote was filent, and hee with the greene Coat was a great while ere he could answer, as if hee could not hit vpon't : but after some pause, hee sayd : You were in the right, Sir Knight, in knowing, by my suspension, my desire: but yet you have not quite remooved my admiration, which was caused with seeing you, for although that, as you say, Sir, that to know who you are, might make me leave wondring, it is otherwise, rather since now I know it, I am in more suspence and wonderment. And is it possible, that at this day there bee Knights Errant in the world? And that there bee true Histories of Knight-hood printed? I cannot perswade my selfe, that there are any now that fauour widowes, defend Damozels, honour married women or fuccor Orphans, & I should never have beleeued it, if I had not in you beheld it with mine eyes: Bleffed be Heavens; for with this History you speake of, which is printed of your true and lofty Chiualry, those innumerable falfities of fained Knights Errant will be forgotten, which the world was full of; so hurtfull to good education, and prejudiciall to true Stories.

There is much to be spoken (quoth Don Quixote) whether the Histories of Knights Errant were fained or true. Why, is there any that doubts (saydhe in the Greene) that they bee not salle? I doe (sayd Don Quixote) and let it suffice, for if our iourney last, I hope in God to let you see, that you have done ill, to beeled with the streame of them that hold they are not true. At this last speech of Don Quixote, the Traueller suspected hee was some Ideot, and expected when some others of his might confirme it: but before they should be diverted with any other discourse, Don Quixote desired to know who he was, since hee had imparted to him his condition and life: Hee in the Greene made answer; I, Sir Knight of the Sorrowfull Countenance, ama

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Gentle-man borne in a towne, where (God willing) wee shall dine to day : I am well to line, my name is Don Diego de Miranda, I spend my life with my wife, and children, and friends: my sports are hunting and filling : but I have neither Hawke nor Grey-hounds, onely a tame Cock-Partridge, or a murdering Ferret, some six doozen of bookes, some Spanish, some Larine, some History, others Denotion: your books of Knighthood have not yet entred the threshold of my doore, I do more turne ouer your prophane bookes then religious, if they be for honest recreation, such as may delight for their language, & adshire, & fulpend for their invention, although in Spane there be few of thefe. Sometimes I dine with my neighbors and friends, & otherwhiles inuite them : my meales are near & handlome, & nothing fearce: I neither love to back bite my felle, not to he re others doe it : I fearch not into other mens lines, or am a L, ce to other mens actions, I heare every day a Maric, part my goods with the poore, without making a multer of my good deeds, that I may not give way to hypocritic and vaine-glory to enter into my heart, enemies that eafly cease upon the wariest brest: I strive to make peace betweene such as are at ods. Jam devoted to our bleffed Lady, and alwayes trust in Gods infinite mercy.

Sanebo was moltattentiue to this relation of the life and entertainements of this Gentle-man, which feeming to him to bee good and holy, and that he that led it, worked miracles, he flung himselfe from Dapple, and in great haste layd hold of his right stirrup, and with the teares in his eyes often kissed him; What doe ye, Brother? Wherefore be these kisses?

Let me kisse (quoth Sancho:) for (me thinkes) your Worship is the first Saint, that in all the dayes of my life, I euer saw a horse-backe. I am no Saint (sayd he) but a great sinner, you indeed, Brother, are, and a good soule, as your simplicity shewes you to be. Sancho went againe to recouer his pack-saddle, hauing (as it were) brought into the market-place his Masters laughter out of a profound melancholy, and caused a new admiration in Don Diego.

Don Quixote asked him how many fonnes hee had: who

told him, that one of the things in which the Philosophers Summum Bonum did confist (who wanted the true knowledge of God) was in the goods of Nature, in those of Fortune, in having many friends, and many and vertuous children. I, Sir Don Quixete (answered the Gentle-man) haue a sonne, whom if I had not, perhaps you would judge mee more happy then I am, not that he is so bad, but because not so good as I would have him:he is about eighteen yeers of age, fix of which he hath frent in Salamanca Jearning the tongues Greeke & Latin, and when I had a purpose that he should fall to other Sciences, I found him fo beforted with Poelie, and that Science (if fo it may bee called) that it is not possible to make him looke voon the Law (which I would have him (tudy) nor Divinity the Queene of all Sciences. I would he were the crowne of all his linage, fince weeliue in an age, wherein our King doth highly reward good learning: for learning without goodnetle, is like a pearle cast in a Swines fnowt : all the day long hee spends in his Criticismes. whether Homer fayd well or ill in fuch a verse of his Iliads, whether Martial were bawdy or no in fuch an Epigram, whether fuch or fuch a verse in Virgil ought to be understood this way or that way. Indeed, all his delight is in these aforesayd Poets, & in Horace, Perfins, Innenal, and Tibulius; but of your moderne writers he makes small account : yet for all the grudge he beares to moderne Poesie, hee is mad vpon your catches, and your gloffing vpon foure verses, which were sent him from Salaman. ca, and that I thinke is his true fludy.

To all which, Don Quixote answered; Children, Sir, are pieces of the very entrailes of their Parents, so let them bee good or bad, they must loue them, as wee must loue our spirits that give vs life: It concernes their Parents to direct them from their infancie in the paths of vertue, of good manners, and good and Christian exercises, that when they come to yeeres, they may be the staffe of their age, and the glory of their posserity; and I hold it not so proper, to force them to study this or that Science, though to perswade them were notamisse, and though it be not to study to get his bread (the Student being so happy, that God hath given hish Parents able to leave him well) mine opinion

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should bee, that they let him follow that kinde of study hee is most inclined to, and though that of Poetry be lettle profitable then delightfull, yet it is none of those, that will dishonour the Professiour.

Poetry, Signior, in my opinion, is like a tender virgin, young & molt beautifull, whom many other virgins, to wit, all the other Sciences, are to enrich, polith, and adorne, the is to be ferued by them all, and all are to bee authorized by her : but this Virgin will not bee handled and hurried vp and downe the streets, nor published in every market-nooke, nor Court-corners. Shee is made of a kind of Alchymie, that he that knowes how to handle her, will quickly turne her into the purelt gold of inestimable value, he that enjoyeth her, must hold her at distance, not letting her lash out in vncleane Satyrs, nor in dull Sonners, the must not by any meanes bee vendible, except in Heroyke Poems, in lamentable Tragedies, or pleasant and artificiall Comedies: Shee mult not be meddled with by lefters, nor by the Ignorant vulgar vncapable of knowing or effecting the treasures that are locked up in her; & think not, Sir, that I call here only the common people vulgar, for who focuer is ignorant, be he Potentare or Prince, he may and must enter into the number of the yulgar: fo that hee who shall handle and esteeme of Poetry with these Requisites I have declared, he shall be famous, and his name shall be extolled in all the Politique nations of the world.

And wheras, Sir, you say your sonne neglects moderne Poesse, I perswade my selfe he doth not well in it, and the reason is this: Great Homer neuer wrote in Latine, because he was a Grecian; nor Virgil in Greeke, because he was a Latine: Indeed all your ancient Poets wrote in the tongue which they learnt from their cradle, and sought not after strange languages to declare their lofty conceits. Which being so, it were reason this custom should extend it selfe thorow all nations, and that your German Poet should not be under-valued, because hee writes in his language, nor the Castilian, or Biscapper, because they write in theirs. But your sonne (as I suppose) doth not missisk moderne Poesse, but Poets that are meerely moderne, without knowledge of other tongues, or Sciences, that may adorne, rowze up,

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and strengthen their natural impulse, & yet in this there may be an errour. For it is a true opinion, that a Poet is borne so, the meaning is, a Poet is naturally borne a Poet from his mothers wombe, and with that inclination that Heauen hath given him, without further study or Art, he composet things, that verifie

his faving that fayd, Eft Dens in nobis, etc?

Let mee also fay, that the natural Poet, that helps himselfe with Art, shall bee much better, and have the advantage of that Poet, that onely out of his Art striues to be so : the reason is, because Art goes not beyond Nature, but onely perfects it, so that Nature and Art mixt together, and Art with Nature, make an excellent Poet. Let this then be the scope of my discourse, Sir, let your sonne proceede whither his Starre cals him: for if he be so good a Student, as he ought to be, and have happily mounted the first step of the Sciences, which is the languages, with thom (by himselfe) hee will ascend to the top of humane learming, which appeares as well in a Gentle-man, and doth as much adorne, honour, and en-noble him, as a Miter doth a Bishop, or a loofe Catlocke a Ciuilian. Chide your sonne, if he write Satyrs that may prejudice honest men, punish him, and teare them: but if he make Sermones, like those of Horace, to the reprehenfion of vice in generall, as he fo elegantly did, then cherish him, for it is lawfull for a Poet to write against enuy, and to inueigh against envious persons in his verse, and so against other vices, if fo be he aime at no particular person: But you have Poets, that - in stead of vetering a ierke of wit, they will venter a being baniflied to the Ilands of Pontus. If a Poet live honeftly, he will bee fo in his verses, the pen is the mindes tongue; as the conceits are, which be ingendred in it, such will the writings be, & when Kings and Princes fee the miraculous Science of Poefie, in wife, vertuous, and graue Subjects, they honour, esteeme, and enrich them, & cuen crowne them with the leaves of that Tree, which the thunder-bolt offends not, in token that none shall offend them, that have their temples honoured and adorned with fuch crownes. The Gentle-man admired Don Quixotes discourse, and so much, that now he for sooke his opinion he had of him, that he was a Coxcombe. But in the midft of this discourse,

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Sancho (that was vveary of it) went out of the way to begalittle milke of some shepheards not farre off, curing of their sheepe: so the Gentleman still maintained talke with Don Quixote, beeing vvonderfully taken and satisfied with his wife discourse. But Don Quixote lifting vp fodainly his eyes, faw that in the vvay toward them, there came a Cart full of the Kings Colours, and taking it to be some rare aduenture, hee called to Sancho for his Helmet, Sancho hearing himselfe called on, left the shepheards, and spur'd Dapple apace, and came to his Master, to whoma rash and stupendious adventure happened.

CHAP. XVII.

Where is shewed the last and extremest hazard, to which the unheard of courage of Don Quixote did or could arriue, with the prosperous accomplishment of the aduenture of the Lyons.

HE Historie fayes, that when Don Quixote called to Sancho, to bring him his Helmet, he was buying curds which the Shepheards fold him; and being halfily layd at by his Master, he knew not vvhat to doe vvith them, or how to bestow them vvithout losing them, for hee had payed for them; so hee bethought himselfe, and clapt them into his Mafters Helmet, and this good order taken, hee vvent to fee vvhat he would have : who, whien he came, layd, Give mee, friend, that same Helmet, for eyther I know not what belongs to aduentures, or that I fee yonder is one that will force mee to take Armes. Hee of the greene coat that heard this, turned his eyes cuery vvay, and faw nothing but a Cart that came toward them, with two or three finall flags, which made him thinke that the faid Cart carried the Kings money, and so he told Don Quixote: but he beleeved him not, alwaies thinking that every thing hee faw, vvas aduenture vpon aduenture: fo hee answered the Gentleman, He that is vvarn'd, is halfe arm'd: there is nothing loft in being prouided; for I know by experience, that I have ene-

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mies visible and inuisible, and I know not when, nor where, nor at what time, or in what hape they will fet upon me : and turning to Sancho, hee demanded his Helmet, vvho vvanting lev sure to take the Curds out, was forced to give it him as it vyas. Don Quixote tooke it, and not perceiving vyhat vvas in it, clapt it fodainly upon his head; and as the Curds were fqueazed and thrust together, the whay began to runne downe Don Quixotes face and beard; at which he was in such a fright, that he cryed out to Sancho, What ailes me, Sancho? for me-thinkes my skull is foftned, or my braines melt, or that I fweat from top to toe; and if it be sweat, I assure thee it is not for feare, I beleeue certainely that I am like to haue a terrible aduenture of this; give mee something (if thou hast it) to wipe on, for this abundance of sweat blindes me. Sancho was silent and gaue him a cloth, and with it thankes to God, that his Master fell not into the businesse. Don Quixote wiped himselfe, and tooke off his Helmet to fee what it was, that (as hee thought) did be-numme his head, and feeing those white splatches in his helmet, hee put vm to his nose, and smelling to them, said, By my Mistresse Dulcinea del Toboso's life, they are Curds that thou half brought me heere, thou base traitor, and vnmannerly Squire. To which Sancho very cunningly, and with a great deale of pawfe, answered. If they be curds, give them me, pray, and Ile cate vm: but let the Deuill eat vm, for he put vm there. Should I be so bold as to foule your worships Helmet? and there you have found(as I told you) who did it. In faith Sir, as fure as God lives, I have any Enchanters too that persecute me as a creature and part of you, and I warrant have put that filth there, to stirre you vp to choller, and to make you bang my fides (as you vie to doe.) Well, I hope this time they have lost their labour, for I trust in my Malters discretion, that he will consider that I have neyther Curds, nor milke, nor any fuch thing; for if I had, I had rather put it in my stomacke, then in the Helmet: All this may be (faid Don Quixote.)

The Gentleman observed all, and wondred, especially when Don Quixote, after hee had wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, clapt it on againe, settling himselfe well in his stirrops, sear-

ching

ching for his fword, & grasping his Launce, he cried out: Now come on't what will, for here I am, with a courage to meet Sa-

tan himselfe in person.

By this, the Cart with the flags drew neere, in which there came no man but the Carter with his Mules, and another ypon the formost of them. Don Quixote put himselfe forward, and asked; Whither goe ye, my masters? what Cart is this? what doe you carry in it? and what colours be these? To which the Carter answered, The Cart is mine, the Carriage is two fierce Lyons caged vp, which the Generall of Oran fends to the King at Court for a Present : these Colours be his Maiesties, in signe that what goes here is his. And are the Lyons bigge, fayd Don Quixote? So bigge (faid he that went toward the Cart doore) that there never came bigger out of Africa into Spaine, and I am their keeper, and have carried others, but never any fo big: they are Male and Female, the Male is in this first grate, the Female in the hindermost, and now they are hungry, for they have not eat to day, and therefore I pray Sir giue vs way; for we had neede come quickly where wee may meate them. To which (quoth Don Quixote smiling a little) Your Lyon whelps to me? to me your Lyon whelps? and at this time of day? Well, I vow to God, your Generall that fends vm this way shall know, whether I be one that am afraid of Lyons, Alight, honest fellow, and if you be the Keeper, open their Cages, and let me your bealts forth; for I'le make vm know in the middelt of this Champian, who Don Quixote is, in spight of those Enchanters that fent ym. Fye, fye, (faid the Gentleman at this instant to himselfe) our Knight shewes very well what he is, the Curds have formed his skull, and ripened his braines. By this Sancho came to him and fayd; for Gods loue handle the matter fo, Sir, that my Master meddle not with these Lyons; for if he doe, they'l worry vs all. Why, is your Malter so madde (quoth the Gentleman) that you feare, or beleeue hee will fight with wilde beafts? Hee is not mad, fayd Sancho, but hardy. He make him otherwise, said the Gentleman; and comming to Don Quixote, that was haltening the Keeper to open the Cages, fayd, Sir Knight, Knights Errant ought to vndertake aduentures, that may give a likeli-H 4 hood

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rate: for valour grounded vpon rashnesse, hath more madnesse then fortitude. How much more, these Lyons come not to asfayle you, they are carried to bee presented to his Maielly, and therefore 'twere not good to stay or hinder their journey. Pray get you gone, gentle Sir (quoth Don Quixote) & deale with your tame Partridge, and your murdring Ferret, and leave eucry man to his function: this is mine, and I am sufficient to know whether these Lyons come against me or no: so turning to the Keeper, he cried: a By this --- goodman flaue, if you doe not forthwith open the Cage, He nayle you with my Launce to your Cart. The Carter that perceived the resolution of that armed to sweare, but Vision, told him, Seignior mine, will you be pleased in charity to let me vnyoke my Mules, and to put my felfe and them in fafety, before I vnsheath my Lyons? for if they should kill them, I am vndone all dayes of my life, for I have no other liuing but this Cart & my Mules. Oh thou wretch of little Faith (quoth Don Quixote) light, and vnyoke, and doc what thou wilt, for thou shalt see thou mightest have faued a labour. The Carter alighted, and vnyoaked hastily, and the keeper cryed out aloud, Beare witnesse, my Masters all, that I am forced against my will to open the Cages, and to let loose the Lyons, and that I protest to this Gentleman, that all the harme and mifchiefe that these Beasts shall doe, light upon him, besides that he pay mee my wages and due. Shift you firs for your felues, before I open, for I am fure they'l doe mee no hurt. The Gentleman perswaded him the second time, that he should not attempt fuch a piece of madnetle; for fuch a folly was to tempt God.

To which Don Quixote answered, that he knew what he did. The Gentleman replyde, That he should consider well of it, for he knew he was deceived. Well, Sir, (fayd Don Quixote) if you will not be a spectator of this (which you thinke Tragedy) pray spurre your Flea-bitten, and put your selfe in fafety. Which when Sancho heard, with teares in his eyes, he befeeched himto defilt from that enterprize, in comparison of which, that of the Winde-Mils was Cakebread, and that fearefull one also of the Fulling-Mill, or all the exployts that ever he had done in his life.

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Looke ye, Sir (said Sancho) heere's no Enchantment, nor any such thing; for I have looked thorow the grates and chinkes of the Cages, and have seene a clawe of a true Lyon, by vvhich clawe I ghesse the Lyon is as big as a mountaine.

Thy feare at least (sayd Don Quixote) will make him as bigge as halfe the world. Get thee out of the way, Sancho, and leave me, and if I die in the place, thou knowest our agreement, re-

payre to Dulcinea, and that's enough.

To these hee added other reasons, by which hee cut offall hope of his seauing the prosecution of that soolish enterprize.

Hee of the Greene coate would have hindered him, but hee found himselfe vnequally matched in weapons, and thought it no wisedome to deale with a mad-man; for now Don Quixote appeared no otherwise to him, who hastning the Keeper afresh, and reiterating his threats, made the Gentleman set spurs to his Mare, & Sancho to his Dapple, and the Carter to his Mules, ech of them striuing to get as farre from the Cart as they could, before the Lyons should be vnhampered.

Sanche bewailed his Masters lotte; for he beleeued certainely that the Lyon would catch him in his pawes, he curfed his fortune, and the time that euer hee came againe to his Masters seruice. But for all his wailing and lamenting, he left not punching of Dapple, to make him get farre enough from the Cart.

The Keeper, when he saw those that fledde farre enough off, began anew to require and intimate to Don Quixote, what hee had formerly done: who answered, That hee heard him, and that hee should leave his intimations; for all was needlesse, and

that he should make haste.

Whilest the Keeper was opening the first Cage, Don Quixete began to consider, whether it were best to sight on foot, or an horsebacke: And at last he determined it should be on foot, searing that Rozinante would be afraid to looke upon the Lyons: and thereupon hee leap'd from his horse, cast by his Launce, buckled his Shield to him, and unsheathed his sword faire and softly; with a maruellous courage and valiant heart, he marched toward the Cart, recommending himselfe first to God, and then to his Lady Dulcines.

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And heere is to be noted, that when the Author of the true History came to this pallage, hee exclaimes and cries, O strong (and beyond all comparison) couragious Don Quixote! thou Looking-glaffe, in which all the valiant Knights of the World may behold themselves: thou new and second Don Manuel de Leon, who was the honor and glory of the Spanish Knights: with what words shall I recount this fearefull exployt? or with what arguments shall I make it credible to ensuing times? or what praises will not fit and square with thee? though they may sceme Hyperboles about all Hyperboles? Thou on foot, alone, vndanted and magnanimous, with thy fword onely, and that none of your cutting Foxe-blades, with a Shield, not of bright and shining steele, expectest and attended two of the fiercest Lyons that euer were bred in African woods. Let thine owne deeds extoll thee, braue Manchegan: for I must leave ym here abruptly, fince I want words to endeere them.

Heere the Authors exclamation ceased, and the thred of the

flory went knitting it felfe on, faying:

The Keeper feeing Don Quixote in his posture, and that hee must needs let loose the Male Lyon, on paine of the bold Knight his indignation, he fet the first Cage wide open, where the Lyon (as is faide) was, of an extraordinary bignetic, fearefull and vgly to fee to. The first thing he did, was to tumble vp and downe the cage, stretch one pawe, and rowse himselfe, forthwith he yawned, & gently fneezed, then with his tongue fome two handfuls long, he licked the dust out of his eyes, and washed his face; which done, he thrust his head out of the Cage, and looked round about him, with his eyes like fire coales : a fight and gesture able to make Temerity it selfe afraid. Onely Don Quixote beheld him earnestly, and wished he would leape out of the Cart, that they might grapple, for hee thought to flice him in pieces. Hitherto came the extreme of his not-heard-of madnelle: but the generous Lyon, more courteous then arrogant, neglecting such childishnesse, and Branados, after hee had looked round about him (as is faid) turned his backe, and shewed his tayle to Don Quixote, and very quietly lay downe againe in the Cage. Which Don Quixote seeing he commanded the Keeu

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per to giue him two or three blowes, to make him come forth. No, not I (quoth the Keeper) for if I vrge him, I shall bee the first he will teare in pieces. I pray you, Sir Knight, be contented with your daies worke, which is as much as could in valour be done, and tempt not a second hazard. The Lyons door was open, hee might have come out if he would; but since hee hath not hitherto, he will not come forth all this day. You have well shewed the stouthesteof your courage: no brave Combatant (in my opinion) is tyed to more, then to desie his Enemy, and to expect him in field; and if his contrary come not, the disgrace is his, and he that expected, remaines with the prize.

True it is (answered Don Quixote) friend, shut the dore, and give me a certificate in the best forme that you can, of what you have seene me doe here: to wit, That you opened to the Lyon, that I expected him, and hee came not out; that I expected him againe, yet all would not doe, but hee lay downe. I could doe no more. Enchantments, auant, God maintaine right and truth, and true Chiualrie: shut (as I bad you) whilest I make signes to them that are fledde, that they may know this exployt from thy relation. The Keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote putting his handkerchiefe on the poynt of his Launce, with which hee had wiped the Curd-showre from off his face, he began to call those that fledde, and neuer so much as looked behinde them, all in a troope, and the Gentleman the foreman: but Sancho seeing the white cloth, faid, Hang mee, if my Master haue not vanquished the wilde beafts, fince he calls vs. All of them made a stand, and knew it was Don Quixote that made the figne. So letfening their feare, by little and little they drew neere him, till they could plainely heare that he called them. At length they returned to the Cart, & Don Quixote faid to the Carter; Yoake your Mules againe, Brother, and get you on your way: and Sanche, give him, two pistolets in gold, for him and the Lyon-keeper, in recompence for their stay. With a very good will, (said Sancho) but what's become of the Lyons? are they aliue or dead? Then the Keeper faire and foftly began to tell them of the bickering, extolling, as well as he could, Don Quixotes valour, at whose fight the Lyon trembling, would not, or durst not fallie from the

Cage,

Cage, although the dore were open a pretty while, and that because hee had told the Knight, that to prouoke the Lyon, was to tempt God, by making him come out by force (as he would that hee should be prouoked in spight of his teeth, and against his will) he suffered the doore to be shut. What thinke you of this, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote?) Can Enchantment now pre-uaile against true Valour? Well may Enchanters make mee vn-fortunate, but 'tis impossible they should bereaue mee of my valour.

Sancho bestowed the Pistolets, and the Carter yoaked, the Keeper tooke leave of Don Quixote, and thanked him for his kindnesse, and promised him to relate his valerous exploit to the King himselfe, when hee came to Court. Well, if his Maiesty chance to aske who it was that did it, tell him, The Knight of the Lyons: for henceforward, I will that my name be trucked, exchanged, turned and changed now, from that I had of The Knight of the sorrowfull Countenance; and in this I follow the ancient vse of Knights Errant, that would change their names

when they pleased, or thought it convenient.

The Cart went on it's way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he in the greene, held on theirs. In all this while, Don Diego de Miranda spoke not a word, being busied in noting Don Quixotes speeches and actions, taking him to bee a wife mad-man, or a mad-man that came somewhat neere a wife-man. Hee knew nothing as yet of the first part of his History, for if hee had read that, he would have left admiring his words and deeds, fince he might have knowne the nature of his madnetle: but for hee knew it not, he held him to be wife and mad by fits; for what hee spoke, was consonant, elegant, and well delivered : but his actions were foolish, rash, and vnaduised : and (thought hee to himselfe) What greater madnetsecould there be, then to clap on a helmet full of Curds, and to make vs beleeve that Enchanters had foftned his skull? or what greater raffinelle or foppery, then forcibly to venter upon Lyons ? Don Quiscote drew him from these imaginations, faving, Who doubts, Seignier Don Diego de Miranda, but that you will hold me in your opinion for an idle fellow, or a mad man : and no maruell that I be held fo ; for my actions

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actions tellifie no leffe: for all that, I would have you know, that I am not fo mad, or fo shallow as I seeme. It is a braue sight to fee a goodly Knight in the midst of the Market-place before In Spaine his Prince, to give a thrust with his Launce to a fierce Bull. And they vie with it is a braue fight to fee a Knight armed in shining armour passe horse-men & about the Tilt-yard at the cheerefull Iults before the Ladies; and foot-men to all those Knights are a braue sight that in Military exercises (or course their such as may seems so) doe enterraine regime and honour shain Bulls to death fuch as may sceme so) doe entertaine, reuiue, and honour their in the Market Princes Courts: but about all thefe, a Knight Errant is a better places, fight, that by Defarts and Wildernetles, by crotle-waies and Woods, & Mountaines, searcheth after dangerous Aduentures, with a purpose to end them happily and fortunately, onely to obtaine glorious and lasting Fame. A Knight Errant (I fav) is a better light, succouring a widdow in some Defart, then a Court Knight courting some Damozell in the City. All Knights haue their particular exercises: Let the Courtier serve Ladies, authorize his Princes Court with liveries, sustaine poore Gentlemen at his Table, appoint Iusts, maintaine Tourneyes, shew himselfe noble, liberall, and magnificent, and aboue all, Religious, and in these he shal accomplish with his obligation. But for the Knight Errant, let him fearch the corners of the world, enter the most intricate Eabyrinths, euery foote undertake Impossibles, and in the Defarts and Wilderneise: let him resilt the Sunne-beames in the midst of Summer, and the sharpe rigor of the windes and frosts in Winter: Let not Lyons fright him, nor spirits terrific him, nor Hobgoblins make him quake: for to seeke these, to set vpon them, and to ouercome all, are his prime exercises. And fince it fell to my lot to bee one of the number of these Knights Errant, I cannot but vndergoe all that I think comes vnder the iurisdiction of my profession. So that the encountring those Lyons did directly belong to me, though I knew it to be an exorbitant rashnesse; for well I know, that valour is a vertue betwixt two vicious extremes, as cowardife and rashnesse: but it is leffe dangerous for him that is valiant, to rife to a point of raffinelle, then to fall or touch vpon the Coward. For asit is more ealie for a prodigall man to be liberall, then a couetous, fo it is cafier for a rash man to be truely valiant, then a Coward to come

to true valour. And touching the on-fet in Adventures, belieue mee Signior Don Diego, it is better playing a good trump then a small, for it sounds better in the hearers cares. Such a Knight is rash and hardy, then, such a Knight is fearefull and cowardly.

I say, Signior (answered Don Diego) that all that you have said and done is levelled out by the line of Reason, and I thinke if the Statutes and Ordinances of Knight Errantry were lost, they might be found again in your brest, as in their own Storehouse and Register, and so let vs halte, for the day growes on vs, let vs get to my village and house, where you shall ease your selfe of your former labour; which, though it have not beene bodily, yet it is mentall, which doth often redound to the bodies wearinesse. I thanke you for your kinde offer, Signior (quoth Don Quixote) and spurring on faster, about two of the clocke they came to the Village, and Don Diego's house, whom Don Quixote stilled, The Knight of the greene Cassocke.

CHAP. XVIII.

what happened to Don Quixote in the Castle, or Knight of the Greene Cassocke his bouse, with other extranagant matters.

On Quixote perceived that Don Diego de Miranda's house was spacious, after the Country manner, and his Armes (though of course stone) upon the dore towards the streete, his wine-celler in the Court, his other sellar or vault in the entry, with many great stone vessels round about, that were of Toboso, which renued the remembrance of his enchanted and transformed Mistresse Dulcinea, so sighing, & not minding who was by, he said,

prendas. A beginning of a Sonnet in Diana de Monte Mayor, which D. D. heere raps out vpon

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b O happy pledges, found out to my losse, Sweet, and remining, when the time was once.

Oh you Tobosian Tunnes, that bring to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitternesse. The Scholler Poet, son to Don Diego, that came out with his Mother to welcome him,

neard

heard him pronounce this, and the mother and sonne were in some suspence at the strange shape of Don Quixote, who alighting from Rozinante, very courteously delired to kisse her hands: And Don Diego sayd; I pray, wise, give your wonted welcome to this Gentle-man, Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha, a Knight Errant, and the valiantest and wifest in the world.

The Gentle-woman called Donna (riftina, welcommed him very affectionately, and with much courtesie, which Don Quixote retorted with many wise and mannerly complements, and did(as it were) vie the same ouer against to the Scholler, who hearing Don Quixote speake, tooke him to bee wondrous wise and witty. Heere the Author paints out vnto vs all the circumstances of Don Diego his house, deciphering to vs all that a Gentle-man and a rich Farmers house may have: but it seemed good to the Translator, to passe ouer these and such like trisles, because they suited not with the principal scope of this History, the which is more grounded vpon truth, then vpon bare digressions.

Don Quixote was led into a Hall, Sancho vn-armed him, fo that now he had nothing on but his breeches, and a Chamois doublet, all smudged with the filth of his Armour, about his necke he wore a little Scholasticall band vnstarcht, and without lace, his buskins were Date-coloured, & his shooes close on each side, his good sword he girt to him, that hung at a belt of Seawolues skins, for it was thought he had the running of the reines many yeeres, hee wore also a long cloke of good russet-cloth: but first of all, in five or six kettles of water (for touching the quantity there is some difference) hee washed his head and his face, and for all that, the water was turned whey-colour, God a mercy on Sancho's gluttony, and the buying those dismall black curds, that made his Master so white with the aforesaye brauery, and with a spritely aire and gallantry, Don Quixote marched into another roome, where the Scholler stayed for him, to entertaine him till the cloth was lavd, for the Mistris of the house, Dona Cristina, meant to shew to her honourable guest, that shee knew how to make much of them that came to her house.

Whilest Don Quixote was dis-arming himselfe, Don Lorenzo had:

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Poet, son come him, heard had leasure (for that was Don Diego's sonnes name) to aske his father; What doe you call this Gentle-man, Sir, that you have brought with you? for his name, his shape, and your calling him Knight Errant, makes my mother and me wonder. Faith, sonne (quoth Don Diego) I know not what I should say to thee of him, onely I may tell thee, I have seen him play the maddest prankes of any mad-man in the world, and speake againe speeches so wise, as blot out and vndoe his deeds; doe thou speake to him, and feele the pulse of his vnderstanding, and since thou art discreet, judge of his discretion or folly as thou feels best, though to deale plainely with thee, I rather hold him to be mad then wise.

Heereupon Don Lorenzo (as is fayd) went to entertaine Don Quixote, and amongst other discourse that passed betwixt them, Don Quixote fayd to Don Lorenzo; Signier Don Diego de Miranda, your father, hath told me of your rare abilities and subtill wit, and chiefly that you are an excellent Poet. A Poet perhaps (replide Don Lorenzo) but excellent, by no meanes : true it is. that I'am somewhat affectionated to Poesie, and to read good Poets: but not fo, that I may deferue the name of excellent, that my father stiles me with. I doe not dislike your modesty (quoth Don Quixote) for you have seldome times any Poet that is not arrogant, and thinkes himselfe to be the best Poet in the world. There is no rule (quoth Don Lorenzo) without an exception, and some one there is, that is so, and yet thinkes not so. Few (fayd Don Quixote:) but tell mee, Sir, what verses bee those that you have now in hand, that your father faves doe trouble and puzzle you? and if it be some kinde of glotse, I know what belongs to gloffing, and should be glad to heare them : and if they bee of your verses for the Prize, content your selfe with thesevia: A custome cond reward: For the first goes alwayes by fauour, or according to the quality of the person, and the second is justly distri-

De infa literavia: A custome cond reward: For the sirst goes alwayes by fauour, or accorin Vniuerstries ding to the quality of the person, and the second is justly distriin Spaine, of the purious ding to the quality of the person, and the second is justly distritewards proposed to them the second, and the first the third, according to degrees that are
that make the given in Vniuerstries: but for all that, the word first is a great
best verses.

Hitherto (thought Don Lorenzo to himselfe) I cannot thinke

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ine Don xt them, de Mind fubull t per laps crue it is, ead good lent, that ty (quoth that is not he world. exception, t fo. Few thosethat rouble and w what beand if they with the feor accoruftly diffriount) to be rees that are

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thee mad : proceed wee : and hee fayd; It feemes, Sir, you have frequented the Schooles, what Sciences have you heard? That of Knight Errantry (quoth Don Quixote) which is as good as your Poetry, and somewhat better. I know not what Science that is (quoth Don Lorenzo) ne ther hath it, as yet comne to my notice. Tisa Science (quoth Don Quixote) that containes in it all, or most of the Sciences of the world, by reason that he who profelles it, must be skilfull in the Lawes, to know Justice Distributiue and Commutatiue, to give every man his owne, and what belongs to him: he must be a Divine, to know how to give a reason eleerly and distinctly of his Christian profession, wherfocuer it shall be demanded him : hee must bee a Phylician, and chiefly an Herbalist, to know in a wildernesse or Desart, what hearbs haue vertue to cure wounds: for your Knight Errant mult not bee looking every pilling-while who shall heale him: He must be an Astronomer, to know in the night by the starres what a clock tis, and in what part & Climate of the world he is: He must be skilfull in the Mathematikes, because every foot he shal have need of them: And to let passe, that he must be adorned with all divine and morall vertues; descending to other trifles, I fay, he must learne to swimme (as they day) fish Nicholas, or Nicolao did: Hee must know how to shoo a horse, to mend a saddle or bridle : And comming againe to what went before, hee must serve God and his Mistris inviolably, he must be chatte in his thoughts, honest in his words, liberall in his deedes, valiant in his actions, patient in afflictions, charitable towards the poore, and lastly, a Defender of truth, although it cost him his life for it. Of all these great and lesser parts a good Knight Errant is composed, that you may see, Signior Don Lorenzo, whether it be a finiueling Science that the Knight that learnes it professeth, and whether it may not be equalled to the proudest of them all taught in the Schooles.

If it be so (sayd Don Lorenzo) I say this Science goes beyond them all. If it be so (quoth Don Quixote?) Why, let mee tell you (sayd Don Lorenzo) I doubt whether there be any Knights Errant now adorned with so many vertues. Of thaue I spoken (replide Don Quixote) that which I must now speake agen, that

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the greatest part of men in the world are of opinion, that there be no Knights Errant, and I thinke, if Heauen doe not miraculously let vm understand the truth, that there have been such, and that at this day there be, all labour will be in vaine (as I have often found by experience.) I will not now stand upon shewing you your errour :all I will doe, is to pray to God to deliver you out of it, and to make you understand, how profitable and necessary Knights Errant have beene to the world in former ages, & also would be at present, if they were in request but now, for our sinnes, sloth, idlenesse, gluttony, and wantonnesse doer raigne. I saith (thought Don Lorenza) for this once our ghest hath scaped me: but for all that, he is a lively Asse, and I were a dull soole, if I did not beleeve it.

Heere they ended their discourse, for they were called to dinner: Don Diego askedhis some, what triall he had made of their ghests understanding: To which he made answer; Ali the Physicians and Scrineners in the world will not wipe out his madness. To dinner they went, and their meat was such as Don Diego upon the way described it, such as hee gaue to his ghests, well drest, saury and plentifull: But that which best pleased Don Quinner, was the maruellous silence thorowout the whole house, as if it had beene a Couent of Carthusians: So (that lifting up his eyes, and grace being sayd, and that they had washed hands) hee earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to speake his Prize-verses.

To which (quoth he) because I will not belike your Poets, that when they are ouer-intreated, they vse to make screple of their workes, and when they are not intreated, they vomit vm out, I will speake my glosse, for which I expect no reward, as having written them only to exercise my Muse. A wise friend of mine (sayd Don Quixote) was of opinion, that to glosse was no hard taske for any man, the reason being, that the Glosse could ne're come neere the Text, and most commonly the Glosse was quite from the Theame given; besides that, the Lawes of glossing were too strict, not admitting interrogations, of, Sayd he? or, Shall I say? Or changing Nounes into Verbes, without other ligaments and strictnesses to which the Glossor's

tyed, as you know. Certainely, Signior Don Quixote (faid Don Lorenzo) I defire to catch you in an abfurdity, but cannot, for fill you slip from mee like an Eele. I know not (sayd Don Quixote) what you meane by your slipping. You shall know my meaning (sayd Don Lorenzo:) but for the present I pray you harken with attention to my glossed verses, and to the Glosse, as for example.

If that my Was, might turne to Is, If look's for't, then it comes compleat, Oh might I fay, Now, now time tis, Our after-griefes may be toogreat.

The Gloffe.

AS enery thing doth passe away,
So Fortunes good, that erft she gane
Did passe, and would not with me stay,
Though she gave once all I could crave:
Fortune, 'tis long since thou hast scene
Me prostrate at thy seet (I wis)
I shall be glad (as I have beene)
If that my Was, returne to Is.

The first verse of the glosse.

Vnto no honour am I bent,
No Prize, Conquest, or Victorie,
But to returne to my content,
whose thought doth grieue my memorie;
If thou to me doe it restore,
Fortune; the rigor of my beat
Allayd is, let it come, before
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The third verfe.

Impossibles doe I defire Tomake time past returne (in vaine) No Pow'r on earth can once aspire (Past) to recall him backe againe, Time doth goe, time runs and flies Swiftly, his course doth never miffe, Hee's in an errour then that cries, Ohmight I (ay, Now, now time'tis.

The fourth verfe.

I line in great perplexitie, Sometimes inhope, sometimes in feare, Farre better were it for to die, That of my griefes I might get cleare; For me to die'twere better farre, Let me not that againe repeat, Feare fayes, Tis better line long: for Our after griefes may be too great.

When Don-Lorenzo had ended, Don Quixote stood up and cried aloud, as if hee had fereecht, taking Don Lorenzo by the hand, and fayd; Affuredly, generous youth, I thinke you are the best Poet in the world, and you deserue the Lawrell, not of Cyprus or Gaeta, as a Poet fayd (God forgiue him) but of Athens, if it were extant, Paris, Bolonia, and Salamanca: I would to God those Judges that would deny you the Prize, might bee shot to death with arrowes by That s, and that the Muses never come within their thresholds. Speake, Sir, if you please, some of your loftier verses, that I may altogether feele the pulse of your admirable wit.

How fay you by this, that Don Lorenzo was pleased, when he heard himselfethus praised by Don Quixote, although he held him to be a mad man? Oh power of flattery, how farre thou canst extend, and how large are the bounds of thy pleasing insissification! This truth was verified in Don Lorenzo, since hee

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condificended to Don Quixotes requell, speaking this following Sonnet to him, of the Fable or Story of Pyramus and Thube.

The wall was broken by the Virgin faire,
That op's the gallant brest of Pyramus,
Loue parts from Cyprus, that he may declare
(Once seeme) the narrow breach prodigious.
There nought but Silence speakes, no voyce doth dare,
Thorow so strait a straight, he venturous;
Yes their mindes speake, Loue workes this wonder rare,
Facilitating things most wonderous.

Defire in her grew violent, and haste In the fond Mayd, in stead of hearts delight Solicites death: See! now the Storie's past, Both of them, in a moment (oh strange sight!)

One Sword, one Sepulcher, one Memorie, Doth kill, doth couer, makes them sever die.

Now thanked bee God (quoth Don Quixote, having heard this Sonner) that amongst so many consumed Poets as be, I have found one consummate, as you are, Sir, which I perceive by your well-framed Sonnet. Don Quixote remained foure dayes (being well entertained) in Don Diego's house, at the end of which he defired to take his leave, & thanked him for the kindnelle and good welcome he had received: but because it was not fit that Knights Errant should bee too long idle, hee purposed to exercise his Function, and to seeke after Aduentures he knew of; for the place whither hee meant to goe to, would give him plenty enough to palle his time with, till it were fit for him to goe to the Iusts at Saragofa, which was his more direct course: but that first of all he meant to goe to Montesino's vault, of which there were so many admirable tales in every mans mouth : so to fearch and enquire the Spring and Origine of those seuen Lakes, commonly

l vp and by the you are l, not of Athens, l to God ee shot to es neuer se, some pulse of

d, when h he held arre thou rafing iufince hee escended commonly called of Ruydera. Don Diego and his fonne commended his noble determination, and bid him furnish himselfe with what hee pleased of their house and wealth, for that hee should receive it with all love and good will; for the worth of his person, and his honourable profession obliged them to it.

To conclude, the day for his parting came, as pleasing to him, as bitter and forrowfull to Sancho, who liked wondrous well of Don Diego's plentifull prouision, and was loth to returne to the hunger of the forrests and wildernesse, and to the hardnesse of his ill-furnisht wallets, notwithstanding hee filled and stuffed them with the best prouision he could. And Don Quixote, as he tooke his leave of Don Lorenzo, sayd; I know not, Sir, whether I have told you heretofore, but though I have, I tell you againe, that when you would save a great deale of labor & paines, to arrive at the inaccessible top of Fames Temple, you have no more to doe, but to leave on one hand the straight and narrow path of Poesse, and to take the most narrow of Knight Errantry, sufficient to make you an Emperour, ere you would say, what's this?

With this Epilogue Don Quixote shut vp the Comedy of his madnesse, onely this headded: God knowes, I would willingly carry Signior Don Lorenzo with me, to teach him, what belongs to pardoning the humble, to curbing and restraining the proud; vertues annexed to my profession: but since his slender age is not capable, and his laudible enterprises will not permit him, I am onely willing to aduize you, that being a Poet, you may be samous, if you gouerne your selfe by other mens judgements, more then by your owne; for you have no parents that dislike their owne children, saire or foule, and this errour is more frequent in mens ynderstandings.

The Father and the Son afresh admired at Don Quixotes oft interposed reasons, some wise, some foolish, and at his obstinate being bent altogether vpon his valucky Aduentures, which hee aimed at, as the marke and end of his desire, they renewed againe their kinde offers and complements with him; but Don Quixote taking his leave of the Lady of the Castle, mounted his Rozinan-

te, and Sancho his Dapple; fo they parted.

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CHAP. XIX.

Of the Aduenture of the enamoured Shepheard, with other, indeed, pleasant Accidents.

On Quixote yvas not gone far from Don Diego's towne, when hee ouertooke two men that feemed to be Parfons, or Schollers, with two Husbandmen that were mounted upon foure Ailes. One of the Schollers had (as it were in a Portmantue) a piece of white cloth for Scarlet, wrapped vp in a piece of greene Buckeram, and two payre of Cotton Stockings: the other had nothing but two Foiles, and a paire of Pumpes. The Husbandmen had other things, which shewed they came from some Market Towne, where they had bought them to carry home to their village; fo as well the Schollers as the Husbandmen fell into the same admiration, that all they had done who first faw Don Quixote, and they longed to know what manner of fellow he was, so different from all other men. Don Quixote saluted them, and after hee asked them whither they went, & that they had faid they went his way, he offered them his company, and defired them to goe foftlyer, for that their young Ailes trauelled faster then his horse: and to oblige them the more, he told them wwho he was, and of his profession, that he was a Knight Errant, that he went to feeke Aduentures round about the vyorld. Hee told them his proper name vvas Don Quixote de la Mancha, but his ordinary name, The Knight of the Lyons.

All this to the Husbandmen was Heathen Greek, or Pedlers French: but not to the Schollers, vvho straight perceived the weakenesse of Don Quixotes braine: Notwithstanding they beheld him vvith great admiration and respect, and one of them said, Sir Knight, if you goe no set iourney, as they which seeke Aduentures seldome doe, I pray goe vvith vs, and you shall see one of the brauest and most sumptuous mariages that cuer vvas kept in the Mancha, or in many leagues round about. Don Quixote asked them if it were of any Prince (for so hee imagi-

ned.) No, Sir, (said hee) but betwixt a Farmer, and a Farmers daughter: he is the richest in all the Countrey, and she the fairest aliue. Their provision for this marriage is new and rare, and it is to be kept in a medow neere the Brides towne. Shee is called, the more to fet her out, Quiteria the faire, and he Camacho the rich: she is about eighteene yeeres of age, and he two & twenty, both well mette, but that fome nice people, that busie themselues in all mens linages, will say that the faire Quiteria is of better parentage then he: but that's nothing, riches are able to foulder all clefts. To fay true, this Chamacho is liberall, and he hath longed to make an Arbor, and couer all the Medow on the Top, so that the Sunne will be troubled to enter to visit the greene hearbs underneath. He hath also certaine warlike Morrices, as vvell of fwords, as little lyngling bels; for vvee have those in the towne that will langle them. For your foot-clappers I fay nothing, you would wonder to fee ym bestirre themselves: but none of these, nor others I have told you of are like to make this marriage fo remarkeable, as the despised Basiling. This Bas filius is a neighbouring swaine of Quiteria's Towne, vyhose house was next dore to her Fathers. From hence Loue tooke occasion to renew vnto the world, the long forgotten loues of Prramus and Thysbe; for Bafilius loued Quiteria from a childe, and the answered his desires with a thousand louing fauors. So that it grew a common talke in the towne, of the loue betweene the two little ones. Quiteria began to grow to some yeeres, and her Father began to deny Basilius his ordinary accelle to the house; and to anovd all suspition, purposed to marry her to the rich Camacho, not thinking it fit to marry her to Bafiling, vyho vvas not so rich in Fortunes goods, as in those of the minde, (for to fay truth without enuy) he is the actiuelt youth we have, a famous Barre-pitcher, an excellent Wrastler, a great Tennisplayer, he runnes like a Deere, out-leapes a shee-goat, and playes at tenne pinnesmiraculoully, fings like a Larke, playes vpon a Gitterne as if he made it speake, and aboue all, fenceth as well as the belt.

For that flight only (quoth Don Quixote) the youth deserver not onely to match with the faire Quiteria, but with Queene Ginebra

Ginebraher selfe, if she were now alive, in spight of Lansarote, and all that would gain-fay it. There's for my wife now (quoth Sancho that had beene all this while filent) that would have every one marry with their equals, holding her felfe to the Prouerbe, that fayes; Like to like (quoth the Dewill to the Collier.) All that I delire, is, that honelt Basiling (for me thinkes I love him) were married to Quiteria, and God give vm ioy (I was faying) those that go about to hinder the mariage of two that love well. If all that love well (quoth Don Quixote) should marry, Parents would lose the priviledge of marying their children, when and with whom they ought; and if daughters might chuse their husbands, you should have some would choose their fathers seruants, and others, any pattenger in the street, whom they thought to be a lusty swaggerer, although hee were a cowardly Rustian; for love and affection doe easily blinde the eyes of the understanding, which is onely fit to choose, and the state of Matrimony is a ticklish thing, and there is great heed to be taken, and a particular fauour to be given from aboue to make it light happily.

Any manthat would but vndertake some voyage, if hee be wise, before he is on his way, he will seeke him some good companion. And why should not he doe so, that must trauell all his life-time till he come to his resting-place, Death? and the rather if his company must be at bed, and at boord, and in all places, as the wines company must be with the Husband? Your wife is not a commodity like others, that is bought and sold, or exchang'd, but an inseparable accident, that lasts for terme of life. It is a nooze, that beeing fastned about the necke, turnes to a Gordian knot, which cannot be vndone but by Deaths sickle.

I could tell yee much more in this businetse, vvere it not for the desire I haue to be satisfied by Master Parson, if there be any more to come of Basilius his story. To vvhich hee answered, This is all, that from the instant that Basilius knew the fair Quiteria vvas to be maried to the rich Camacho, he vvas neuer seene to smile, or talke sensibly; and hee is alwaies sad and pensatiue, talkes to himselfe: an euident token that hee is distracted: eates little, sleepes much: all he eates, is fruites, and all his sleepe is in

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the fields, ypon the hard ground like a bealt; now and then hee lookes up to heaven, and sometimes casts his eyes downeward, so senselelle, as if hee were onely a statue clothed, and the very avre strikes off his garments. In fine, he hath all the signes of a passionate heart, and we are all of opinion, that by that time Quiteria to morrow gives the, I, it will be the sentence of his death. God forbid (fayd Sancho) for God gives the vyound, and God gives the falue: no body knowes what may happen, 'tis a good many houres betweene this and to morrow, and in one houre. nay one minute, a house falls, and I have seene the Sunne shine, and foule weather in an instant; one goes to bed found at night, and stirres not the next morning; and pray tell me, is there any one here that can fay he hath stayd the course of Fortunes great wheele? No truly, and betweenea womans I, and no, I would be loth to put a pins poynt; for it would hardly enter. Let mee haue Miltreffe Quiteria love Basilius with all her heart, and I'le give him a bagge full of good lucke, for your love (as I have heard tell) lookes wantonly with eyes that make copper feeme gold, and pouerty riches, and filth in the eyes, pearles. Whither a plague run'st thou, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote?) when thou goest threading on thy Prouerbs and thy flim-flams, Inday him selfe take thee, cannot hold thee: Tell me, Beast, what knowest thou of Fortune, or her wheele, or any thing else? Oh if you vnderstand me not, no maruell though my sentences be held for fopperies: well, I know what I fay, and know I have not spoken much from the purpose: but you, Sir, are alwaies the Tourney to my words and actions. Attourney thou wouldest fay, God confound thee, thou Prevaricator of language. Doe not you deale with me (faid Sancho) fince you know I have not bin brought up in Court, nor studied in Salamanca, to know whether I adde or diminish any of my syllables. Lord God, you must not thinke your a Galizian can speak like your Toledonian, & they neyther are not all so nimble. For matter of your Courtflardlanguage language (quoth the Parson) 'tis true; for they that are bred in to the Spanish the Tanner-rowes, and the b Zocodoner, cannot discourse like b The market them that walke all day in the high Church-Cloysters; yet all are Toledonians, the language is pure, proper, and elegant, (indeed)

One of that Prouince that Speake a baplace to called in Toledo.

ien hee eward, c very es of a ne Quis death. nd God a good houre, e fhine, unight, ere any es great I would Let mee and I'le I haue r feeme . Whi-) vvhen ns, Inda t knowhifyou held for not spohe Tourldest say, Doe not e not bin ow whe-God, you oledonian, ur Courte bred in ourse like s; yet all gant, (in-

deed)

deed) only in your discreet Courtiers, let them be borne where they will: Difereet I fay, because many are otherwise, and difcretion is the Grammar of good language, which is accompanied with practice: I Sir, I thanke God have studied the Canons in Salamanca, and prefume fometimes to yeeld a reason in plaine and fignificant termes. If you did not presume (said the other Scholler) more on your ving the foyles you carry, then your tongue, you might have beene Senior in your degree, whereas now you are lagge. Looke you Bachelor (quoth the Parfon) you are in the most erroneous opinion of the world, touching the skill of the weapon, fince you hold it friuolous. Tis no opinion of mine (faid Corchuelo) but a manifest truth, and if you will have me shew it by experience, there you have foyles commodious: I have an arme, and thrength, which together with my courage, which is not finall, shall make you confesse I am not deceived; alight and keepe your distance, your circles, your corners, and all your Science, I hope to make you fee the starres at noone day with my skill, which is but moderne and meane. which though it be finall, I hope to God the man is yet vnborn that shall make mee turne my backe, and there is no man in the world, but I'le make him give ground. For turning your backe faid (faid the Skilfull) I meddle not, though perhaps where you first set your foot, there your grave might be digged, I meane you might be killed for despiting skill. That you shall try (said Corchuelo) and lighting halfily from his Alle, he fnatched one of the swords that the Parlon carried. Not so (fayd Don Quixote instantly) lle be the Master of this Fence, and the Judge of this undecided controuerfie, and lighting from Rozinanie, and taking his Launce, he stepped betweene them till such time as the Parlon had put himselfe into his Posture and distance against Corchaelo, who ranne (as you would fay) darring fire out of his eyes. The two Husbandmen that were by, without lighting from their Ailes, served for spectators of the mortall Tragedy, the blowes, the stockados, your false thrusts, your back-blowes, your doubling-blowes, that came from Corchaelo were numberlette, as thicke as hoppes, or haile, he layd on like an angry Lyon: but still the Parson gave him a slopple for his mouth, with the

the button of his foyle, which stopped him in the midst of his fury, and he made him kilseit, as if it had been a Relike, though not with so much deuotion as is due to them. In a word, the Parson with pure Stocados told all the buttons of his Cassocke which he had on, his skirts slying about him like a sishes tayle. Twice he strooke off his hat, and so wearied him, that what for despight, what for choller and rage, he tooke the sword by the hilt, and slung it into the ayre so forcibly, that one of the husbandmen that was by, who was a notary, and went for it, gaue testimony after, that he slung it almost three quarters of a mile; which testimony serves, and hath served, that it may be knowned.

and really seene, that force is ouercome by Art.

Corchnelo fate down being very weary, and Sancho comming to him, faid; Truely Sir Bachelor, if you take my advice, hereafter challenge no man to fence, but to wrastle, or throw the bar, fince you have youth and force enough for it; for I have heard those (that you call your Skilfull men) say, that they will thrust the poynt of a fword through the eye of a needle. I am gladde (quoth Corchaelo) that I came from my Alle, and that experience hath shewed me what I would not have beleeved. So rifing vp. he embraced the Parson, and they were as good friends as before. So, not staying for the Notary that went for the sword, be cause they thought hee would tarry long, they resolved to follow, and come betimes to Quiteria's Village, of whence they all were. By the way, the Parson discourses to vm, of the excellency of the Art of Fencing, with fo many demonstrative reafons, with fo many figures and Mathematicall demonstrations, that all were satisfied with the rarenesse of the Science, and Corchnelo reduced from his obstinacy.

It began to grow darke: but before they drew neere, they all faw a kinde of heaven of innumerable starres before the Towne. They heard likewise, harmonious and confused sounds of divers Instruments, as Flutes, Tabers, Psalteries, Recorders, hand Drummes and Bells: and when they drew neere, they saw that the trees of an Arbour, which had been made at the entrance of the towne, were all full of lights, which were not offended by the winde, that then blew not, but was so gentle, that it scare

moued

moved the leaves of the trees. The Musicians were they that of his made the marriage more sprightly, who went two and two in though companies, some dancing and singing, others playing upon dird, the uers of the aforesaid instruments: nothing but mirth ranne vp Caillocke and downe the Medow, others were busied in raising skafs tayle. folds, that they might the next day fee the representations and what for dances commodiously, dedicated to the marriage of the rich Cad by the macho, and the Obsequies of Basilins. the hufit, gauc

Don Quixote would not enter the Towne, although the Hufbandmen and the Bachelor entreated him: for he gaue a sufficient excuse for himselfe (as hee thought) that it was the custome of Knights Errant to sleepe in fields and forrests, rather then in habitations, though it were vnder golden roofes: so hee vvent a little out of the way, much against Sancho's will, who remembred the good lodging hee had in the Castle, or house of Don

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CHAP. XX.

of the Marriage of rich Camacho, and the successe of poore Basilius.

Carse had the silver morne given bright Phoebus leave, with the ardour of his burning rayes, to dry the liquid pearles on his golden lockes, when Don Quixote shaking offsloth from his drowsie members, rose vp, and called Sancho his Squire, that still lay snorting: which Don Quixote seeing, before he could wake, he said, Oh happy thou aboue all that have vpon the face of the earth, that without enuy, or being enuied, sleepest with a quiet brest, neyther persecuted by sinchanters, nor frighted by Enchantments. Sleepe, I say, once againe, nay an hundred times, sleepe; let not thy Masters icasous lie keepe thee continually awake, nor let care to pay thy debts make thee watchfull, or how another day thou and thy small; but streightned family may live, whom neither ambidion troubles, nor the worlds vaine pompe doth weary, since the bound;

of thy defires extend no further then to thinking of thine Affe; for, for thine owne person, that thou hast committed to my charge, a counterpoise and burden that Nature and Custome hath layd vpon the Masters. The servant sleepes, and the Master wakes, thinking how he may maintaine, good him, and doe him kinducises: the griefe that is, to see heaven obdurate in releving the earth with seasonable moysture, troubles not the servant, but it doth the Master, that must keepe in sterility and hunger, him that served him in abundance and plenty.

Sancho answered not a word to all this, for hee was asseepe, neyther would hee have awaked so soone, if Don Quixote had not made him come to himselfe with the little end of his Lance. At length he awaked, sleepy and drowsie, and turning his face round about, hee said, From this Arbor (if I bee not deceived) there comes a steame and smell rather of good broyled rashers, then Time & Rushes: A marriage that begins with such simels, (by my Holidam) I thinke twill be brave and plentifull.

Away, Glutton (quoth Don Quixote) come and let vs go fee it, and what becomes of the disdained Basilius. Let him doe what he will (faid Sancho) were it not better that he were poore still, and married to Quiteria? There is no more in it, but let the Moone loofe one quarter, and shee'l fall from the clouds: Faith, Sir, I am of opinion, that the poore fellow bee contented with his fortunes, & not feek after things impossible. He hold one of mine arms, that Camacho wil couer Basilius all ouer with sixpences: and if it be so, as tis like, Quiteria were a very foole to leave her brauery and Iewellsthat Camacho hath, and can give her, and chuse Basilius for his barre-pitching and fencing: In a Tauerne they will not give you a pint of wine for a good throw with the barre, or a tricke at fence, such abilities that are worth nothing, haue ym whose will for me: but when they light ypon one that hath crownes withall, let mee be like that man that hath them: vpon a good foundation, a good building may be raifed, and mony is the best bottome and foundation that is in the world. For Gods louc, Sancho (quoth Don Quixote) conclude thy tedious discourse: with which (I beleeve) if thou wert let alone, thou wouldelt neyther cat nor fleepe for talking. If you had a

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good memory (fayd Sancho) you would remember the articles of our agreement, before we made our last fally from home, one of which was, that you would let me speake as much as I list, on condition that it were not against my neighbor, or against your authority, and hitherto I am fure I have not broken that article. I remember no fuch article, Sancho (fayd he) and though it

were fo, I would have you now be filent, and come with mee; for now the Instruments we heard over-night, begin to cheere the valleyes, and doubtleffe, the marriage is kept in the coole of the morning, and not deferred till theafter-noones heat. Sancho did what his master willed him, and saddling Rozmante, with his pack-saddle clapped likewise on Dapple, the two mounted, and faire and foftly entred the Arbor. The first thing that Sancho faw, was a whole Steere spitted vpon a whole Elme, and for the fire where it was to bee rolled, there was a pretty mountaine of wood, and fix pots that were round-about this Bon-fire, which were neuer cast in the ordinary mold that other pots were, for they were fix halfe Oliue-butts, and enery one was a very Shambles of meat, they had so many whole sheepe soking in vm which were not feene, as if they had beene Pigeons, the flayed Hares, and pulled Hens, that were hung vpon the trees, to bee buried in the pots, were numberleffe, birds and fowle of diuers forts infinite, that hung on the trees, that the aire might coole them. Sancho counted about threescore skinnes of wine, each of them of about two Arroba's, and as it afterward see- Anoba, a meamed, of spritely liquor: there were also whole heapes of purest pound wayt, bread, heaped vp like corne in the threshing sloores, your chee- which may be fes like bricks piled one upon another, made a goodly wall, and some fix galtwo kettles of oyle bigger then a Diers, served to frie their paste-lons of wine. worke, which they tooke out with two strong peeles, when they were fried, and they ducked them in another kettle of honey that flood by for the same purpose: There were Cookes aboue fifty, men and women, all cleanely, carefull, and cheerfull: In the spacious belly of the Steere, there were twelve sucking Pigs, which being fowed there, ferued to make him more fanoury : the spices of diners forts, it seemes were not brought by Pounds, but by Arrenes, and all lay open in a great cheft. To conclude,

conclude, this preparation for the marriage was rusticall; but

So plentifull, that it might furnish an Army.

Sancho Pansa beheld all, and was much affected with it: and first of all, the goodly pots did captivate his desires, from whence with all his heart hee would have beene glad to have received a good pipkin full; by and by he was enamoured on the skins, and last of all vpon the fried meats, if so be those vast kettles might bee called frying-pans: so without longer patience, as not being able to abstaine, he came to one of the busic Cookes, and with courteous and hungry reasons, desired him, that he might sope cast of bread in one of the pots. To which the Cooke replide; Brother, this is no day on which hunger may have any jurissistion (thanks be to the rich Camacho) alight, and see if you can finde ever a ladle there, and skimme out a Hen or two, and much good may they doe you.

I see none (sayd Sancho.) Stay (sayd the Cooke) God sore give me, What a Ninny tis? and saying this, he layed hold of a kettle, and sow sing into it one of the halfe-butts, he drew out of it three Hens and two Geese, and sayd to Sancho; Eat, Friend, and breake your fast with this froth, till dinner-time. I have no thing to put it in (sayd Sancho.) Why, take spoone and all (sayd the Cooke) for Camacho's riches and content will yer

well beare it.

Whilest Sancho thus passed his time, Don Quixote saw, that by one side of the Arbour, there came a doozen Husband men upon twelve goodly Mares, with rich and sightly furniture stop the Countrey, with many little bels upon their Petrels, all clad in bravery for that dayes solemnity, and all in a joynt-troop ran many Careeres up and downe the medow, with a great deale of thirth and iollity, crying; Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich, as shee faire, and shee the fairest of the world. Which when Don Quixote heard, thought hee to himselfe, it well appeares that these men have not seene my Dulcinea del Troofo: for if they had, they would not bee so forward in praising this their Quiteria.

A while after there began to enter at divers places of the Arbour, certaine different dances, amongst which there was one 1; but it: and whence ceiucd 1 cins, and es might

ot being and with ght fops replide; v iurifdi if you can and much

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ces of the Arthere was one Sword-

Sword-dance, by foure and twenty Swaines, handsome lufty Youths, all in white linnen, with their hand-kerchief's wrought in feuerall colours of fine filke, and one of the twelue vpon the Mares asked him that was the fore-man of these, a nimble Lad, if

any of the Dancers had hurt themselves.

Hitherto (fayd he) no body is hurt, wee are all well, God bee thanked: and straight he shuffled in amongst the rest of his companions, with so many tricks, and so much slight; that Don Quixote, though he were yfed to fuch kinde of dances, yet hee neuer liked any so well as this. He also liked another very well, which was of faire young Mayds, so young, that neuer a one was vnder foureteene, nor none aboue eighteene, all clad in course greene, their haire partly filletted and partly loose: but all were yellow, and might compare with the Sunne, vpon which they had garlands of a lasmines, Roses, Wood-bine and Hony- a Lasmines, a fuckles, they had for their guides a reverend olde man, and a ma-little fweet tronly woman, but more light and nimble then could bee expe- white flower

cted from their yeeres. that growes in They dane'd to the found of a b Zamora bag-pipe, so that Spaine in hedwith their honest lookes, and their nimble feet, they feemed to Sweet Marbe the best Dancers in the world. After this there came in ano-ioram. ther artificiall dance, of those called Brawles, it consisted of Bzamora, a eight Nymphs, divided into two rankes, God Capid guided one towne in Caranke, and Money the other, the one with his wings, his Bow, for that kinde his Quiuer and Arrowes, the other was clad in divers rich co- of muficke. lours of gold and filke: The Nymphs that followed Lone, car-like our Lanried a white parchment scrowleat their backes, in which their ca-shire hernnames were written in great letters : the first was Poefie, the fe- Pipecond Discretion, the third Nobility, the fourth Valour. In the fame manner came those whom god Money led, the first was Liberality, the second Reward, the third Treasure, the fourth Quiet Poffeffion; before them came a woodden Cattle, which was shotat by two Sauages cladin Iuic and Canuas, died in greene, so to the life, that they had well-nigh frighted Sancho. Vpon the Frontispice, and of each side of the Caltle, was written; The Caftle of good heede: Foure skilfull Musicians played to them on a Taber and Pipe; Cupid began the Dance, and after two chan-

ges,

ges, heelisted up his eyes, and bent his Bow against a Virgin that stood upon the battlements of the Castle, and sayd to her in this manner:

I am the pow'rfull Deitie, In Heauen aboue and Earth beneath, In Seas and Hels profunditie, O're all that therein live or breathe.

What 'tis to feare, I neuer knew, I can performe all that I will, Nothing to me is strange, or new; I bid, forbid, at pleasure still.

The Verse being ended, he shot a slight over the Castle, and retired to his standing; By and by came out Money, and performed his two changes; the Taber ceased, and he spoke:

Loe I, that can doe more then Loue, Tet loue is he that doth me guide, My of-spring great ft on earth, to Iouc Aboue I neerest am allide.

I Money am, with whom but few Performe the honest workes they ought; Tet heere a miracle to shew, That without me they could doe ought.

Money retired, and Poetry advanced, who after the had done her changes aswell as the rest, her eyes fixt vpon the Damozell of the Castle, she sayd:

> Lady, to thee, sweet Poesic Her soule in deepe conceits doth send, Wrapt wp in writs of Sonnetrie, Whose pleasing straines doe them commend.

If with my earnestnesse, I thee Importune not, faire Damozell, some Thy enuied fortune shall, by mee, Mount the circle of the Moone,

Poetry gaue way, and from Monies lide came Liberality, and after her changes, spoke:

To give is Liberalitie, In him that shunnes two contraries, The one of Prodigalitie, Tother of hatefull Avarice.

Ile be profuse in praising thee, Profusenesse hath accounted beene A vice, yet sure it commeth nie Affection, which in gifts is seene.

In this fort both the shewes of the two Squadrons, came in and out, and each of them performed their changes, and spoke their verses, some elegant, some ridiculous, Don Onixose onely remembered (for he had a great memory) the rehearsed ones, and now the whole troope mingled together, winding in and out with great spritelinesse and dexterity, and still as Lone went before the Castle, he shot a slight aloft, but Money broke gilded bals, and threw into it.

At last, after Money had danc'd a good while, he drew out a great purse made of a Romane Cats skinne, which seemed to be full of money, and casting it into the Castle, with the blow, the boords were distiouned, and fell downe, leaving the Damozell discouered, without any defence. Money came with his assistants, and casting a great chaine of golde about her necke, they made a shew of leading her captine: Which when Lone and his Party saw, they made shew as if they would have rescued her, and all these motions were to the sound of the Taber, with skil-

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full dancing, the Sauages parted them, who very speedily went to fer vp and ioyne the boords of the Castle, and the Damozell was enclosed there anew : and with this the dance ended, to the

great content of the Spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the Nymphs, Who had so drest and ordered her? Shee answered, A Parson of the towne, who had an excellent capacity for fuch inventions. He lay a wager (fayd Don Qnixote) he was more Bafilius his friend then Camacho's, and that he knowes better what belongs to a Satyr then to Euen-fong; he hath well fitted Basilius his abilities to the dance. and Camacho's riches.

Sancho Panfa that heard all, fayd; The King is my Cocke, I hold with Camacho. Well, Sancho (quoth Don Quexote) thou art a very Peafant, and like them that cry, Long live the Conquerour. I know not who I am like (faid Sancho:) but I know I shall never get such delicate froth out of Basilius his Pottagepots, as I have out of Camacho's: and with that shewed him the kettle full of Geese and Hens, and laying hold on one, he fell to it merrily and hungerly, and for Basilins abilities this he sayd to their teeth: So much thou art worth as thou haft, and so much as thou halt, thou art worth. An olde Grandam of mine was wont to fay, there were but two linages in the world, Hauemuch, and Hane-little; and the was mightily enclined to the former : and at this day, Master, your Physician had rather feeles having pulse, then a knowing pulse, and an Alle covered with golde makes a better shew then a horse with a pack-saddle. So that I say againe, I am of Camacho's side, the scumme of whose pots are Geele, Hens, Hares, and Conies, and Rasilius his, bee they neere or farre off, but poore thin water.

Half thou ended with thy tediousnelle, Sancho (fayd Don Quixote?) I must end (saydhee) because I see it offends vou, for if it were not for that, I had worke cut out for three dayes. Pray God, Sancho (quoth Don Quixoto) that I may fee thee dumbe before I die. According to our life (fayd Sancho) before you die, I shall be mumbling clay, and then perhaps I shall bee so dumbe, that I shall not speake a word till the end of the world,

or at least till Domes day.

Although

Although it should bee so, Sancho (sayd hee) thy filence will neuer be equall to thy talking palt, and thy talke to come ; befides, tis very likely that I shall die before thee, and so I shall neuer fee thee dumbe, no not when thou drinkelt or fleepelt, to paint thee out thorowly. In good faith, Master (quoth Sancho) there is no trusting in the raw bones, I meane Death, that deuoures lambes as well as sheepe, and I have heard our Vicar say, the tramples as wel on the high Towres of Kings, as the humble cottages of poore men: this Lady hath more power then fqueamishnesse, she is nothing dainty, shee devouresall, playes at all, and fils her wallets with all kinde of people, ages, and preeminences : Shee is no Mower that fleepes in the hot weather, but mowes at all howers, and cuts aswell the greene graffe as the hay: she doth not chew, but swallowes at once, and crams downeall that comes before her; shee hath a Canine appetite, that is neuer fatisfied, and though shee have no belly, yet shee may make vs thinke shee is Hydropsicall, with the thirst shee hath to drinke all mens liues, as if it were a jugge of colde water.

No more, Sancho (quoth Don Quinote) at this instant, hold while thou art well, and take heed of falling, for certainely thou half spoken of Death in thy rusticall termes, as much as a good Preacher might have spoken. I tell thee, Sancho, that for thy naturall discretion, thou mightst get thee a Pulpit, and preach thy fine knacks up and downe the world. Hee preaches well that liues well (fayd Sancho) and I know no other preaching. Thou needest not (quoth he:) But I wonder at one thing, that wifdome beginning from the feare of God, that thou, who fearest Lizard more then him, shouldst be so wise? Indge you of your Knight Errantry (fayd Sancho) and meddle not with other mens feares or valors, for I am as pretty a Fearer of God as any of my neighbours, and so let mee snuffe away this seum, for all the Meaning to rest are but idle words, for which we must give account in ano- eathis Hen ther life. And in so saying, hee began to give another assault to & the Goose. the kettle, with fuch a courage, that he wakened Don Quixo: that undoubtedly would have taken his part, if he had not beene

hindered by that, that of necessity must be set downe.

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CHAP. XXI.

Of the profesution of Camacho's marriage, with other delightfull accidents.

S Don Duixote and Sancho were in their discourse mentioned in the former chapter, they heard a great noyfe and out-cry, which was caused by them that rode on the Mares, who with a large Carreere and thouts, went to meet the married couple; who, hemmed in with a thousand trickes and devices, came in company of the Vicar, and both their kindreds, and all the better fort of the neighbouring townes, all clad in their best apparell. And as Sancho saw the Bride, he said. In good faith the is not dreft like a country wench, but like one of your nice Court Dames: by th'Matle me thinkes her glatfe necke-laces she should weare, are rich Corrall; and her course greene of Cuenca, is a a thirty piled veluet; and her lacing that should be white linnen, (I vow by me) is Satten : well looke on her hands that should have their lette rings, let me not thrive if they be not golden rings, arrant gold, and fet with pearles as white as a fillabub, each of them as precious as an eye. Ah whoorefon, and what lockes she hath? for if they be not falle, I neuer faw longer, nor fairer in my life. Well, well, finde not fault with her livelinetle and stature, and compare her me to a Date tree, that bends vp and downe when it is loaden with bunches of Dates; for fo doth she with her trinkers hanging at her havre and about her necke: I fweare by my foule, the is a wench of mettall, and may very well patle the pikes in Flanders.

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's rusticke praises, and hee thought, that setting his Mistresse Dulcinea aside, he never saw fairer woman: the beauteous Quiteria was somewhat pale, belike, with the ill night that Brides alwaies have when they dresse themselves for next daies marriage. They drew neere to a Theater on one side of the Medow, that was dressed with Carpets and boughes, where the marriage was to bee solemnized, and where they should behold the dances and inventions. And

a In flead of three-piled. iust as they should come to the place, they heard a great out-cry behind them, and a voyce, saying; Stay a while, rash people as well as hasty: At whose voyce and words they all turned about, and saw that he that spoke, was one cladde (to see to) in a blacke lacket all welted with Crimson in slames, crowned (as they straight perceived) with a crowne of mournefull Cypresse, in his hand he had a great Truncheon: and comming neerer, hee was knowne by all to be the Gallant Bassium, who were in suspence, expecting what should be the silve of those cryes and words, fearing some ill successe from this so volooked for arrivalt. Hee drew neere, weary, and out of breath, and comming before the married couple, and clapping his Truncheon vpon the ground, which had a steele pike at the end of it: his colour changed, and his eyes fixed vpon Quiteria, with a fearefull and

hollow voyce, thus spoke:

Well knowest thou, forgetfull Quiteria, that according to the Law of God that wee professe, that whilest I live thou canst not be married to any other: neyther are you ignorant, that because I would stay till time and my industry might better my fortunes, I would not breake that decorum that was fitting to the preserving of thy honesty: but you forgetting all duetic, due to my vertuous defires, will make another Master of what is mine, whose riches serue not onely to make him happy in them, but every way fortunate, and that he may be so to the full, (not as I thinke he deserues it, but as the Fates ordaine it for him) I will with these hands remooue the impossibility or inconvenience that may disturbe him, removing my selfe out of the way. Live, rich Camacho, live with the vingratefull Quiteria many & profperous yeeres, and let your poore Bastlins die, whose pouerty clipped the wings of his happinelle, an I laid him in his grave: and faying this, he layd hold of his Truncheon that he had fluck in the ground, and the one halfe of it remaining still there, shewed that it served for a scabberd to a short Tucke that was concealed in it, and putting that which might be called the hilt on the ground, with a nimble spring, and a resolute purpose, hee cast himselfe vpon it, and in an instant the bloudy poynt appeared out of his backe, with halfe the steele blade, the poore soule wel-

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tring in his bloud, all along on the ground, runne thorow with his owne vvcapon. His friends ranne presently to helpe him, greeued with his misery and miserable happe, and Don Quixote forfaking his Rozinante, vventalfo to helpe him; tooke him in his armes, but found that as yet there year life in him. They yould have pulled out the Tucke, but the Vicar there present; yvas of opinion that it were not best before hee had confessed himselfe; for that the drawing it out, and his death, would be both at one instant. But Basilius comming a little to himselfe; with a faint and dolefull voyce, faid, If thou wouldelt, O 2m teria, yet in this last and forcible trance, give me thy hand to be my spouse, I should thinke my rashnesse might something ex-

cuseme, since with this I obtained to be thine.

The Vicar hearing this, bad him he should have a care of his foules health, rather then of the pleasures of his body, and that he should heartily aske God forgivenesse for his sinnes, and for his desperate action. To which Basiling reply'd, That he would by no meanes confesse himselfe, if Quiteria did not first give him her hand to be his spouse, for that content would make him cheerefully confesse himselfe. When Don Quixote heard the vvounded mans petition, he cried aloud, that Basiline desired a thing very just and reasonable, and that Signior Camacho would be as much honoured in receiving Quiteria, the worthy Basiline his vyiddow, as if hee had received her from her Fathers lide: heere is no more to doe but give one I, no more then to prononce it, fince the nuptial bed of this mariage must be the grave.

Camacho gaue eare to all this, and was much troubled, not knowing what to doe or fay : but Bafiling his friends were for earnest, requesting him to consent that Quiteria might give him her hand to bee his Spouse, that hee might not endanger his foule, by departing desperately, that they mooued him and enforced him, to fay that if Quiteria would, he was contented, feeing it was but deferring his desires a minute longer. Then all of them came to Quiteria, some with intreaties, others with teares, most with forcible reasons, and perswaded her she should give her hand to poore Basiline; and shee more hard then marble, more lumpish then a statue, vyould not answer a word, neyther

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neyther would fhe at all, had not the Vicar bid her refolue what the would doe, for Baftime was even now ready to depart, and could not expect her irrefolute determination. Then the faire Quiteria, without answering a word, all sad and troubled, came where Basiline was, with his eyes even sette, his breath failing him, making shew as if he would die like a Gentile, and not like a Christian. Quiteria came at length, and vpon her knees made fignes to have his hand. Bafilim vnioyn'd his eyes, and looking stedfaltly upon her, faid, Oh Quiteria, thou art now come to be pittifull, when thy pitty must be the sword that shall end my life, fince now I want force to receive the glory that thou givel in chuling mee for thine, or to suspend the dolor that so halfily closeth vp mine eyes, with the fearefull shade of death. All I defire thee is (oh fatall flarre of mine) that the hand thou requireft, and that that thou wilt give me, that it be not for fashion-sake, nor once more to deceive mee, but that thou confesse and fay without being forced to it, that thou giuelt me thy hand freely. as to thy lawfull Spouse, since it were vnmercifull in this trance to deceive mee, or to deale falfely with him that hath beene fo true to thee. In the middest of this discourse he fainted, so that all the standers by thought now he had beene gone. Quiteria all honest and shamefast, laying hold with her right hand on Basilim his, faid to him; No force can vvorke vpon my will, and fo I give thee the freest hand I have to be thy lawfull Spouse, and receive thine, if thou give it me asfreely, and that the anguish of thy sodaine accident doe not roo much trouble thee. I give it (faid Bafilius) lively and couragiously, with the best vinderstanding that heaven hath endued mee withall, and therefore take me, and I deliuer my selfe as thy espousall; and I (said Quiteria) as thy Spoule, whether thou live long, or whether from my armes they carry thee to thy graue.

This young man (faid Sancho) being so wounded, talks much methinks, let him leave his wooing, and attend his souls health, which me thinks appeares more in his tongue, then in his teeth.

Bafiliss and Quiteria having their hands thus fallned, the Vicar, tender-harted and compassionate, powred his bleffing vpon them, and prayed God to give good rest to the new-married

mans soule, who as soone as he received this benediction, fodainely starts up, and with an unlook's for agility, drew out the Tucke which was theathed in his body. All the spectators were in a maze, and some of them, more out of simplicity then curiosity, began to cry out, A Miracle, a Miracle: but Basilius reply'd, No Miracle, no Miracle; but a Tricke, a Tricke. But the Vicar, heed-lette and altonisht, came with both his hands to feele the wound, & found that the blade had neyther passed thorow flesh or ribbes, but thorow a hollow pipe of yron, that he filled with bloud well fitted in that place, and (as after it was knowne) prepared fo, that it could not congeale. At last the Vicar and Camache, and all the standers by, thought that they were mocked and made a laughing-stocke. The Bride made no great shew of forrow: rather when the heard fay that the marriage could not stand current, because it was deceitfull, she said, that shee anew confirmed it; by which they all collected, that the business had beene plotted by the knowledge & confentment of them both At which, Camacho and his friends: were to abashed, that they remitted their revenge to their hands, and vnsheathing many fwords, they fer vpon Bafilim, in whose fauor in an instant there were as many more drawne: and Don Quixote taking the Vante guad on horsebacke, with his Launce at his rest, and well cous red with his shield, made way thorow vm all. Sancho (whom fuch feates did neuer please or solace) ranne to the pottage-pot, from whence he had gotten the skimmings, thinking that to be a fanctuary, and so to be respected. Don Quixote cryed aloud, Hold, hold, Sirs; for there is no reason that you should takere uenge for the wrongs that Loue doth vs : and obserue, that love and warre are all one : and as in warre it is lawfull to vie fleight and stratagens to overcome the enemy: So in amorous strifes and competencies, Impollures and juggling tricks are held for good, to attaine to the wished end, so it bee not in prejudice and dishonour of the thing affected. Quiteria was due to Bai filius, and Basilius to Quiterio, by the just and fauourable inclination of heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his delight, and whom God hath joyned, let no man separate. Basiling hath but this one sheepe, let none offer to take it from him, be hene, foout the S Were curio-Liss re-But the to feele thorow he filled nowne) and Ca mocked (hew of ould not ec anew iness had em both that they ing many fant there the Vant. well coue bo (whom ottage-pot, that to be yed aloud, ould take reue, that love vie fleights orous strifes are held for in prejudice as due to Ba rable inclina. se his delight, Bafilius hath im, behene.

uer so powerfull: he that first attempts it, must first passe thorow the point of this Launce; at which hee shaked his Launce so strong and cunningly, that hee frighted all that knew him not: But Quiteria's disdaine was so inwardly fixt in Camacho's heart, that he forgot her in an instant; so that the Vicars perswalions preuailed with him, (who was a good discreet and honest-minded man) by which Camacho and his complices were pacified & quieted, in figne of which, they put vp their fwords, rather blaming Quiteria's facility, then Bafilius his industry. Camacho fram'd this discourse to himselfe, That if Quiteria loued Basilins when the was a maide, thee would also have continued her love to him though the had beene his wife, and fo that hee ought to give God thankes rather for having ridden him of her, then to have given her to him. Camache then, & those of his crue being comforted and pacified, all Basilius his likewise were so, and Camacho to shew that he stomacked not the iest, nor car'd for it, was willing the fealt should goe forward, as if he had beene really married. But neyther Bafilius, nor his Spoule, nor their followers would stay, but went to Bafilius his towne: for your poore that are vertuous and discreet, have as well those that will follow, honour and vphold them, as the rich theirs, and such as will flatter them. Don Quixote went with them too, for they e-Reemed him to be a man of worth & valor. But Sancho's mind was in a milt, to fee that it was impossible for him to stay for Camaeho's fumptuous feast & sports that lasted till the evening : so that straighted and sorrowfull, he followed on with his Mafter that went in Bafilius his squadron, and thus left behind him those flesh-pots of Ægypt, though hee bore them with him in his minde, whose skumme which he carried in the kettle being confumed now and ended, represented vnto him the glorious and abundant happinetle hee loft, fo that all fad and forrowfull, though hungerleffe, without alighting from Dapple, he followed Rozinantes tracke.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the famous Aduenture of Montesinos Caue, which is in the heart of Mancha, which the valerous Don Quixote happily accomplished.

HE married couple made wonderfull much of Don Quixote, obliged thereunto for the willing netle he shew. ed to defend their cause, and with his valor they paraleld his discretion, accounting hima Cid in Armes, and a Cicero in eloquence. The good Sancho recreated himselfe three daies at the Bridegroomes charge, & now knew that Quiteria knew nothing of the fayned wounding, but that it was a tricke of Bafiling, who hoped for the fuccelle that hath been shewed : true it was that he had made some of his louing frends acquainted with his purpose, that they might helpe him at need, and make good his deceit. They cannot be called deceits (quoth Don Quixete) that are done to a vertuous end, and that the marriage of a louing couple was an end most excellent: but by the way, you mult know that the greatest opposite that Loue hath, is want & continual necessity; for Loue is all mirth, content & gladsomenes, and the more, when hee that loues, enjoyes the thing loued; against which, necessity and pouerty are open and declared enemies. All this he spoke with a purpose to aduise Bassim, that he should leave exercising his youthfull abilities, that although they got him a name, yet they brought no wealth, & that he should looke to lay vp fornthing now by lawfull & industrious means, which are never wanting to those that will be wary and apply themselves: the honest poore man (if so be the poore man may be called honest) hath a lewell of a faire woman, which if any man bereaue him of, dis-honors him and kills her. Shee that is faire & honest, when her husband is poore, deserves to be crowned with Lawrell and triumphant Bayes. Beauty alone attracts the eyes of all that behold it, and the princely Eagles & high flying birds doe stoop to it as to the pleasing Lure : but if extreme necessity be added to that beauty, then Kites and Crowes will grapple

grapple with it, and other rauenous birds; but shee that is constant against all these assaults, doth well descrue to bee her husbands crowne. Marke, wise Bassius (proceeds Don Quixose) it was an opinion of I know not what sageman, that there was but one good woman in the world, and his aduice was, That every man should thinke that was married, that his wise was since, and so he should be sure to line contented. I never yet was married, neyther have I any thought hitherto that way; notwithstanding, I could be able to give any man counsell herein that should aske it, and how he should choose his wife.

First of all I would have him rather respect same then wealth, for the honest woman gets not a good name onely with being good, but in appearing so; for your publike loosenesse and liberty doth more prejudice a womans honesty, then her sinning secretly. If you bring her honest to your house, tis easie keeping her so, and to better her in that goodnesse; but if you bring her dishonest, tis hard mending her; for it is not very pliable to passe from one extreme into another, I say not impossible: but I hold it to be very difficult.

Sancho heard all this, & faid to himselfe, This Master of mine, when I speake matters of marrow and substance, is wont to tell me, that I may take a Pulpit in hand, and preach my fine knacks vp and downe the world: but I may fay of him, that when hee once begins to thred his fentences, he may not onely take a Pulpit in hand, but in each finger too, and goe vp and downe the market places, and cry, Who buyes my ware? The Deuill take thee, for a Knight Errant, how wife he is! On my foule I thought hee had knowne onely what belonged to his Knight Errantry; but he maps at all, and there is no boat that hee hath not an oare in. Sancho spoke this somewhat aloud, and his Master ouerheard him, and asked, What is that thou art grumbling, Sansbo? I say nothing, neyther doe I grumble, (quoth hee) I was onely faying to my felfe, that I would I had heard you before I vvas married, and perhaps I might now have faid, The found man needs no Physician. Is Terefa so bad, Sancho, said Don Quixote? Not very bad, faid Sancho, and yet not very good, at least, not so good as I would haucher. Thou dost ill, Sancho (quoth Don Quixote)

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Quixote) to speake ill of thy wife, who is indeede mother of

thy children.

There's no loue lost (quoth Sancho:) for she speakes ill of me too, when shee list, especially when shee is icalous, for then the Deuill himselfe will not cope with her. Well, three dayes they stayed with the married Couple, where they were welcommed like Princes. Don Quixote delired the skilfull Parson to provide him a Guide that might shew him the way to Montesino's Caue, for he had a great delire to enter into it, and to see with his own eles, if those wonders that were told of it vp & down the Countrey were true. The Parson tolde him, that a Cousin-German of his, a famous Student, and much addicted to bookes of Knight-hood should goe with him, who should willingly carry him to the mouth of the Caue, and should shew the famous Lake of Ruydera, telling him hee would bee very good company for him, by reason he was one that knew how to publish books, and direct them to great men.

By and by the young Student comes me vpon an Affe with Foale, with a course packing-cloth, or doubled carpet ypon his pack-faddle. Sancho faddled Rozinante, and made ready his Dapple, furnished his wallets, and carried the Students too, aswell prouided; and so taking leave, and bidding all, God bee with you, they went on, holding their course to Montesno's Cauc. By the way Don Quixote asked the Scholler, of what kinde or quality the exercises of his profession and study were. To which he answered, that his Profession was Humanity, his Exercifes and Study to make bookes for the Presse, which werevery beneficiall to himselfe, and no letse gratefull to the Commonwealth, that one of his bookes was intituled, The Booke of the Listeries, where are fet downe seuen hundred and three sorts of Liueries, with their colours, motto's, and cyphers; from whence any may bee taken at festivall times and shewes, by Courtiers without begging them from any body, or distilling (as you would fav) from their owne braines, to fute them to their defires and intentions; for I give to the jealous, to the forfaken, to the forgotten, to the absent, the most agreeable, that will fit them

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to call the Metamorphofis, or Spanish Ouid, of a new and rare invention: for imitating Ouid in it, by way of mocking: I shew. who the Giralda of Seul was, the Angell of the Magdalena, All these seuewho was the Pipe of Vecinguerra of Cordona, who the Buls of rall ratitics of Guifando, Sierra Morena, the springs of Loganitos and Lanapies in Madrid; not forgetting that of Pioto, that of the gilded pipe, and of the Abbetle, and all this with the Allegories, Metaphors, and Translations, that they delight, suspend, and instruct all in a moment. Another booke I have, which I calla supply to Polydore Virgil, concerning the invention of things which is of great reading and fludy, by reason that I doe verific many matters of waight that Polydore omitted, and declare them in a very pleasing stile; Virgil forgot to tell vs who was the first that had a Catarre in the world, and the first that was anounted for the French disease, and I set it downe presently after I propose it, and authorize it with at least foure and twenty Writers, that you may fee whether I have taken good paines, and whether the fayd booke may not be profitable to the world.

Sancho, that was very attentive to the Schollers narration, afked him: Tell me, Sir, fo God direct your right hand in the Impression of your bookes: Can you tell mee? (For I know you can, fince you know all) who was the first man that scratche his head, for I beleeue it was our first father Adam? Yes marry was it (fayd he) for Adam, no doubt, had both head & haire, & being the first man in the world, would sometimes scratch himselfe. I beleeue it (quoth Sancho:) but tell me now, Who was the first Vaulter in the world? Truely, Brother (faydhe) I cannotat present resolue you, I will study it when I come to my bookes, and then lle satisfie you, when wee see one another againe, for I hope this will not be the last time. Well, Sir (fayd Sancho) neuer trouble your felfe with this, for now I can resolue the doubt: Know, that the first Tumbler in the world was Lineifer, when he was cast out of Heauen, and came tumbing down to Hell.

You say true (quoth the Scholler.) And Don Quirote sayd; This answer, Sancho, is none of thine, thou hast heard some body say so. Peace, Sir (quoth Sancho) for if I fall to questions

and answers. I shall not make an end between this and morning: And to aske foolish questions, and answer valikeli-hoods, I want no help of my neighbours. Thou halt spoken more, Sancho, then thou thinkest for (quoth Don Quixote) for you have fome that are most busied in knowing and auerring things, whose knowledge and remembrance is not worth a button. All that day they patied in these and other delightful discourses, and at night they lodged in a little village, from whence the Scholler told them they had but two little leagues to Montesino's Caue. and that if he meant to enter it, he must be prouided of ropes, to tie and let himselfe downe into the depth. Don Quixote sayd, that though it were as deep as Hell, he would fee whither it reached: fo they bought a hundred fathome of cordage, & the next day at two of the clocke, they came to the Caue, whose mouth is wide and spacious; but full of briers, & brambles, & wilde fig. trees, & weeds fo intricate & thick, that they altogether blinde and damit vp. When they came to it, Sancho and the Schollera. lighted, and Don Quixote, whom they tied strongly with the cordage: and whilest they were swathing and binding of him, Sancho fayd to him; Take heede, Sir, what you doe, doenot bury your felfe aliue, and doe not hang your felfe like a bottle to be cooled in some Well; for it neither concernes nor belongs to you, to fearch this place worse then a Dungeon.

Binde me and peace (quoth Don Quixote) for fuch an enterprize as this, Sancho, was referred for me. Then faid the Guide, I befeech you, Signior Don Quixote, that you take heede, and looke about you with an hundred eyes, to fee what is within; for perhaps you may meet with things that will be fit for meeto put in my booke of Transformations. He hath his Instrument in his hand (quoth Sancho) that knowes how to yie it.

This fayd, and Don Quixotes binding ended (which was not vpon his harnesse, but vpon his arming doublet) he said. We did vnaduisedly, in not prouiding our selves of some small bell, that might have beene tied with mee to the same cord, by whose sound, you might know that I were still toward the bottome and aliue: but since there is now no remedy, God beeour good speede, and straight he kneeled vpon his knees, and made a soft

prayer to God Almighty, desiring his ayde, and to giue him good successe in that (to see to) dangerous and strange Aducture, and then straight-wayes hee cried aloud; Oh thou Mistris of my actions and motions, most excellent, peerelesse Duscimen des Toboso, if it be possible, that the prayers and requests of this thy happy Louer come to thine eares, harken, I beseech thee, by thy wnheard of beauty, deny not now wnto me thy fauour and protection, which I so much neede: I goe to cast my selfe headlong to a plunge, and sinke my selfe into the Abissus, that presents it selfe to me, that the world may know, that if thou sauour me, there shall be nothing impossible for mee to vndergoe and end.

And in saving this, hee came to the mouth, but saw he could

And in faying this, hee came to the mouth, but faw he could not come necreto bee let downe, except it were by making way with maine force, or with cutting thorow, and so laying hand on his sword, hee began to cut and slash the weedes that were at the mouth of the caue; at whose rushing and noyse, there came out an infinite Company of Crowes and Dawes, so thicke and so hastily, that they tumbled Don Quixots on the ground, and if hee had beene as superstitious, as good Christian, hee would have taken it for an ill signe, and not have proceeded.

Well, he rose, and seeing the Crowes were all gone, and that there were no other night-birds, as Bats, that came our amongst the Crowes, Sancho and the Scholler let him downe, to search the bottome of that searefull Caue; but Sancho sirst bestowed his benediction on him, and making a thousand crosses ouer him, sayd; God and the Rocke of France, together with the Tri-Scuerall planity of Gaeta, guide thee, thou Flower, Creame, and Scumme cess of deuotiof Knights Errant: There thou goest, Hackster of the world, on. Heart of steele, and Armes of brasse, God againe be thy Guide, and deliuer thee sound and without skarre, to the light of this world which thou leauest, to bury thy selfe in the obscurity which thou seekest.

The Scholler did (as it were) make the same kinde of wishes and deprecations. Don Quixete cried out, that they should yet giue him more rope, which they gaue by little and little: and when his voyce (that was stopt in the gutters of the Caue) could

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be no longer heard, and that they had let downe their hundred fathome of rope, they were of opinion to hoyst him up againe, since they could give him no more cord; for all that, they stayed some halfe an houre, and then began easily to draw up the rope, & without any wait, which made them think Don Quixote was within, and Sancho believing it, wept bitterly, and drew up apace, that he might bee satisfied: but comming somewhat neere foure-score sathome, they selt a waight, which made them very

much reioyce.

At length when they came to ten, they plainely faw Don Quixote: to whom Sancho cryed out, faying; You are well returned, Sir, for we thought you had stayed there for breed. But Don Quixote did not answer a word : but drawing him altogether out, they faw that his eyes were shut, as if hee were asleeper they stretcht him on the ground, and vnbound him, and for all this he awaked not. But they so turned, toffed & shaked him, that a pretty while after he came to himselfe, lazing himselfe, asif he had wakened out of a great and profound fleep, and looking wildely round-about him, fayd; God forgiue you, Friends, for you have raifed mee from one of the delicatest and pleasingest liues and fights that euer was feene by humane eye: Now at length I perceive, that all the delights of this world doe patielike a shadow or dreame, or wither like a flower of the field : Oh vnhappy Montesino's, oh ill wounded Durandarte, oh luckles Balerma, oh mournfull Guadiana, & you vnfortunate daughters of Ruydera, that shew by your waters, those your faire eves wept.

The Scholler and Sancho gaue eare to these words which Don Quixote spake, as if with great paine they came from his very entrailes: They desired him to let them know his meaning, and to tell them what he had seene in that hellish place. Hellish, call ye it, sayd Don Quixote? well, call it not so, for it deserues not the name, as straight you shall heare: Hee desired them to give him somewhat to eat, for he was exceeding hungry. They layd the Schollers course wrapper upon the greene grasse, and went to the Spence of their wallets, and all three of them being set like good sellowes, eat their Beauar, and supped all together. The

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cloth taken vp (Don Quixote fayd) Sit still Ho, let mone of you rise, and marke me attentiuely.

CHAP. XXIII.

of the admirable things, that the unparalel d Don Quixote recounted, which he had feene in Montelino's profound Caue, whose strangenesse and impossibility makes this Chapter be held for Apocrypha.

T was well toward foure of the clocke, when the Sunne, couered betweene two clouds, shewed but a dimme light, and with his temperate beames, gaue Don Quixote leave, without heat or trouble, to relate to his two conspicuous Auditors. what he had feene in Mon:esino's Caue; and he began, as followeth: About a twelue or foureteene mens heights in the profundity of this Dungeon, on the right hand, there is a Concavity and Space able to containe a Cart, Mules and all; some light there comes into it by certaine chinks and loope-holes, which an-Iwer to it a farre off in the Superficies of the earth; this Space and Concaulty faw I, when I was weary and angry to fee mee my felfe, hanging by the rope, to goe downe that obscure region. without being carried a fure or knowne way : fo I determined to enter into it, and to rest a little; I cryed out vnto you, that you should let downe no more rope, till I bad you; but it seemed you heard me not: I went gathering vp the rope you let downe to me, and rolling of it vp into a heape, fate me downe vpon it, very pensatiue, thinking with my selfe what I might doe to get to the bottome; and being in this thought and confusion, vpon a sudden (without any former inclination in mee) a most profound sleep came vpon me, and when I least thought of it, without knowing how, nor which way, Iawaked out of it, and found my selfe in the middest of the fairest, most pleasant, and delightfull medow, that euer Nature created, or the wifelt humane discretion can imagine; I shuffed mine eyes, wiped them, and faw that I was not alleepe, but really awake, not with stan-L 2 ding

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ding I felt vpon my head and my brest, to be assured, if I were there my selfe or no in person, or that it were some illusion, or counterfet; but my touching, feeling, and my reasonable discourse that I made to my selfe, certified me, that I was then pre-

fent, the fame that I am now.

By and by I faw a Princely and fumptuous Palace or Calle, whose wals and battlements seemed to bee made of transparent Cristall, from whence (vpon the opening of two great gates) I faw that there came towards me a reuerend olde man, cladina tawny bayes frocke, that he dragged vpon the ground; ouer his shoulders and brest, he wore a tippet of greene sattin, like your fellowes of Colledges, and vpon his cap a blacke Milan bonet, and his hoary beard reached down to his girdle, he had no kind of weapon in his hand, but onely a Rosary of Beads, somewhat bigger then reasonable wall-nuts, and the Credo-Beads, about the bignesse of Ostrich egges, his countenance, pace, grauity, and his spreading presence, each thing by it selfe, and all together, suspended and admired.

He came to me, and the first thing he did, was to imbraceme straightly, and forthwith sayd; It is long since (renowned Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha) that we, who live in these enchanted Desarts, have hoped to see thee, that thou mightslet the world know what is contained heere, and inclosed in this prosound Caue, which thou hast entred, called Montesino's Caue: an exployt reserved onely to be attempted by thy invincible Heart, and stupendious Courage. Come with mee, thou most Illustrious Knight, for I will shew thee the wonders that this transparent Castle doth conceale, of which I am the Governour, and perpetuall chiefe Warder, as being the same Montesinour, and perpetuall chiefe Warder, as being the same Montesinour.

wes, from whom the Caue takes name.

Scarce had he told me that he was Montesinos, when I asked him, Whether it were true that was bruited heere in the world aboue, that he had taken his great friend Darandaries heart out of the midst of his bosome with a little dagger, and carried it to the Lady Belerma (as he willed) at the instant of his death? Hee answered me, that all was true, but onely that of the dagger, for was no dagger, but a little Stilletto, as sharp as a Nawle.

Belike

Belike (quoth Sancho) it was of Ramon de Hozes the Seuilliif I were ans making. I know not (fayd Don Quixote) but twas not of ulion, or that Stilletto-maker, for he lived but the other day, and that batnable diftell of Ronce/malles, where this accident happened, was many then preyeeres fince: but this auerring is of no importance or let neither or Castle,

alters the truth, or Stories text.

You say right (quoth the Scholler) for I harken with the greatest delight in the world. With no letse doe I tell it you (fayd Don Quinote) and proceede; The venerable Montesinos brought me into the Cristalline Palace, where in a low Hall, exceeding fresh and coole, all of Alabaster, was a great Sepulcher of Marble, made with fingular Art, vpon which I faw a Knight layd at length, not of Braile, Marble, or Iaspar, as you vieto haue in other tombes, but of pure flesh and bone, hee held his right hand (which was somewhat hairy and sinowy, a signe that the owner was very (trong) vpon his heart-side, and before I asked Montefines ought, that faw mee in suspence, beholding

the tombe, he fayd: This is my friend Durandarte, the flower and mirror of Chiualrie, of the enamoured and valiant Knights of his time: He is kept heere enchanted, as my felfe and many more Knights and Ladies are, by Merlin that French Enchanter; who, they fay, For fo I transwas sonne to the the Denill, but as I beleeue he was not so, only late it, to shew he knew more then the Deuill. Why, or how he enchanted vs, miftake. no body knowes, which the times will bring to light, that I hope are not farre off: all that I admire is, (fince I know for certaine, as it is now day, that Durandarte dyed in my armes, and that after he was dead, I tooke out his heart, and furely it weighed aboue two pounds; for according to natural Philosophy, he

that hath the biggest heart, is more valiant then he that hath but a lette: which beeing fo, and that this Knight died really) how he complaines and fighes fometimes as if he were aliue? Which faid, the wretched 'Durandarte, crying out aloud, faid; Oh my Coulin Montesinos, the last thing that I requested you when I

was dying, and my foule departing, was, That you would carry my heart to Belerma, taking it out of my bosome, either with ponyard or dagger: which when the venerable Montefinos

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heard, he kneeled before the greeued Knight, and with reares in his eyes, faid; Long lince, Oh Durandarte, long lince my dearest Coulin, I did what you en-joyn'd me in that bitter day of our loile; I tooke your heart, as well as I could, without leaving the least part of it in your brest: I wiped it with a laced handkerchiefe, and posted with it towards France, having first layd you in the bosome of the earth, with so many teares as was sufficient to wash my hands, or to wipe off the bloud from them, which I had gotten by stirring them in your entrailes: and for more affurance that I did it, my dearest Cousin, at the first place I came to from Ronce sualle, I calt falt upon your heart, that it might not flinke, and might be fresh, and embalmed when it should come to the presence of the Lady Belerma, who with you and me, Guadiana your Squire, the waiting-woman Ruydera, and her feuen Daughters, and her two Necces, and many other of your acquaintances and friends, have beene enchanted heere by Merlin that Wizard long fince, and though it be aboue five hundred yeeres agoe, yet none of vs is dead; onely Ruydera, her Daughters and Neeces are wanting, whom by reason of their lamentation, Merlin that had compassion on them, turned them into so many Lakes now living in the world: and in the Province of Manchathey are called the Lakes of Ruyders; feuen belong to the Kings of Spaine, and the two Neeces to the Knights of the most holy Order of Saint Iebn. Guadiana your Squire, wailing in like manner this mif-hap, was turned into a River that bore his owne name, who when hee came to the superficies of the earth, and faw the Sun in another heaven, such was his griefe to have left you, that he straight plunged himselfe into the entrailes of the earth: but, as it is not possible for him to leave his natural Current, sometimes he appeares and shewes himselfe, where the Sunneand men may see him. The aforesaid Lakes do minister their waters to him, with which, and many others, hee enters Portugall in pompe: but which way fo ere he goes, hee shewes his forrow and melancholy, and contemnes the breeding of dainty fish in his waters, and such as are esteemed, but only muddie and vnsauorie, farre differing from those of golden Tague; and what I now tell you, Cousin mine, I have told you often,

and fince you answere mee nothing, I imagine you eyther beleeue me not, or not heare me; for which (God knowes) I am heartily forry. One newes I will let you know, which, though perhaps it may not any way lighten your griefe, yet it will no way increase it : Know, that you have heere in your presence, (open your eyes and you shall see him) that famous Knight, of whom Merlin prophelied fuch great matters, that Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say that now newly and more happily then former Ages, hath railed the long-forgotten Knight Errantry, by whose meanes and fauour, it may be, that we also may be dis-inchanted; for great exploits are referued for great Personages. And if it be otherwise (answered the grieued Durandarie) with a faint and low voyce, if it be otherwise, oh Cousin, I fay, b Pa. b Patiencia ; ba-

tience and shuffle : and turning on one side, hee returned to his raiar. A Meta-

accustomed silence, without speaking one word.

By this wee heard great howling and moane, accompanied ers, who when with deepe fighes, and short-breath'd accents: I turned mee a- they lose, cry bout, and faw that in another roome there came palling by the to the dealer, Christall waters, a procession of a company of most beautifull Patience, and Damozels, in two rankes, all clad in mourning, with Turbants shuffle the voon their heads, after the Turkish fashion; at last, and in the end of the rankes, there came a Lady, who by her maiefty appear'd fo, clothed in like manner in blacke, with a white dreffing on her head, so large, that it killed the very ground. Her Turbant was twice as bigge as the biggelt of the reft, fhee was fomewhat beetle-brow'd, flatte-nosed, wide-mouth'd, but redde-lipped : her teeth, for sometimes she discovered them, seemed to be thin, and not very-well placed, though they were as white as blancht Almonds; in her hand shee carried a fine cloth, and within it (as might be perceived) a Mommied heart, by reason of the dry embalming of it: Montesines told me, that all those in that procession, were feruants to Durandarte and Belerma, that were there enchanted with their Masters, & that shee that came last with the linnen cloth and the heart in her hand, was the Lady Belerma, who, together with hir Damozels, four daies in the weeke did make that procession, singing, or to say truer, howling their Dirges over the body & greened heart of his Coufin,

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and that if now she appeared somewhat fouleto mee, or not so faire as Fame hath given out, the cause was; her bad nights, but worse daies that she indured in that enchantment; as I might see by her deepe-funke eyes, and her broken complexion, and her monthly disease, is not the cause of these, (an ordinary thing in women) for it is many moneths fince, and many yeeres, that she hath not had it, nor knowne what it is; but the griefe that shee hath in her owne heart, for that the carries in her hand continually, which renewes and brings to her remembrance, the vnfortunatenetle of her luckleffe Louer; for if it were not for this, scarce would the famous Dulcinea del Toboso equal her in beauty, wit, or livelinesse, that is so famous in the Mancha, and all the world oner. Not too fast (then faid 1) Signier Don Monte. fines, on with your story as befits; for you know, all comparis fons are odious, and so leave your comparing, the peerelesse Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the Lady Belerma is what the is and hath beene; and let this fuffice.

To which he answered, Pardon me Signior Don Omnote, for I confesse I did ill, and not welt to say, the Lady Dulcimen would scarce equall the Lady Belerma, since it had beene sufficient, that I vnderstood (I know not by what aime) that you are her Knight, enough to have made me bite my tongue, before I had compared her with any thing but heaven it selfe. With this satisfaction that Montesinos gaue me, my heart was free from that sodaine passion I had, to heare my Mistresse compared to Be-

lerma.

And I maruell (faid Sancho) that you got not to the olde Carle and bang'd his bones, and pulled his beard, without lea-

uing him a haire in it.

No, friend Sancho, said he, it was not fit for me to doe so; for wee are all bound to reuerence our Elders, although they be no Knights, and most of all when they are so, and are enchanted. I know well enough, I was not behinde-hand with him in other questions and answeres that passed betweene vs. Then said the Scholler, I know not, Signior Don Quixote, how you in so little time (as it is since you went downe) have seene so many things, and spoken & answered so much. How long is it (quothe)

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oe fo; for they be no chanted. I m in other en faid the in fo litie fo many sit (quoth

he) fince I went downe? A little more then an houre (faid Sancho.) That cannot be (replyed Don Quixote) because it yvas morning and evening, and evening and morning three times; fo that by my account, I have beene three daies in those parts so remote and hidden from our fight. Surely, my Master (quoth Sancho) is in the right; for as all things that befall him are by way of enchantment; fo perhaps, that which appeares to vs but an houre, is to him there, three nights and three dayes. He hath hit it (faid Don Quixote.) And have you eat, Sir, in all this time (quoth the Scholler?) Not a bit (quoth Don Quixote) neyther have I beene hungry, or so much as thought of eating. And the enchanted, eat they, faid the Scholler? No, faid he, neyther are they troubled with your greater excrements, although it be probable that their nailes, their beards, and their haires grow. Sleep they haply, faid Sancho? No indeed, faid Don Quixote, at least these three daies that I have beene with them, not one of them hath closed his eyes, nor I neyther. That fits the Prouerb, quoth Sancho, which fayes, You shall know the person by his company: you have beene amongst the enchanted, and those that watch & fast: no mauell therefore though you neyther slept nor eat whilest you were amongst them; but pray, Sir, pardon me, if I say, God (or the Deuill I was about to say) take me, if I belceue a word of all this you have spoken. Why not, said the Scholler? doe you thinke Signior Don Quixote would lye to vs, for though he would, hee hath not had time to compose or inuent fuch a million of lies? I doe not beleeve (quoth Sancho) that my Malter lies. But what doe you beleeve then (quoth Don Quixote?) Mary I beleeue (faid Sancho) that that Morling or those Enchanters that enchanted all that rabble, that you say you have feene and converfed with there below, clapt into your apprehension or memory all this Machine that you have told vs, and all that remaines yet to be told. All this may be, Sancho, faid Don Quixote; but 'tis otherwise; for what I have told, I faw with these eyes, and felt with these hands: but what wilt thou fay when I shall tell thee, that, amongst infinite other matters and voonders, that Montesinos shewed me, which at more leifure, and at fitting time in procette of our journey I shall tell

thee: He shewed me three Country wenches, that went leaping and frisking vp and downe those pleasant fields like Goats, and I scarce saw them, when I perceived the one was the peerlesse Dulcinea, and the other two the selfe-same that wee spoke to when vvee left Toboso. I asked Montesinos whether hee knew them: who answered me, Not: but that sure they were some Ladies of quality there enchanted, that but lately appeared in those sields, and that it vvas no vvonder; for that there were many others of former times & these present, that were enchanted in strange and different shapes, amongst whom hee knew Queene Guniner, and her vvoman Quintaniona silling Lansarotes cups when he came from Britaine.

When Sancho heard his Master thus farre, it made him starke madde, and ready to burst vvith laughter; for by reason that he knew the truth of Dulcinea's enchantment, as having been himselfe the Enchanter, and the raiser of that tale, hee did vndoubtedly ratise his beliefe, that his Master was madde and out of his vvittes; and so told him: In an ill time, and dismall day (Patron mine) vvent you downe into the other vvorld, and at an ill season met you with Signior Montesines, that hath returned you in this pickle: you vvere vvell enough heere aboue, in your right sences as God hath given them you, vttering sentences, & giving good counsaile every soote, and not as now telling the

greatest vnlikelihoods that can be imagined.

Because I know thee, Sancho (quoth Don Qaixoto) I make no account of thy words. Nor I of yours, said hee: you may strike or kill me if you will, eyther for those I haue spoken, or those I meane to speake, if you doe not correct and amend your selfe. But pray tell me, Sir, whilest we are quiet, how knew you it was our Mistris? spoke you to her? what said shee, and what answered you? I knew her, said Don Quixoto, by the same clothes she had on at such time as thou shewd'st her me: I spoke to her, but she gaue me not a word, but turned her backe, and scudded away so fast, that a slight would not have overtaken her: I meant to have sollowed her, and had done it, but that Montestwo told mee it was in vaine, and the rather, because it was now high time for me to returne out of the Caue. He told me like wise.

wife, that in procelle of time, he would let me know the meanes of difenchanting Durandarie, and Belerma & himfelfe; together with all the relt that were there: But that which most greened me, was ; that whileft I was thus talking with Montefinos, one of the vnfortunate Dulcinea's companions came on one fide of me (I not perceiuing it) and with teares in her eyes, and hollow vovce said to me; My Lady Dulcinea del Toboso commends her to you, and defires to know how you doe: and withall, because theis in great necessity, the defires you with all earnest nette, that you would be pleased to lend her three shillings upon this new Cotton Petticote that I bring you, or what you can spare; for the will pay you againe very thorthy. This metlage held me in fulpence and admiration: so that turning to Signior Montelinos, lasked him, Is it possible, Signior, that those of your better fort that be enchanted are in want? To which he answered, Beleeue me, Signior Don Quixote, this necessity rangeth and extends it selfe euery where, and ouertakes all men, neither spares shee the Enchanted; and therefore since the Lady Dulcinea demaunds these three shillings of you, and that the pawne seemes to bee good, lend them her, for fure shee is much straightned. I will take no pawne (quoth I) neither can I lend what shee requires, for I have but two shillings : thefe I gave, which were the fame, Sancho, that thou gauest me tother day, to give for almes to the poore that we met: and I told the Mayd, Friend, tell your Mifirsthat I am forry with al my heart for her wants, & I would I vvere a Fucar to releeve them; and let her knovv, that I neither Fucares, were a can, nor may have health, wanting her pleasing company, and rich family, & discreet conversation, and that I desire her, as earnestly as may many that be, that this her Captine Servant and Way-beaten Knight may maintained a fee and treat with her.

You shall also say, that when she least thinkes of it, shee shall nies in Spain, heare say, that I haue made an oath and vovv, such as was the & still vied to Marquis his of Mantua, to revenge his Nephue Baldwine, vvhen the 2. with he found him ready to give vp the ghost in the midst of the monies in his mountaine; which was, not to eat his meat with napkins, and warres. other Flim-flams added therunto, till he had revenged his death: And so svear I, not to be quiet, till I have travelled all the seven

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partitions of the world, more punctually then Prince Don Mainel of Portugall, till I have dif-enchanted her. All this and more you owe to my Mistrelle, said the Damozell; and taking the two shillings, in stead of making me a courtesie, she fetcht a

caper two yards high in the ayre.

Bleffed God! (Sancho cryed out) & is it possible that Enchanteers and Enchantments should so much prevaile upon him, as to turn his right understanding into such a wilde madnes? Sir, Sir, for Gods loue haue a care of your selfe, & looke to your credit: beleeue not in these bubbles that haue lessened and crazed your wits. Out of thy loue, Sancho, thou speakest this (said Dom Onixote) and for want of experience in the world, all things that haue neuer so little difficulty seeme to thee to be impossible: but time will come (as I haue told thee already) that I shall relate some things that I haue seene before, which may make the beleeue what I haue said, which admits no reply, or controversie.

CHAP. XXIIII.

where are recounted a thousand flim-flams, as impertinent, as necessary to the understanding of this famous Hi. ftory.

He Translator of this famous History out of his Originall, written by Cid Hamete Benengeli, sayes; That when hee came to the last chapter going before, these words were written in the Margin by the same Hamete. I cannot deleeue or be perswaded, that all that is written in the antecedent Chapter hapned so punctually to the valerous Don Quiavote: the reason is, because all Aduentures hitherto haue beene accidentall and probable; but this of the Caue, I see no likelihood of the truth of it, as being so vn-reasonable: Yet to thinke Don Quiavote would lye, being the worthiest Gentleman, and noblest Knight of his time, is not possible; for he would not lye, though he were shot to death vvith arrowes. On the other side I consider, that

he related it, with all the aforefaid circumstances, and that in so short a time, hee could not frame such a Machina of sopperies, and if this Aduenture seeme to be Apocrypha, the fault is not mine: so that leaving it indifferent, I here set it downe. Thou, Oh Reader, as thou art wise, judge as thou thinkest good; for I can doe no more, though one thing be certaine, that when hee was vpon his death-bed, he disclaimed this Aduenture, and said, That he had onely invented it, because it suted with such as hee had read of in his Histories: so he proceeds, saying:

The Scholler wondred, as well at Sancho's boldnesse, as his Masters patience, but he thought, that by reason of the ioy that he received in having seene his Mistresse Dulcinea (though enchanted) that softnesse of condition grew upon him; for had it beene otherwise, Sancho spoke words that might have grinded him to powder; for in his opinion he was somwhat sawcy with

his Master, to whom he said:

Signior Don Quixote, I thinke the journey that I have made with you, very wel employed, because in it I have stored up foure things. The first is, the having knowne your selfe, which I esteeme as a great happinesse. The second, to have knowne the secrets of this Montesinos Caue, with the transformations of Guadiana and Ruydera's Lakes, which may helpe me in my Spanish Onid I have in hand. The third is, to know the Antiquity of Card-playing, which was vied at least in time of the Emperor Charles the Great, as may be collected out of the words you fay Durandarte vsed, when after a long speech betweene him and Monte sinos, hee awakened saying; Patience, and shuffle: and this kind of speaking, he could not learne when he was enchanted; but when hee lived in France, in time of the aforesaid Emperor: and this observation comes in pudding time for the other booke that I am making, which is, My supply to Polydore Vergil, in the invention of Antiquities, and I beleeve, in his hee left out Cards, which I will put in, as a matter of great importance, especially having so authentike an author as Signior Darandarte. The fourth is, to have knowne for a certaine the true spring of the River Guadiana, which hath hitherto beene concealed:

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You have reason (sayd Don Quixote:) but I would faine know of you, now that it pleased God to give you abilities to print your bookes, To whom will you direct them ? You have Lords and a Grandes in Spaine (fayd the Scholler) to whom I 2 A name giuen to men of may direct them. Few of them (fayd Don Quixote) not because title, as Dukes, they doe not deserue the dedications, but because they will not Marquiffes, or admit of them, not to oblige themselves to the satisfaction, that is due to the Authors paines and courtefie. One Prince I know, Spaine, whose that may supply the deserts of the rest, with such advantage, that should I speake of it, it might stirre vp enuy in some noble stand couered brests : but let this rest till some fit time, and let vs looke out

where we may lodge too night.

Not farre from hence (fayd the Scholler) there is a Hermitage, where dwels a Hermit, that they fay hath been a Souldior, and is thought to bee a good Christian, and very discreet, and charitable. Besides the Hermitage, he hath a little house, which he hath built at his owne charge, yet though it be little, it is fit to receive ghelts. Hath hee any Hens, trow (fayd Sancho?) Few Hermits are without vm (quoth Don Quixote:) for your Hermits now adayes, are not like those that lived in the Defarts of Egypt, that were clad in Palme-leaues, and lived vpon the roots of the earth: but miltake me not, that because I speake well of them, I should speake ill of these, onely the penitency of these times comes not necre those : yet for ought I know, all are good, at least I think so, and if the worst come to the worst, your Hypocrite that faines himselfe good, doth lesse hurt then he that sinnes in publike.

As they were thus talking, they might efpy a Foot-man comming towards them, going apace, and beating with his wand a Hee-Mule laden with Lances and Halberds; when hee came neere them, hee faluted them, and palled on : but Don Quixote peopled parts fayd to him; Honelf fellow, flay, for me thinkes you make your Mule goe faster then needes. I cannot stay, Sir (fayd he) because these weapons that you see I carry, must be evsed to morrow morning: fo I must needs goe on my way, Farewell: But if you will know why I carry them, I shall lodge to night in the Vente about the Hermitage, and if you goe that way, there you shall

b Fentes, Places in Spaine, in barren vnfor lodging, like our beggerly Alehouses vpon the Highwayes.

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haue me, and I will tell you wonders: and so once more, Farewell. So the Mule pricked on so fast, that Don Qnixote had no leisure to aske him, what wonders they were; and as hee was curious, and alwayes desirous of nouelties, hee tooke order that they should presently go and passe that night in the Vente, without out touching at the Hermitage, where the Scholler would have

stayed that night.

So all three of them mounted, went toward the Vente, whither they reached fomewhat before it grew darke, and the Scholler inuited Don Quixote to drinke a fup by the way at the Hermitage: which as foon as Sancho heard, he made halte with Dapple, as did Don Quixote and the Scholler likewise : but as Sancho's ill lucke would haue it, the Hermit was not at home, as was told them by the Vnder-Hermit : they asked him whether he had any of the dearer fort of wine ? who answered, His Mafter had none: but if they would have any cheape water, hee would give it them with a good will. If my thirst would bee quencht with water, wee might have had Wels to drinke at by the way. Ah Camacho's marriage, and Don Diego's plenty, how oft shall I misse you? Now they left the Hermitage, and spurred toward the Vente, and a little before them, they overtooke a Youth, that went not very fall before them; fo they ouertooke him: he had a fword vpon his shoulder, and vpon it, as it seemed, a bundle of clothes, as breeches, and cloke, and a shirt; for he wore a veluet ierkin, that had some kinde of remainder of sattin, and his shirt hung out, his stockings were of silke, and his shooes square at toe, after the Court-fashion, he was about eighteene yeeres of age, and active of body to fee to: to palle the tediousnesse of the way, he went singing short pieces of songs, and as they came neere him, he made an end of one, which the Scholler (they fay learnt by heart) and it was this:

To the warres I goe for necessity,

At home would I tarry, if I had money.

Don Quixote was the first that spoke to him, saying; You go very naked, Sir Gallant. And whither, a Gods name? Let's know, if it be your pleasure to tell vs? To which the Youth answered, Heat and pouerty are the causes that I walke so light,

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and my journey is to the wars. Why for pouerty (quoth Doe Quixote?) for heat it may well be. Sir (fayd the Youth) I carry in this bundle a paire of flops, fellowes to this Ierken, if I were vm by the way, I shall doe my selfe no credit with them when I come to any towne, and I have no money to buy others with, so as well for this, as to aire my selfe, I goe till I can ouer take certaine companies of Foot, which are not about twelve leagues from hence, where I shall get me a place, and shall not want carriages to travell in, till I come to our imbarking place, which (they say) must be in Cartagena, and I had rather have the King to my Master, and serve him, then a beggerly Courtier. And

haue you any extraordinary pay, fayd the Scholler?

Had I served any Grande, or man of quality (fayd the Youth) no doubt I should; for that comes by your serving good Masters, that out of the Scullery men come to bee Lieutenants or Captaines, or to have some good pay: but I alwayes had theil lucke to serue your Shag-rags and Vp-starts, whose allowance was so bare and short, that one halfe of it still was spent in starching me a ruffe, and it is a miracle, that one ventring Page a mongst an hundred, should ever get any reasonable fortune. Buttell me, Friend (quoth Don Quixote) Is it possible, that in all the time you ferued, you never got a Livery? Two (faydthe Page:) But as he that goes out of a Monastery, before he profeeleth, hath his habit taken from him, and his clothes given him backe : fo my Masters returned me mine, when they had ended their businetses, for which they came to the Court for, and returned to their owne homes, & with-held their Liveries, which they had onely shewed for oftentation.

· Cullionry.

A notable a Esplocherio, as faith your Italian (quoth Da Qui xote) for all that, thinks your felfe happy that you are come from the Court, with so good an intention, for there is nothing in the world better, nor more profitable, then to serve God fiss, and next, your Prince and natural Master, especially in the practice of Armes, by which, if not more wealth, yet at least, more honour is obtained, then by Learning, as I have sayd many times, that though Learning hath raised more houses then Armes, yet your Sword-men have a kind of (I know not what) advantage

aduantage aboue Schollers, with a kinde of splendor, that doth

aduantage them over all.

And beare in your minde what I shall now tell you, which shall be much for your good, and much lighten you in your trauels, that is, not to thinke vpon adversity; for the worst that can come is death, which if it be a good death, the belt fortune of all is to die. Inlius Cafar, that braue Romane Emperour, being afked, Which was the best death? answered, A sudden one & vnthought of; and though he answered like a Gentile, and vovd of the knowledge of the true God, yet he fayd well, to faue humane feeling a labour; for fay you should bee slaine in the first skirmish, either with a Canon-shot, or blowne vp with a Mine, What matter is it? All is but dying, and there's an end: And as Terence fayes, A Souldier flaine in the field, shewes better, then aliue and fafe in flight; and so much the more famous is a good Souldiour, by how much hee obeyes his Captaines, and those that may command him; and marke, childe, it is better for a Soldiour to smell of his gun-powder, then of civer; and when olde age comes vpon you in this honourable exercise, though you be full of scarres, maimed, or lame, at least, you shall not be without honour, which pouerty cannot diminish; and besides, there is order taken now, that olde and maimed Souldiers may be relecued ; neither are they dealt withall alike those mens Negars, that a Hedescribes when they are olde and can doe their Malters no service, they the right sub-(vnder colour of making them free) turne them out of doores, till and cruell and make them flaues to hunger, from which nothing can free damned them but death, and for this time I will fay no more to you, but Country men. onely get up behinde me till you come to the Vente, and there you shall sup with me, and to morrow take your journey, which God speede, as your desires deserue.

The Page accepted not of his inuitement, to ride behinde him; but for the supper hee did: And at this season (they say) Saneho sayd to himselfe; Lord defend thee, Master; And is it possible, that a man that knowes to speake such, so many, and so good things (as hee hath sayd heere) should say hee hath seene such impossible fooleries, as he hath told vs of Montesino's Caue. Well, wee shall see what will become of it. And by this they

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came to the Vente iust as it was night, for which Sancho was glad, because too his Master tooke it to be a true Vente, and not a Castle, as hee was wont. They were no sooner entred, when Don Quixote asked the b Venter for the man with the Lances Mafter of the and Halberds, who answered him, hee was in the stable looking to his Moyle: Sancho and the Scholler did the fame to their Atles, giving Don Quixotes Rozinante the best manger and roome in the stable.

CHAP. XXV.

Of the Aducature of the Braying, and the merry one of the Puppet-man, with the memorable fouthfaying of the prophelying Ape.

ON Quixote stood vpon thornes, till hee might heare and know the promised wonders, of the man that carried the Armes, and went where the Venter had tolde him, to feeke him; where finding him, hee fayd; That by all meanes he must tell him presently, what hee had promised him vpon the way. The man answered him, The story of the wonders requires more leisure, and must not bee told thus standing: good Sir let mee make an end of prouandring my Beast, and I will tell you things that shall admire you.

Let not that hinder you (quoth Don Quixote) for Ile helpe you : and so he did, sifting his barley, and cleansing the manger (a humility that obliged the fellow to tell him his tale heartily :) thus fitting downe vpon a bench, Don Quixote by him, with the Scholler, Page, and Sancho, and the Venter, for his

complete Senate and Auditory, he began:

You shall understand, that in a towne, some four leagues and an halfe from this Vente, it fell out, that an Alderman there, by a trick and wile of a wench, his mayd-feruant (which were long to tell how) loft his Atle, and though the fayd Alderman vsed all manner of diligence to finde him, it was impossible. His Asse was wanting (as the publike voyce and fame goeth) fifteene dayes:

dayes: when the Alderman that loft him, being in the marketo Was place, another Alderman of the same towne told him; Pay mee not a for my newes, Gossip, for your Asse is forth-comming. I will when willingly, Gossip (fayd the other) but let me know where he is? ances This morning (fayd the Second) I faw him youn the mounoking taines without his pack-saddle, or any other furniture, so leane. their that it was pitty to fee him, I would have gotten him before me, er and and have driven him to you, but hee is so mountainous and wilde, that when I made towards him, hee flew from mee, and got into the thickest of the wood: If you please, wee will both returne and seeke him, let me first put vp this Asse at home, and

Ile come by and by. You shall doe me a great kindnesse (quoth he) and I will repay you (if neede be) in the like kinde.

With all these circumstances, iust as I tell you, all that know the truth, relate it : In fine, the two Aldermen, afoot and hand to hand, went to the Hils, and comming to the place where they thought to finde the Affe, they miffed of him, neither could they finde him, for all their feeking round-about. Seeing then there was no appearance of him, the Alderman that had seene him, fayd to the other; Harke you, Gossip, I haue a tricke in my head, with which we shall finde out this Beast, though hee bee hidden vnder ground, much more if in the mountaine : Thus it is, I can bray excellent well, and fo can you a little : well, tis a match. Alittle, Gossip (quoth the other) Verily, Ile take no ods of any body, nor of an Asse himselfe. We shall see then (said the second Alderman) for my plot is, that you goe on one side of the hill, and I on the other, so that wee may compatle it round, now and then you shall bray, and so will I, and it cannot bee, but that your Aile will answer one of vs, if hee bee in the mountaine.

To this the owner of the Asse answered; I tell you, Gossip, the deuice is rare, and worthy your great wit: so dividing themselves (according to the agreement) it sell out, that inst at one instant both brayed, and each of them coozened with the others braying, came to looke another, thinking now there had been newes of the Asse: And as they met, the Looser sayd; Is it possible, Gossip, that it was not mine Asse that brayed? No, twas I,

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fayd the other. Then (replide the Owner) Goffip, betweene you and an Affe there is no difference, touching your braying;

for in my life I neuer heard a thing more naturall.

These praises and extollings (sayd the other) doe more properly belong to you then mee, for truely you may give two to one, to the best and skilffullest Brayer in the world; for your found is losty, you keepe very good time, and your cadences thicke and sudden: To conclude, I yeeld my selfe vanquished, and give you the prize and glory of this rare ability. Well (sayd the Owner) I shall like my selfe the better for this heereafter, and shall thinke I know something, since I have gotten a quality, for though I ever thought I brayed well, yet I never thought I was so excellent at it, as you say.

Let me tell you (fayd the other) there bee rare abilities in the world, that are lost and ill-imployed, in those that will not good them-selues with them. Ours (quoth the Owner) can do vs no good, but in such businesses as wee have now in hand, and pray

God in this they may.

This sayd, they divided themselves againe, and returned to their braying, and every foot they were deceived, and met; till they agreed upon a counter-signe, that to know twas themselves, and not the Asse, they should bray twice together: so that with this doubling their brayes, every stitch-while they compassed the hill, the lost Asse not answering so much, as by the least signe; but how could the poore and ill-thriving Beast answer, when they found him in the Thicket eaten with Wolves? And his Owner seeing him, sayd; I marvelled he did not answer; for if he had not been dead, he would have brayed, if he had heard vs, or else he had beene no Asse; but i faith, Gossip, since I have heard your delicate braying, I thinke my paines well bestowed in looking this Asse, though I have found him dead.

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b The one as

very an Affe as the other. ² Tis in a very good hand, Gossip (sayd the other:) And if the Abbot sing well, ^b the little Monke comes not behinde him. With this, all comfortlesse and hoarce, home they went, where they told their Friends, Neighbours, and Acquaintances, what had happened in the search for the Asse, the one exaggerating weene aying;

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the others cunning in braying; all which was knowne and fored abroad in the neighboring townes: And the Deuill, that alwaics watcheth how he may fow & scatter quarrels and discord every where, raising brabbles in the aire, and making great Chimæra's of nothing, made the people of other townes, that when they faw any of ours, they should bray, as hitting vs in the teeth with

our Aldermens braying.

The Boyes at length fell to it, which was, as if it had falne into the lawes of all the Deuils in Hell, so this braying spred it felfe from one towne to the other, that they which are borne in our towne, are as well knowne as the begger knowes his dish : and this vnfortunate scoffe hath proceeded so farre, that many times those that were scoffed at, have gone out armed in a whole Squadron, to give battell to the Scoffers, without feare or wit, neither King nor Keisar being able to preuent them : I beleeue, that to morrow or next day, those of my towne will be in field (to wit, the Brayers) against the next towne, which is two leagues off, one of them that doth most persecute vs; and because we might be well prouided, I have bought those Halberds and Lances, that you faw. And these be the wonders, that I said I would tell you of: and if these bee not so, I know not what may.

And heerethe poore fellow ended his discourse; and now there entred at the doore of the Vente, one clad all in Chamois, in hose and doublet, and called aloud; Mine Oast, have you any lodging? for here comes the prophefying Ape, and the Motion of Melisendra. Body of me (quoth the Venter) heere is Master Peter, we shall have a brave night of it (I had forgot to tell how this Master Peter had his left eye, and halfe his cheeke, coucred with a patch of green Taffata, a figne that all that fide was fore:) so the Venter proceeded, faying; You are welcome, Master Peter, Where's the Ape and the Motion, that I fee ym not? They are not farre off (quoth the Chamois-man) onely I am come be-

fore, to know if you have any lodging?

I would make bold with the Duke of Alua himselfe (sayd the Venter) rather then Master Peter should bee disappounted: let your Ape and your Motion come; for wee have ghelts heere to night, that will pay for feeing that, and the Apes abilities. In good time (fayd hee of the Patch) for I will moderate the price, so my charges this night be payd for; and therefore I will cause the Cart where they are, to drive on: with this hee went out of the Vente againe. Don Quixote straight asked the Venter, What Master Peter that was, and what Motion or Apethose he

brought?

To which the Venter answered; He is a famous Pupper-Ma-Aer, that this long time hath gone vp & down these parts of Aragon, flewing this motion of Melifendra, & Don Gayferos, one of the best histories that hath bin represented these many yeeres in this kingdom. Belides, he hath an Ape, the strangest that ever was; for if you aske him any thing, he marketh what you aske. and gets vp vpon his Masters shoulder, and tells him in his care by way of answer, what he was asked : which Master Peter declares: he tells things to come, as well as things past, and though he doe not alwaies hit vpon the right, yet he seldome erres, and makes vs beleeve the Deuill is in him. Twelve pence for every answer we give, if the Ape doe answer, I meane, if his Master answer for him, after hee hath whispered in his care; so it is thought that Master Peter is very rich, he is a notable fellow, & (as your Italian faith) a boon companion; hath the best life in the world, talkes his share for fixe men, and drinks for a doozen, all at his Tongues charge, his Motion, and his Apes.

By this, Master Peter was return'd, and his Motion and Ape came in a smal carriage; his Ape was of a good bignesse, without a tayle, & his bumme as bare as a Felt, but not very ill-fauoured. Don Quixote scarce beheld him, when hee demanded, Master Prophesier, What sish doe we catch? Tell vs what will become of vs, and heere is twelue-pence, which he commanded Sancho to giue Master Peter; who answered for the Ape and said: Sir, this beast answeres not, nor giues any notice of things to come, of things past hee knowes something, and likewise a little of things present. Zwookers (quoth Sancho) lie not giue a farthing to know what is past: for who can tell that better then my selfe? and to pay for what I know, is most foolish: but since you say hee knowes things present, heere's my twelue-pence, and

let good-man Ape tellme what my wife Terefa Panfa doth, and in what shee busies her selfe. Master Peter would not take his mony, faying; I will not take your reward before-hand, till the Ape hath first done his duty : so giving a clap or two with his right hand on his left shoulder, at one friske the Ape got vp, and laying his mouth to his eare, grated his teeth apace, and having shewed this feat the space of a Creeds saying, at another frisk he leap'd to the ground, and inflantly Mafter Peter very halfily ran and kneeled downe before Don Quixote, & embracing his legs, faid: These legges I embrace, as it they were Hercules Pillars. O famous reutuer of the long-forgotten Knight Errantry ! Oh neuer sufficiently extolled Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha! raiser of the faint-hearted, propper of those that fall, the staffe & comfort of all the vnfortunate! Den Quixote was amazed, Sancho confused, the Scholler in suspence, the Page astonisht, the Bray townes-man all in a gaze, the Venter at his wittes end, and all admiring that heard the Puppet-mans speech, who went on, laying:

And thou honelt Sancho Pansa, the best Squire to the best Knight of the world, reioyce, for thy wife Teresa is a good hous-wife, and at this time she is dressing a pound of flaxe; by the same token shee hath a good broken-mouth'd pot at her left side, that holds a pretty scantling of wine, with which she easeth

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I beleeue that very well (fayd Sancho) for the is a good foule; and if the were not icalous, I would not change her for the Gyantelle Andandona, that, as my Master sayes, was a vyoman for the nonce: and my Teresa is one of those that will not pine her

felfe, though her heyres fmart for it.

Well, I say now (quoth Don Quixote) he that reades much, and trauelsmuch, sees much, and knowes much. This I say, for who in the world could have perswaded mee that Apes could prophesie? which now I have seene with mine owne eyes; for I am the same Don Quixote that this beast speakes of, although he have bin somewhat too liberall in my praise; but how soener I am, I give God thanks that he hath made me so relenting and compassionate; alwaies enclined to do good to all, & hurt to no man.

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If I had money (faid the Page) I would aske Mr. Ape what should be fall me in the peregrination I have in hand. To which Master Peter answered, that was now rifen from Don Quixotes foot, I have told you once that this little beast foretels not things to come; for if he could, twere no matter for your mony: for heere is Signior Don Quixote present, for whose sake I would forgoe all the Interest in the world: and to shew my duety to him, and to give himdelight, I will fet up my Motion, and freely shew all the company in the Vent some passine gratis. Which the Venter hearing, vnmeasurably glad, pointed him to a place where he might set it up; which was done in an instant.

Don Quixote liked not the Apes prophefying very well, holding it to be friuolous, that an Ape should onely tell things present, & not past, or to come. So whilest Master Peter was fitting his Motion, Don Quixote tooke Sancho with him to a cor-

ner of the stable, and in private faid : "

Looke thee, Sancho, I have very well considered of this Apa Itrange quality, and finde that this Master Peter hath made a fecret expresse compact with the Deuill, to infuse this ability into the Ape, that he may get his living by it, and when he is rich, he will give him his foule; which is that, that this vniverfall enemy of mankinde pretends: and that which induceth me to this beliefe, is, that the Ape answers not to things past, but onely prefent; and the Deuils knowledge attaines to no more; for things to come he knowes not, only by coniecture: for God alone can distinguish the times and moments, and to him nothing is past or to come, but all is present : Which being so, it is most certaine that this Ape speakes by instinct from the Deuill, and I wonder he hath not beene accused to the Inquisition, and examined, and that it hath not beene preffed out of him, to know by what vertue this Ape prophelieth; for certainely, neyther he nor his Ape are Altrologers, nor know how to call figures, which they call judiciary, fo much vsed in Spaine: for you have no paltry Woman, nor Page, nor Cobler, that prefumes notto cast a figure, as if it were one of the knaues at Cards upon a table, fallifying that wondrous Science with their ignorant lying, I knew

I knew a Gentlewoman that asked one of these Figure-flinpers, if a little foyfting-hound of hers should have any puppies, and if it had, how many, and of what colour the whelps should be. To which my cunning man (after hee had cast his figure) answered: That the bitch should have young, and bring forth three little whelps, the one Greene, the other Carnation, and the third of a mixt colour, with this prouiso, that she should take the dogge betweene eleuen and twelue of the clocke at noone, or at night, which should be on the Munday, or the Saturday; and the successe was, that some two dayes after the bitch died of a furfet, and Master figure-raiser yvas reputed in the towne a most perfect ludiciary, as all, or the greatest part of such men are. For all that (faid Sancho) I vyould you vyould bid Master Peter aske his Ape, whether all were true that befell you in Montesino's Caue; for I thinke (vnder correction) all yvas cogging and lying, or at least but a dreame. All might be (faid Done Quixote) yet I will doc as thou dost aduize me, though I have one scruple remaining.

Whilest they were thus communing, Master Peter came to call Don Onixote, and to tell him that the Motion was now up, if he would please to see it, which would give him content.

Don Quixote toldhim his desire, and vvished that his Ape might tell him, if certaine things that befell him in Montesino's Caue vvere true, or but dreames; for himselfe was vncertaine whether. Master Peter, vvithout answering a vvord, fetcht his Ape, and putting him before Don Quixote and Sancho, saide, Looke you, Master Ape, Signior Don Quixote vvould have you tell him, whether certaine things that hapned to him in Montesino's Caue vvere true or salse and making the accustomed signe, the Ape whipt vpon his left shoulder, and seeming to speake to him in his care, Master Peter straight interpreted. The Ape, Signior, saies that part of those things are salse, and part of them true, and this is all he knowestouching this demand; and now his vertue is gone from him, and if you vvill know any more, you must expect till Friday next, and then he will answer you all you will aske, for his vertue vvill not returne till then.

Law ye there (quoth Sancho) did not I tell you that I could

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not beleeve that all you faid of Montesinos Caue could hold currant? The successe heereafter will determine that (quoth Don Quixote) for time, the discouerer of althings, brings every thing to the Sunnes light, though it be hidden in the bosome of the earth : and now let this suffice, and let vs goe see the Motion: for I beleeue we shall have some strange nouelty. Some strange one, quoth Master Peter? this Motion of mine hath a thousand strangeones: I rell you Signior, it is one of the rarest things to be seene in the world; operibus credite of non verbis: and now to worke, for it is late, and we have much to doe, fay, and shew.

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed, and went where the Motion was fer and opened, all full of little waxe lights, that made it most fightly and glorious. Master Peter straight clapped himfelfe within it, who was hee that was to manage the artificiall Puppets, and without flood his boy to interpret and declare the mysteries of the Motion; in his hand hee had a vyhite yvand. with which he pointed out the feuerall shapes that came in and out. Thus all that were in the Vente being placed, & some standing ouer-against the Motion, Don Quixote, Sancho, the Schola El Tyuxaman, ler and the Page, placed in the best seates, a the Trudge-man be

gan to speak what shall be heard or seene, by him that shall heare An Interpreter amongst the Turks, but here taken for any in genc-

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or read the next Chapter.

CHAP. XXVI.

Of the delightfull passage of the Puppet-play, and other plea fant matters.

Fere Tyrians and Troyans were all filent, I meane, all the spectators of the Motion had their eares hanged you the Interpreters mouth, that should declare the wonders; by and by there was a great found of Kettle Drums, and Trumpers, and a volly of great shot within the Motion, which paffing away briefly, the boy beganne to raife his voyce, and

This true History which is here represented to you, is taken word

word for word out of the French Chronicles, and the Spanish Romants, which are in every bodies mouth, and sung by boyes vp and downe the streets. It treats of the liberty that Signior Don Gayferos gave to Melisendra his wife, that vvas imprisoned by the Moores in Spaine, in the City of Sansuena, which was then so called, and now Saragosa; and looke you there, how Don Gayferos is playing at Tables, according to the song;

Now Don Gayferos at Tables doth play,

Vumindfull of Melisendra away.

And that Personage that peepes out there with a Crowne on his head, and a Scepter in his hand, is the Emperor Charlemaine, the supposed father of the said-Melssendra, who grieued with the floth and neglect of his Sonne in law, comes to chide him: and marke with what vehemency and earnest neise he rates him, as if he meant to give him halfe a doozen Connes with his Scepter. Some Authors there bee that fay, hee did, and found ones too: and after he had told him many things concerning the danger of his reputation, if he did not free his Spouse, twas said hee told him, I haue faid enough, looke to it. Looke ye Sir, againe, how the Emperor turnes his backe, and in what case hee leaves Don Gayferos, vvho all enraged flings the Tables and the tablemen from him, and hastily calls for his Armour, and borrowes his Cousin Germane Roldan his sword Durindana; vvho offers him his company in this difficult enterprise. But the valorous enraged Knight would not accept it, faying; That hee is sufficient to free his Spouse, though she were put in the deepe Centre of the earth: and now hee goes in to Armehimselfe for his lourney.

Now turne your eyes to yonder Tower that appeares, (for you) must suppose it is one of the Towers of the Castle of Saragosa, vehich is now called the Aliaseria, and that Lady that appeares in the window, cladde in a Moorish habit, is the peerelesse Melisendra, that many a time lookes toward France, thinking on Paris and her spouse, the onely comforts in her imprisonment. Behold also a strange accident now that happens, perhaps never the like seene: see you not that Moore that comes saire and softly, with his singer in his mouth, behinde Melisen-

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you, is taken word dra? looke what a smacke he gives her in the midst of her lippes. and how fodginely shee begins to spit, and to wipe them with her white smocke sleeue, and how she laments, and for very anguish despiteously rootes up her faire hayres, as if they were to blame for this wickednesse. Marke you also that grave Moore, that stands in that open Gallery, it is Marsilius King of Sanswen. na, who when he faw the Moores fawcinetie, although he were a kinf-man, and a great fauourite of his, hee commanded him straight to bee apprehended, and to have two hundreth stripes given him, and to be carried thorow the chiefe streets in the City, with minstrels before, and rods of Justice behinde; and looke ye how the sentence is put in execution before the fault bee scarce committed; for your Moores vse not (as we doe) any legall proceeding. Childe, childe (cried Don Quixote aloud) on with your story in a direct line, and fall not into your crooks and your trans-uerfals : for to verifie a thing I tell you, there had need be a Legall proceeding. Then Mafter Peter too fail from vvithin; Boy, fall not you to your flourishes, but doe as that Gentleman commands you, which is the best course; fing you your plaine fong, and meddle not with the treble. lest the strings breake. I will, Master (faid the boy) and procee ded, faying:

He that you fee there (quoth he) on horsebacke, cladde in a Gascovne cloake, is Don Ganferos himselfe, to whom his Wife (now reuenged on the Moore for his boldnesse) showes her selfe from the battlements of the Castle, taking him to bee some passenger, with whom shee passed all the discourse mentioned in

the Romant, that faves;

Friend, if toward France you goe, Aske if Gayferos be there or no. &c.

The rest I omit, for all prolixity is irkesome, tis sufficient that you see there how Don Gayferos discouers himselfe, and by Melisendra's iocund behaviour, we may imagine she knowes him, and the rather, because now we see, she lets her selfe downs from a bay-window, to ride away behinde her good Spouse: butalas, vnhappy creature, one of the skirts of her kirtle hash caught vpon one of the yron barres of the window, and she hours in

theavre, vvithout possibility of comming to the ground : but r lippes, fee how pittifull heavens releeve her in her greatest necessity; for m vvith Don Garferes comes, and without any care of her rich Kirtle. very anlayeshold of it, and forcibly brings her downe with him, and at were to one hoift fets her aftride vpon his horfes crupper, & commands Moore, her to fit fast, and clap her armes about him, that shee fail not; San wenfor Melisendra was not vsed to that kinde of riding. Looke h he were you how the horse by his neighing shewes that he is proud with nded him the burden of his valiant Malter, and faire Miltrelle. Look how eth stripes they turne their backes to the City, and merrily take their vvay in the Ciroward Paris. Peace be with you, O peereleffe couple of true and looke Louers, fafely may you arrive at your defired Country, without e fault bee Fortunes hindering your prosperous voyage: may your friends oe) any leand kindred see you enjoy the rest of your yeeres (as many as aloud) on Nestors) peaceably. ur crookes Heere Master Peter cryed out aloud againe, saying; Plaineyou, there er too laid

Heere Master Peter cryed out aloud againe, saying; Plainenesse, good boy, doe not you soare so high, this affectation is
secure. The Interpreter answered nothing, but went on, saying, There wanted not some idle spectators that pry into enery
thing, who saw the going downe of Melisendra, and gaue Marslines notice of it, who straight commanded to sound an Alarme;
and now behold, how fast the City even sinkes againe with the
novse of bels that sound in the high Towers of the Mesquits. a Mesquitas.

There you are out by (faid Don Quixote) and Master Peter is Moorish very improper in his belles; for amongst Moores you have no Churches. bels, but Kettle-drummes, and a kinde of Shaulmes that bee like our Waytes, so that your sounding of bels in Sansuenna is a most idle soppery. Stand not vpon trifles, Signior Don Quixote, said Master Peter, and so strictly vpon everything, for we shall not know how to please you. Have you not a thousand Comedies ordinarily represented, as sull of incongruities and absurdities, and yet they runne their Careere happily, and are heard, not only with applause, but great admiration also? On, boy, say on, & so I fill my purse, let there be as many improprieties as moates in the Sunne. You are the right (quoth Don Quixote) and the boy proceeded.

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City in pursuit of the Catholike Louers, how many Trumpets found, how many Shaulmes play, how many drummes & kertles make a noyle, I feare me they will ouer-take them, and bring them backe both bound to the same horses tayle, which would

be a horrible spectacle.

Don Quixote seeing and hearing such a deale of Moorisme. and fuch a coyle, he thought fit to fuccour those that fled: fo flanding vp, with a loud voyce he cryed out; I will neuer confent while I live, that in my presence, such an outrage as this, beeof. fred to so valiant, and so amorous a bold Knight, as Don Gayfe. ros: Stay, you base Scoundrels, doe not yee follow or persecute him: if you doe, you must first wage warre with mee: so doing and speaking, he vnsheathed his sword, and at one friske he got to the Motion, and with an vnseene and posting fury, he began to raine strokes vpon the Puppetish Moorisme, ouerthrowing fome, and beheading others, maining this, and cutting in piece that, and amongst many other blowes, he fetcht one so downe right, that had not Mr. Peter tumbled and squatted downe, he had clipped his Mazard as eafily, as if it had beene made of March-pane, Mr. Peter cryed out, faying; Hold, Signior Don Quixote, hold; and know that these you hurle downe, destroy and kill, are not reall Moores, but shapes made of paste-boord; Looke you, looke yee now (wretch that I am) hee spoyles all, and vindoes me. But for all this, Don Quixote still multiplied his flashes, doubling and redoubling his blowes, as thicke as hops.

And in a word, in leffethen two Credo's, he cast downethe whole Motion (all the tackling first cut to fitters, and all the Pup pets) King Marsilius was fore wounded, and the Emperour Charlemaine, his head and crowne were parted in two places. the Senate and Auditors were all in a hurry, and the Apegatyp to the top of the house, and so out at the window, the Scholler was frighted, the Page cleane dastarded, and even Sancho himfelfe was in a terrible perplexity, for (as he sware after the storm

was palt) he neuer faw his Malter fo outragious.

The generall ruine of the Motion thus performed, Don Quixote began to bee somewhat pacified, and sayd; Now would have all those heere at this instant before mee, that beleeve not,

how profitable Knights Errant are to the world; and had not I been now present, what (I maruell) world have become of Signior Don Gayferos, and the faire Melisendra? I warrant, ere this, those dogs would have overtaken, and shewed them some soule play: when all is done, long live Knight Errantry, above all things living in the world.

Long liue it on Gods name (fayd Mr. Peter) agen with a pittifull voyce, and may I die, fince I liue to be so vnhappy, as to
say with Kinga Don Rodrigo, Yesterday I was Lord of all Spaine, a Don Rodrigo
but to day haue not a Battlement I can call mine: Tis not yet was the last
halfe an houre, scarce halfe a minute, that I was Master of Kings King of the
and Emperours, had my stables, coffers, and bags sull of horses
raigned in
and treature: but now I am desolate, desected and poore, and to Spaine, conadde more affliction, without my Ape, that before I can catch quered by the
him againe, I am like to sweat for it, and all through the vnconsi- Moores.

derate furies of this Sir Knight, who is fayd to protect the fatherlesse, to rectifie wrongs, and to doe other charitable works; but to me onely, this his generous intention hath beene defective, I thanke God for it. In fine, it could bee none but The Knight of the Sorrowfull Countenance, that discountenanced me and mine. Sancho grew compassionate to heare Master Peters lamentation, and fayd; Weepe not, nor grieue, Master Peter, for thou breakeltmy heart; and let me tell thee, that my Master, Don Quixote, is so scrupulous and Catholicall a Christian, that if hee fall into the reckoning, that hee have done thee any wrong, hee knowes how, and will fatisfie it with much advantage. If (fayd Malter Peter) Signior Don Quixote would but pay mee for some part of the Pieces that he hath spoyled, I should bee contented, and his Worship might not bee troubled in conscience: for hee that keepes that, that is another mans, against the Owners will, and restores it not, can hardly be faued.

That's true (quoth Don Quixote:) But hitherto, Master Peter, I know not whether I have detained ought of yours. No? not, said Master Peter? why these poore relikes that lie vpon the hard and barren earth, who scattered and annihilated them, but the inuincible force of that powerfull arme? And whose were those bodies, but mine? And with whom did I maintaine my

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felfe, but with them ? Well, I now (fayd Don Quixote) verily beleeue, what I have done often, that the Enchanters that perfecute me, doe nothing but put shapes really, asthey are before mine eyes, and by and by trucke and change them at their pleafures. Verily, my Masters, you that heare me, I tell you, all that heere patled, feemed to me to be really fo, and immediately that that Melisendra was Melisendra ; Don Gayferos, Don Gayferos; and Marsilius, Marsilius; and Charlemaine, Charlemaine: And this was it that stirred up my choller; and to accomplish my Profession of Knight Errant, my meaning wasto succour those that fled, and to this good purpose I did all that you have seene, which if it fell out valuckily, twas no fault of mine, but of my wicked persecutors : yet for all this errour (though it proceeded from no malice of mine) I my felfe will condemne my selfe in the charge; let Master Peter see what hee will have for the spoyled pieces, and I will pay it all in present currant come of Castile.

Master Peter made him a low leg, saying; I could expect to less from the vnheard of Christianity of the most valorous Du Quixote de la Mancha, the true Succourer and Bulwarke of those that be in neede and necessity, or wandring Vagamunde, and now let the Venter and the Grand Sancho bee Arbitratous, and Price-setters betweene your Worship and me, and let them say what every torne piece was worth. The Venter and Sancho both agreed: and by and by Mr. Peter reached up Marshim King of Saragosa headlesse, and sayd; You see how impossible it is for this Prince to returne to his sirst being, and therefore, buing your better judgements, I thinke sit to have for him two

shillings and three-pence.

On then, quoth Don Quivote. Then for this (quoth Malla Peter) that is parted from head to foot, taking the Emperous Charlemaine vp, I thinke two shillings seuen-pence halfe-peny is little enough. Not very little, quoth Sancho. Nor thich (save the Venter:) but moderate the bargaine, and let him haut halfe a crowne. Let him have his full asking (sayd Don Quivot) for, for such a mishap as this, wee'l nere stand vpon three halfe-pence more or lesse; and make an end quickly, Master Peter, for

it is neere supper-time, and I have certaine suspicions that I shall eat. For this Pupper (sayd Mr. Peter) without a nose, and an eye wanting, of the saire Melisendra, I aske, but in Iustice source.

teene pence halfe-penny.

Nay, the Deuil's in it (sayd Don Quixote) if Melisendrabee not now in France, or vpon the borders, at least, with her Husband; for the horse they rode on, to my seeming, rather slew then ran; and therefore sell not me a Cat for a Coney, presenting me heere Melisendra nose-lesse, when shee (if the time require it) is wantonly solacing with her Husband in France: God give each man his owne, Mr. Peter, let vs have plaine dealing; and so proceed. Master Peter, that saw Don Quixote in a wrong vaine, and that he returned to his olde Theame, thought yet he should not escape him, and so replied; Indeede this should not be Melisendra, now I thinke on't; but some one of the Damozels that served her, so that sue pence for her will content me.

Thus he went on prizing of other torne Puppets, which the Arbitrating Judges moderated to the satisfaction of both parties, and the whole prices of all were, twenty one shillings and eleuen pence, which when Sancho had disbursed, Master Peter demanded ouer and aboue twelue-pence for his labour, to looke the Ape. Giue it him, Sancho (sayd Don Quixote) not to catch his Ape, 2 but a Monkey, and I would giue sue pound for a re-2 As we say, ward, to any body that would certainely tell me, that the Lady To catch a

Melisendra and Don Gasferos were safely arrived in France, a-Fox. mongst their owne people.

None can better tell then my Ape (said Master Peter) though the Deuill himselse will scarce catch him; yet I imagine, making much of him, and hunger, will force him to seeke me to night, and by morning we shall come together. Well, to conclude; the storme of the Motion passed, and all supped merrily, and like good fellowes, at Don Quixotes charge; who was liberall in extremity. Before day, the fellow with the Lances and Halberds was gone, and some what after, the Scholler and the Page came to take leave of Don Quixote, the one to return homeward, and the other to prosecute his intended voyage, and for a releese Don Quixote gaue him six shillings.

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Master Peter would have no more to doe with him; for hee knew him too well. So he got vp before the Sunne, and gathering the relikes of the Motion together, and his Ape, he betooke him to his Adventures. The Venter that knew not Don Quixote, wondred as much at his liberality, as his madnes. To conclude, Sancho payd him honestly, by his Masters order, and taking leave, about eight of the clocke they left the Vente, and went on their way, where wee must leave them; for so it is fit, that we may come to other matters pertaining to the true declaration of this famous History.

CHAP. XXVII.

Who Master Peter & bis Ape were, with the ill successe that Don Quixote had in the Adventure of the Braying, which ended not so well, as he would, or thought for.

Id Hamete, the Chronicler of this famous Hillory, beginnes this Chapter with these words : I sweare likes Catholike Christian. To which the Translatour saves, That Cidhis fwearing like a Catholike Christian, hee being a Moore, as vindoubtedly he was, was no otherwise to be vinderstood, then that as the Catholike Christian, when hee sweares, doth or ought to sweare truth, so did he, as if he had sworne like a Catholike Christian, in what hee meant to write of Don Qui xote, especially in recounting who Mr. Peter & the prophesying Ape were, that made all the Countrey altonisht at his fore-telling things. He fayes then, that hee who hath read the former part of this Hiltory, will have well remembred that fame Gines de Paffamonte, whom Don Quixote, amongst other Gally-flaues, freed in Sierra Morena, a benefit for which afterward hee had small thankes, and worse payment, from that wicked and vngratefull Rowt.

This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginessile de Parapilla, was hee that (tole Sancho's Dapple; which, because neither the manner nor the time were put in the first part, made many.

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led Ginefillo ich, because part, made many many attribute the fault of the Impression, to the Authors weakenesse of memory. But true it is, that Gines stole him, as Sancho slept vpon his backe, vsing the same tricke and deuice of Brunelo's, when as Sacripante being vpon the siege of Albraca, he stole his horse from vnder his legs; and after Sancho recoursed him againe, as was shewed.

This Gines, fearefull of being found by the Iustices that fought after him, to punish him for his infinite villanies and faults, that were so many and so great, that him selfe made a great volume of them, determined to get him into the Kingdome of Aragon, and so covering his left eye, to apply himselfe to the office of a Puppet-man; for this and juggling hee was excellent at. It fell out so, that hee bought his Ape of certaine captine Christians that came out of Barbary, whom hee had instructed, that vpon making a certaine signe, hee should leape vpon his shoulder, and should mumble, or seeme to doe so, at kall, something in his eare.

This done, before he would enter into any towne with his Motion or Ape, he informed himfelfe in the neerest towne, or where hee best could, what particulars had happened in such a place, or to such persons, and bearing all well in minde, the first thing he did, was to shew his Motion, which was sometimes of one Story, otherwhiles of another: but all merry, delightfull,

and familiarly knowne.

The fight being finisht, hee propounded the rarities of his Ape, telling the people that hee could declare vnto them, all things past and present; but in things to come, he had no skill: For an answer to each question hee demanded a shilling; but to some hee did it cheaper, according as hee perceived the Demanders in case to pay him; and sometimes he came to such places, as he knew what had happened to the Inhabitants, who although they would demand nothing, because they would not pay him; yet he would straight make signes to the Ape, and tell them, the Beast had told him this or that, which fell out suff by what hee had before heard, and with this hee got an vnspeakable name, and all men flocked about him, and at other times (as he was very cunning) he would reply so, that the answers fell out sery sit

to the questions: and since no body went about to sift, orto presse him, how his Ape did prophesie, hee gulled energione,

and filled his pouch.

As foone as ever he came into the Vonte, hee knew Don Qui. xote & Sancho, and all that were there: but it had cost him deare, if Don Quixote had let his hand fall somewhat lower, when hee cut off King Marshim his head, and destroyed all his Chivalry, as was related in the antecedent Chapter. And this is all that may

be fayd of Master Peter and his Ape.

And returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, I fay, that after hee was gone out of the Vente, hee determined first of all to fee the bankes of the river Heber, and all round-about, before hee went to the City of Saragofa, fince betweene that and the Iusts there, he had time enough for all. Heereupon hee went on his way, which he palled two dayes without lighting on any thing worth writing, till the third day, going vpa Ridge-way, her heard a found of Drummes, Trumpets, and Guns; at first, hee thought some Regiment of Souldiers passed by that way : fo, to fee them, he spurred Rozinante, and got vp the Ridge, and when he was at the top, he saw (as he ghessed) at the foot of it, neere ypon two hundredmen, armed with different forts of Armes, to wit, Speares, Crotle-bowes, Partizans, Halberds, and Pikes, and some Guns, and many Targets. He came downe from the high ground, and drew neere to the Squadron, infomuch that he might distinctly, perceive their Banners, judged of their Colours, and noted their Impreses, and especially one, which was on a Standard or Shred of white Sattin, where was lively painted a little Alle, like one of your Sardinian Alles, his head lifted vp, his mouth open, and his tongue out, in act and pollure iust as he were by ing, about him were these two verses written in faire letters;

> Twas not for nought that day, The one and i'sther ludge did bray:

By this device Don Quixote collected, that those people belonged to the Braying Towne, and so he told Sancho, declaring likewise what was written in the Standard; hee told him also, that hee that told them the Story, was in the wrong, to say they

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were two Aldermen that brayed: for by the verses of the Standard, they were two Judges. To which Sancho answered, Sir, that breakes no square, for it may very well be, that the Aldermen that then brayed, might come in time to be Judges of the Towne, so they may have been called by both titles. How soeuer, tis not materiall to the truth of the story, whether the Brayers were Aldermen, or Judges, one for another, be they who they would, and a Judge is even as likely to bray as an Alderman.

To conclude, they perceived and knew, that the towne that was mocked, went out to skirmish with another that had too much abused them, and more then was sitting for good neighbours. Don Quixote went towards them, to Sancho's no small griese, who was no friend to those enterprizes. Those of the squadron hemmed him in, taking him to be some one of their side. Don Quixote listing up his Visor, with a pleasant countenance and courage, came toward the Standard of the Asse, and there all the chiefest of the Army gathered about him to behold him, falling into the same admiration as all else did the first time they had seene him. Don Quixote that saw them attentively looke on him, and no man offering to speake to him, or aske him ought, taking hold on their silence, and breaking his owne, hee raised his voyce, and said:

Honest friends, I desire you with all earnestnesse, that you interrupt not the discourse that I shall make to you, till you shall see that I eythet distaste or weary you; which if it be so, at the least signe you shall make, I will seale up my lips, and clappe a gaggeon my tongue. All of them bade him speake what hee

would, for they would heare him willingly.

Don Quixote having this licence, went on, faying, I, my friends, am a Knight Errant, whose exercise is Armes, vehose profession, to favor those that need favor, and to helpe the distressed. I have long knowne of your misfortune, & the cause that every while moves you to take Armes to be ereuenged on your enemies. And having not once, but many times pondered your businessed in my vnderstanding, I finde (according to the Lawes of Duell) that you are deceived to thinke your selves as-

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fronted; for no particular person can affront a whole Towne, except it be in defying them for Traitors in generall, because he knowes not who in particular committed the Treason, for which he defied all the Towne.

We have an example of this in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who defied the whole towne of Zamora, because hee was ignorant that onely Vellido de Olfos committed the treason in killing his King; to he defied them all, and the revenge & answer concerned them all: though howfoeuer Don Diego was formewhat too hafty and too forward; for it was needlefte for him to have defied the dead, or the waters, or the Corne, or the children vn. borne, with many other trifles there mentioned: but let it got, for when Choller ouer-flowes, the tongue hath neyther father, gouernour, or guide that may correct it. This being fothen, that one particular person cannot affront a Kingdom, Prouince, City, Common-wealth, or Towne onely, it is manifelt, that the revenge of defiance for such as affront is needlette, since it is none; for it were a goodly matter fure that those of the towns of Reloxa should every foot go out to kill those that abuse them fo : Or that your b Cazoteros, Verengeneros, Vallenatos, Xanoneros, or others of these kindes of Nick-names, that are commonin enery boyes mouth, and the ordinary fort of people: twere very good, I say, that all these famous Townes should bee dition, & two ashamed, and take reuenge, and runne with their swords contimuslly drawne like Sack-buts, for every flender quarrell. No, no, God forbid: Men of wisedome and well-gouerned Commonwealths, ought to take Armes for foure things, and fo to endanger their persons, lives, and clates. First, to defend the Catholike Faith. Secondly, their lives, which is according to Divine and Naturall Law. Thirdly, to defend their honour, family, & effaces. Fourthly, to ferue their Prince in a lawfull warre, and if we will, we may adde a fift (that may ferue for a fecond) to defend their Country. To these fine capitall causes, may be joyned many others, just and reasonable, that may oblige men to take Armes: but to take them for trifles, and things that are rather hit for laughter and pastime then for any affront, it seems that he who takes them, wants his judgement. Besides, to take

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an vniust reuenge, (indeed nothing can be just by way of reuenge) is directly against Gods Law which we professe, in which we are commanded to doe well to our enemies, and good to those that hate vs; a Commandement that though it seeme difficult to fulfill, yet it is not onely to those that know lesse of God then the world, and more of the slesh then the Spirit; for Iesus Christ, true God and man, who neuer lyed, ney ther could, nor can, being our Law-giuer, said that his yoke was sweet, and his burden light: so he would command vs nothing that should be vnpossible for vs to sulfill. So that, my masters, you are tied both by Lawes Diuine and humane to be pacified.

The Deuill take mee (thought Sancho to himselfe at this instant) if this Master of mine be not a Divine, or if not, as like one

as one egge is to another.

Den Quixole tooke breath a while, and feeing them still attentiue, had proceeded in his discourse, but that Sancho's conceitednesse came betwixt him and home, who seeing his Master

pawfe, tooke his turne, faying:

My Master Don Quixote de la Mancha, sometimes called The Knight of the forrowfull Countenance, and now The Knight of the Lyons, is a very indicious Gentleman, speakes Latin and his mother-tongue as well as a Bachelor of Arts, and in all he handlethor adviseth, proceeds like a man of Armes, and hathall the Lawes and Statutes of that you call Duell, ad unguem: therefore there is no more to bee done, but to gouerne your felues according to his direction, and let mee beare the blame if you doe amisse. Besides, as you are now told, tis a folly to be assumed to heare one Bray; for I remember when I was a boy, I could have brayed at any time I lifted, without any bodies hinderance. which I did fo truly and cunningly, that when I brayed, all the Affes in the Towne would answer me; and for all this, I was held to be the sonne of honest parents, and though for this rare quality I was enuied by more then foure of the proudell of my parish, I cared not two strawes; and that you may know I say true, doe but stay & hearken, for this science is like swimming, once known, neuer forgotte, so clapping his hand to his nose he began to bray fo strongly, that the vallies neere-hand resounded

againe. But one of them that flood neerest him, thinking hee had flouted them, lifted vp a good Batte he had in his hand, and gaue him such a blow, that he tumbled him to the ground.

Don Quixote, that faw Sancho so euill intreated, see vpon him that did it, with his Launce in his hand; but there came so many betwixt them, that it was not possible for him to be reuenged: rather seeing a cloud of stones comming towards himselse, and that a thousand bent Crosse-bowes began to threaten him, and no lesse quantity of gunnes; turning Rozinantes reines, as fast as he could gallop, he got from among them, recommending himselse heartily to God, to free him from that danger, and tearing every foot, less some bullet should enter him behinde, and come out at his brest: so he still went fetching his breath, to see if it failed him. But they of the squadron were satisfied when they saw him slie, and so show not at him. Sancho they set vpon his Asse, (scarce yet come to himselse) and let him go after his Master, not that he could tell how to guide him: but Dapple sollowed Rozinantes steppes, without whom he was nobody.

Don Quixote being now a pretty way off, looked backe, and faw that Sancho vvas comming, and marked that nobody followed him. Those of the squadron were there till darke night, and because their enemies came not to battell vvith them, they returned home to their towne, full of mirth and iollity: and if they had knowne the ancient cultome of the Grecians, they

would have raised a Trophy in that place.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Of things that Benengeli relates, which be that reades fiall know, if he read them with attention.

Hen the Valiant man turnes his backe, the advantage over him is manifelt, and it is the part of visite men to referve themselves to better occasions. This truth was verified in Don Quixote, who giving way to the sury of the people, and to the ill intentions of that angry squadrons, tooks

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the aduanpart of vvife afions. This y to the fury y fquadron, tooke tooke his heeles, and without remembring Sancho, or the danger he had left him in, got himselfe so farre as he might seeme to be safe. Sancho followed lay da-thwart vpon his Asse, as hath been said. At last he ouer-took him, being now come to himself, and comming neere, he sell off his Dapple at Rozinantes seet, all sorrowfull, bruised and beaten. Don Quixote alighted to search his wounds, but sinding him whole from top to toe, very angrily he said, You must Bray with a plague to you, and vwhere have you found that its good naming the Halter in the hanged mans house? to your braying musick, what counterpoint could you expect but Bat-blowes? And, Sancho, you may give God thankes, that since they blessed you with a cudgell, they had not made the Per signum crucis on you with a Scimitar.

I know not what to answer (quoth Sancho) for me-thinkes I speake at my backe, pray let's bee gone from hence, and Ile no more braying: yet I cannot but say, that your Knight Errants can flye, and leave their faithfull Squires to bee bruited like Privet by their enemies:

To retire, is not to flye (faid Don Qnixote) for know, Sancho; that Valour that is not founded vpon the Balis of Wisedome, is stilled Temerity, and the rash mans actions are rather attributed to good fortune, then courage. So that I confesse I retired, but fledde not, and in this haue imitated many valiant men, that haue reserved themselves for better times; and Histories are full of these, which because now they would be tedious to me, and vn-profitable to thee, I relate them not at present.

By this time Sancho, vvith Don Quixote's help, got to horse, and Don Quixote mounted Rozinante, and by little & little, they had gotten into a little Elme-groue, some quarter of a league off: now and then Sancho would fetch a most deep Heigho, & dolorous sights. And Don Quixote demanding the reason of his pirtifull complaints, he said, that from the point of his backe-bone, to the top of his crowne, he was so sore, that he knew not what to doe. The cause of that paine vindoubtedly (quoth Don Quixote) is, that as the cudgell with which they banged thee was long and slender, it lighted vpon those parts of thy backe all along, that greene thee; and if it had beene thicker, it had grieued.

ued thee more. Truely (quoth Sancho) you have resolved mee of a great doubt, and in moit delicate tearmes declared it to me. Body of me, was the cause of my griefe so concealed, that you must needs tell me that all of me was fore where the cudgell lighted? If my ankles did paine me, I warrant, you would riddle the cause of it; but tis poore riddling to tell that my brusing gricues me. Yfaith, yfaith, Master mine, other mens ills are slightly regarded, and every day I discover land, and see how little I can expect from your service; for if at this time you suffered meto be dry-beaten, we shal come a hundred & a hundred times to the Blanket-toffing you wotte of, and other childish trickes, which if they now lighted on my shoulders, they will after come out at mine eyes. It were a great deale better for mee, but that I am a beast, and shall neuer do ought well while I live. It were a great deale better (I say againe) for me to get mee home to my Wife and Children, to maintaine and bring them up with that little God hath given me, and not to follow you vp and downe these by-waies, drinking ill, and eating worfe. And for your bedde, good honelt Squire, even count mee out seven foot of good earth; and if you will have any more, take as many more; for you may feed at pleasure, stretch your selfe at your ease. I would the first that made stitch in Knight Errantry were burned, or beaten to powder, or at least hee that first would be Squireto fuch fooles, as all your Knight-Errants in former times have beene, of the present I say nothing; for your selfe being one, I respect them, and because I know that you know an Ace more then the Deuill in all you speake or thinke.

I durst venter a good wager with thee, Sancho, quoth Don Quixoto, that now thou talkest and no body controules thee, thou feelest no paine in all thy body: Talke on, childe mine, all that is in thy minde, or comes to thy mouth, for so thou beest not gried, I will be pleased with the distaste that thy impertinencies might give mee. And if you desire so much to beest home with your wife and children, God sorbid I should gaine say it: you have money of mine, and see how long tis since our third sally from home, and how much is due to you for every

moneth, and pay your felfe.

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When I ferued (quoth Sancho) Tome Carrafco, Father to the Bachelor Carrasco, whom you know well, I had two Ducats a moneth belides my victuals : of you I know not how much I shall have, though I am sure it is a greater toyle to be a Squire to a Knight Errant, then to serue a rich Husbandman; for indeed, we that ferue Husbandmen, though wee labour neuer fo much in the day time, if the worst come to the worst, at night we sup with the Pottage-pot, and lye in a bed, which I have not done euer since I served you, except it were that short time wee were at Don Diego de Miranda's house, and after when I had the cheere of the skimmings of Camacho's pots, and when I ate and drunke and flept at Bahlus his house; all the rest hath been vpon the cold ground, to the open ayre, and fubicet, as you would fay, to the inclemencies of the heavens, onely living vpon bits of cheese, and scraps of bread, and drinking water, sometimes of brookes, fometimes of springs, which we met withall by the waies we went.

I confesse, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) that all thou sayest may be true; how much more thinkest thou should I give thee,

then Tome Carrasco?

You shall please me (quoth Sancho) with twelue-pence more a moneth, and that concerning my wages for my service; but touching your word and promise you gave mee, that I should have the Government of an Iland, it were fit you added the tother three shillings, which in all make up fifteene.

It is very well, faid Don Quixote, and according to the wages that you have allotted vnto your felfe, it is now twenty five daies fince our last fallie, reckon, Sancho, so much for so much, and see how much is due to you, and pay your selfe, as I have

bidden you.

Body of mee (said Sancho) you are cleane out of the reckoning; for touching the promise of governing the Iland, you must reckon from the time you promised, til this present. Why, how long is it (quoth hee) since I promised it? If I be not forgetfull (said Sancho) it is now some twenty yeeres, vvanting two or three dayes. Don Quicote gave himselfe a good clappe on the forehead, and began to laugh heartily, saying, Why, my

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being about Sierra Morena, and our whole trauels were in leffe then two Moneths, and dost thou fay it was twenty yeeres since I promised thee the lland? I am now of opinion, that thou wouldst have all the mony thou hast of mine, consumed in paying thee wages: which if it be fo, & that thou art so minded, fro hence-forward take it, much good may it doe thee; for fo I may not be troubled with fuch a Squire, I shall be glad to be poore, and without a farthing. But tell mee, thou Prevaricator of the Squirely lawes of Knight-Errantry, where hast thou ever seene or read of any Squire belonging to Knight Errant, that hath capitulated with his Maller, to give him thus much or fo much: Lanch, lanch, thou base lewd fellow, thou Hobgoblin; Lanch? I fay, into the Mare magnum of their Histories; and if thou finde that any Squire have fayd, or so much as imagined, what thou halt fayd, I will give thee leave to brand my fore-head, and to boot, to seale me with a foure tuckes in the mouth: Turne thy reines, or thine Affes halter, and get thee to thy house, for thou shalt not goe a step further with me. Ohill-given bread, and illplaced promifes ! Oh man more beaft then man ! now when I thought to have put thee into a fortune, and such a one, that in vsed in a Vai- spite of thy wife, thou shouldest haue beene stiled, My Lord: Thou leavest me? Now doest thou goe, when I had a purpose to have made thee Lord of the best Ilandin the world? Well. well, as thou thy selfe halt fayd many times; The hony is not for the Affes mouth: An Affe thou art, an Affe thou wilt be, and an Asse thoushalt die, and till then wilt thou remaine so, before thou fallest into the reckoning that thou art a beast.

Saneho beheld Don Quixote earnestly, all the while hee thus rated him, and was so mooued, that the teares stood in his eyes, and with a dolorous low voyce hee fayd; Master mine, I confelle that, to be altogether an Alle, I want nothing but a taile : if you will put one on me, I will be contented, and will ferue you like an Aise all dayes of my life. Pardon me, Sir, and pitty my youth, and confider my folly; for if I speake much it proceedes rather out of simplicity then knauery. Who erres and mends, to

God him felfe commends.

I would be forry, little Sancho (quoth Don Quixote) but that thou

A Tricke to giue a tucke with the thumbe vpon ones lips, as fresh men are ucrfity.

thou shoulds mingle some by-pretty Prouerb in thy Dialogue. Well, Ile pardon thee for this once, vpon condition heereaster thou mend, and shew not thy selfe so couctous, but that thou rouze vp thy spirits, and encourage thy selfe with hope of the accomplishment of my promise; For better late then not at all. Sancho answered him, he would; though it were to make a vertue of necessary.

Heercupon they put into the Elme groue, and Don Quixote got to the foot of an Elme, & Sancho to the foot of a Beech; for these kind of trees & such like, have alwaies feet, but no hands. Sancho had an ill night on it; for his Bat-blow made him more fensible in the cold. Don Quixote fell into his vsual imaginations; yet they both slept, and by day-peepe they were on their way, searching after the samous bankes of Heber, where they happened upon what shall be told in the ensuing Chapter.

CHAP. XXIX.

Of the famous Aduenture of the Enchanted Barke.

ON Quixote and Sancho, by their computation, two dayes after they were out of the Elme-groue, came to the River Heber, whose sight was very delightsome to Don Quixote; for first he contemplated on the amenity of those bankes, the cleernesse of the water, the gentle current, and the abundancy of the liquid Cristall, whose pleasing sight brought athousand amorous thoughts into his head, especially hee fell to thinke what he had seene in Montesino's Caue: for though Masser Peters Ape had told him, that part of it was true, and part false, he leaned more to the truth then to the other, contrary to Sancho, who held all, as false as Falshood it selfe.

As they were thus going on, Don Quixote might fee a little Boat, without oares or any other kinde of tackling, which was tied by the brinke of the River, to a trees stump on the banke. Don Quixote looked round about him, but could see no body; so, without more adoe, hee alighted from Rozinante, and com-

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manded Sancho to doe the like from Dapple, and that he should tye both the Bealts very well, to the root of an Elme or Willow there. Sancho demanded of him the cause of that sudden lighting, and of that tying. Don Quixote made answer; Know, Sancho, that this Boat thou feelt directly (for it can bee nothing elfe) cals and inuites me to goe and enter into it, to give ayde to fome Knight, or other Personage of ranke and note, that is in dittrelle : for this is the Itile of bookes of Knight-hood, and of Enchanters that are there intermingled, that when any Knightis in some danger, that he cannot bee freed from it, but by the hand of some other Knight, although the one bee distant from theother, two or three thousand leagues or more, they either fnatch him into a cloud, or prouide him a Boat to enter in, and in the twinkling of an eye, either carry him thorow the aire, or thorow the sea, as they list, and where his assistance is needfull; so that, Sanche, this Boat is put heere to the same effect, and this is as cleare as day, and before wee goe, tye Dapple and Rozinante together, and let's on in Gods Name : for I will not faile to imbarke my selfe, though Bare-foot Friers should intreat me.

Well, feeing tis so (fayd Sancho) and that you will every foot run into these (I know not what I shall call them) sopperies, there's no way but to obey, and lay downe the necke, according to the Proverbe; Doe as thy Master commands thee, and sit downe at Table with him: But for all that, for discharge of my conscience, let me tell you, that (me thinkes) that is no Enchanted Boat, but one that belongs to some Fisher-men of the River,

for heere the best Saboga's in the world are taken.

This he spoke whilft he was tying his Beasts, leaving them to the protection and defence of Enchanters, which greeued him to the soule. Don Quixote bad him he should not bee troubled for the leaving those beasts; for hee that should carry them thorow such longinque wayes and regions, would also looke to the other. I understand not your Lognicke (quoth Sancho) neither have I heard such a word in all the dayes of my life. Longinque (savd Don Quixote) that is, farre, remote: and no maruell thou understandest not that word, for thou art not bound to the understanding of Latin, though yee have some that presume to

know when they are ignorant. Now they are bound (fayd Sancho) what shall we doe next?

What? (fayd Don Quixote) bleffe our felues & weigh anchor. I meane, let vs imbarke our selues, and cut the rope by which this boat is tyed: fo leaping into it, and Sancho following him, he cut the cord, and the Boat faire and foftly fell off from the Banke; and when Sancho faw himselfeabout a two rods length within the Riuer, hee began to tremble, fearing his perdition: but nothing so much troubled him, as to heare Dapple bray, and to fee that Rozinante struggled to vnloofe himselfe : and hee told his Master; Dapple brayes and condoles for our absence, Rozimante striues to bee at liberty, to throw himselfe after vs. Oh most deare friends, remaine you there in safety, and may the madnetse that seuers vs from you, converted into repentance, bring vs back to your Presence: and with that he began to weep so bittetly, that Don Quixote, all moody and cholericke, began to cry out; What makes thee feare, thou cowardly Impe? what cryest thou for thou heart of curds? who persecutes thee? who baites thee, thou foule of a Milk-fop? or what wantelt thou in the middest of all abundance? art thou happily to goe bare-foot ouer the Riphean mountaines? Rather vpon a feat like an Arch-Duke, thorow the calme current of this delightfull River : from whence we shall very quickly passe into the maine sea: but hitherto wee have gone and fayled some seven or eight hundred leagues, and if I had an Astrolabe heere, to take the height of the Pole, I could tell thee how farre wee have gone, though, either my knowledge is small, or wee have now, or shall quickly palle the Equinoctiall Line, which divides & cuts the two contraposed Poles in equal distance.

And when you come to this Line you speake of, how farre shall we have gone? A great way (answered Don Quixote:) For of three hundred and fixty degrees, which the whole Globe containeth of Land and water, according to Ptolomies Computati- Mistakes of on, who was the greatest Cosmographer knowne, we shall have the words, Ptogone the halfe, when we come to the Line I have told you of. pute: for fo it is Verily (quoth Sancho) you have brought me a pretty witnesse, in the Spato confirme your faying, a To is my & Comtation, and I know nish.

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not what. Don Qnixote laught at Sancho's interpretation he has given to the name, and to the Computation and account of the Cosmographer Ptolomeus, and sayd to him; You shall vnder stand, Sancho, that when the Spanyards, and those that imbarks themselves at Cadiz, to goe to the East Indies, one of the greatest signes they have, to know whether they have passed the Aqui nottiall, is, that all men that are in the ship, their Lice dye vpor them, and not one remains with them, nor in the Vetsell, though they would give their waight in gold for him: so that, Sancho, thou may st put thy hand to thy thigh, and if thou meet withan y live thing, we shall be out of doubt; if thou findest nothing, then we have passed the Line.

I cannot beleeue any of this, quoth Sancho: but yet I will doe what you will have mee, though I know no necessity for these trials; since I see with these eyes, that we have not gone flue rod lengths from the Banke; for there Rozinante and Dapple are, in the same places where we left them, and looking well yponths matter, as I now doe, I sweare by Me, that we eneither moone

nor goe faster then an Ant.

Make the triall that I bade you, and care for no other; for thou knowest not, what Columnes are, what Lines, Paralels, It diacks, Clipticks, Poles, Solstices, Aquinostials, Planets, Signa, Popnts, and Measures, of which the Celestials and Terrestrial Spheres are composed: for if thou knewest all these, or any part of them, thou mightst plainely see what Paralels wee have cut, what Signes we have seene, and what Images we have less the hinde, and are leaving now. And let me wish thee againe, the thou search and feele thy selfe: for I doe not thinke, but the thou art as cleane as a sheet of white smooth paper.

Sancho began to feele, and comming softly and warily with his hand to the left side of his necke, hee lifted up his head, and sayd to his Master; Either your experience is false, or else wear not come neere the place you speake of, by many leagues. Why (quoth Don Quixote) hast thou met with some thing ? I, with some things (sayd hee) and shaking his singers, hee washed his whole hand in the river; by which, and in the Current, the bot softly slid along, without being mooved by any secret influence.

or hidden Enchantment, but the very course it selfe of the water, as yet soft and easie.

By this they discouered two great water-mils in the midst of the River and Day Oriente as sooned be found to the midst of

By this they discovered two great water-mils in the midst of the River: and Don Quixote, as soone as hee saw them, cried aloud to Sancho; Seest thou, Friend, that City, Castle, or Fortresse that shewes it selfe, where some Knight is sure oppressed, or some Queene or Princesse in ill plight, for whose succour I

am brought hither?

What the Deuill of City, Castle, or Fortresse, Sir, doe you talke of (quoth Sancho?) doe you not see that those are water-mils in the River to grinde corne? Peace, Sancho (sayd hee) for though they looke like Water-mills, yet they are not, and I have told thee already, that these Enchantments chop and change things out of their naturall being: I say not that they change them out of one being into another really, but in appearance, as was seene by experience in the transformation of Dulcinea, the onely refuge of my hopes.

Now the Boat being gotten into the middest of the Current, began to mooue somewhat faster then before. They of the Mills, that saw the Boat come downe the river, and that it was now even gotten into the swift streame of the wheeles, many of them came running out with long poles to stay it: and as their faces and clothes were all covered with meale-dust, they made a strange shew, and cryedout, saying; Deuils of men, whither goe you? Are you mad to drowne your selves, or bee beaten to

pieces against these wheeles?

Did not I tell thee, Sancho (sayd Don Quixote) then, that we should come where I should shew the force of mine Arme? look what wicked vircouth fellowes come to encounter mee; looke what a troope of Hobgoblins oppose themselves against mee; looke what vgly visages play the Bull-beggers with vs: Now you shall see, you Rascals; and standing vp in the Boat, he began aloud to threaten the Millers, saying; You base Scumme and ill-advised, free and deliver that person, which is in your Fortresser Prison oppress, bee hee high or low, or of what sort or quality soever; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called The Knight of the Lyons, for whom the happy ending of this

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this Aduenture is referued by order of the high Heauens: and this fayd, hee layd hand to his fword, and beganne to fence in the aire against the Millers, who hearing, but not vnderstanding those madnesses, stood with their poles to stay the Boat, which was now entring the source and channell of the wheeles. Sanche kneeled deuoutly vpon his knees, praying Heauen to free him from so manifest a danger, which succeeded happily, by the quicknesses and skill of the Millers, who opposing their states to the Boat, stayd it: but so, that they ouerturned it, and Don Quixote and Sanche topted into the Riuer: but it was well for Don Quixote, who could swimme like a Goose, though the waight of his Armes carried him twice to the bottome, and had it not beene for the Millers, who leaped into the water, and pulled them out both, as if they had waighed them vp, there they had both perished.

When they were both on land, more wet then thirsty, Sancho, vpon his knees, with joyned hands, and his eyes nailed to Heauen, prayed to God with a large and deuout prayer, to free him from thence-forward, from the rash desires and enterprizes of his Master. And now the Fisher-men came, the Owners of the Boat, which was broken to pieces by the wheeles, who seeing it spoyled, began to distribe Sancho, and to demand payment of Don Quixote, who very patiently, as if he had done nothing, sayd to the Millers and Fisher-men, that hee would very willingly pay for the Boat, vpon condition they should freely deliuer him, without fraud or guile, the person or persons that

were oppressed in their Castle.

What person, or what Castle mad-man? (sayd one of the Millers) will you, trow, carry away those that came hither to grinde their corne? Enough, thought Don Quixoteto himselfe, here a man may preach in a wildernes, to reduce a base people to a good worke. In this Aduenture two deep Enchanters have met, and the one disturbes the other: the one provided me the Barke, and the other ouerthrew me out of it; God helpe vs, all this world is tricks and devices, one contrary to the other; I can doe no more and raising his voyce, he went on, saying; Friends, who soever you are, locked up in this prison, pardon mee; for,

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by, my ill fortune and yours, I cannot deliuer you from your pain: this Aduenture is kept & reserved for some other Knight. When he had said this, he agreed with the fishers, and paid 25. shillings for the boat, which Sancho gaue with a very good will, saying, With two of these boat-trickes we shall sinke our whole slocke.

The Fishermen and the Millers were in a great admiration, to see two such strange shapes, quite from the ordinary fashion of other men, and neuer understood to what purpose Don Quixose yied all those discourses to them; so holding them for maddemen, they left them, and got to their Milles, and the Fishers to their quarters. Don Quixose and Sancho like beastes turne to their beasts: and this end had the Aduenture of the Enchanted Barke.

CHAP. XXX.

What happened to Don Quixote with the faire Huntresse.

Ery melancholy and ill at ease went the Knight and Squire to horse-backe, especially Sancho, for it grieued him at the foule to meddle with the stocke of their money; for it feemed to him, that to part with any thing from thence, was to part with his eye-balls. To be briefe, vvithout speaking a word, to horse they vvent, and left the famous river. Don Quixote, buried in his amorous cogitations, and Sancho in those of his preferment; for as yet hee thought he was farre enough off from obtaining it: for although he were a foole, yet hee well perceived, that all his Mastersactions, or the greatest part of them were idle: so hee sought after some occasion, that without entring into farther reckonings, or leave-taking with his Master, hee might one day get out of his clutches, and goe home, but fortune ordered matters contrary to his feare. It fell out then, that the next day about Sun-fetting, and as they were going out of a wood, Don Quixote spreads his eyes about a green meadow,

meadow, and at one end of it faw company, & comming neere. he faw they were Falconers; he came neerer, and amongst them beheld a gallant Lady vpon her Palfrey, or milke-white Nagge, with greene furniture, and her Saddle-pummell of tiluer. The Lady her felfe was all clad in greene, fo braue and rich, that brauery it selfe was transformed into her. On her left hand shee carried a Soare-Falcon, a figne that made Don Quixote think the was fome great Lady, and Miltreffe to all the relt, as true it yyas: to hee cried out to Sancho; Runne, sonne Sancho, and tell that Lady on the Palfrey with the Soare-hawke, that I, The Knight of the Lyons, doe kille her most beautifull hands; and if her magnificence give me leave, I will receive her commands, and beher fernant to the vttermost of my power, that her highnesse may please to command mee in ; and take heede, Sancho, how thou freakest, and have a care thou mixe not thy Ambaliage with some of those Prouerbs of thine. Tell me of that? as if it were now the first time that I have carried Embassies to high and mighty Ladies in my life? Except it were that thou carrieds to Dulcinea (quoth Don Quivote) I know not of any other thou haft carried, at least whilest thou wert with mee. That's true, faid Sancho; but a good pay-malter needs no furety: and where there is plenty, the ghelfs are not empty, I meane, there is notelling nor aduiting mee ought; for of all things I know a little, I beleeue it (faid Don Quixote) get thee gone in good time, and God speed thee.

Sancho went on, putting Dapple out of his pace with a Carecre, and comming where the faire Huntreffe was, alighting, he kneeled downe, and faid; Faire Lady, that Knight you fee there, called The Knight of the Lyons, is my Master, and I ama Squire of his, whom at his house they call Sancho Pansa; this Sample Squire faid Knight of the Lyons, who not long fince was called . The Knight of the forrowfull Countenance, fends me to tell your Greatnelle, That you be pleased to give him leave, that with your liking, good will, & confent, he put in practice his desire, which is no other (ashe fayes, and I beleeue) then to ferue your a lofty high-flying beauty ; and if your Ladiship give him leave, you shall doe a thing that may redound to your good, and hee shall

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Truely, honest Squire, said the Lady, thou hast deliuered thy Ambassage with all the circumstances that such an Ambassage requires: rise, rise, for the Squire of so renowned a Knight as he of the sorrowfull countenance (of whom wee have heere special notice) tis not sit should kneele: rise up friend, and tell your Master that he come neere on Gods name, that the Duke my Husband and I may doe him service at a house of pleasure we have heere.

Sancho rofe vp aftonisht, as well at the good Ladies beauty, as her court-ship and courtesie, especially for that shee told him the had notice of his Master, The Knight of the forrowfull Countenance; for in that the called him not Knight of the Lyons, it was because it was so lately put you him. The Duchesse asked him (for as yet we know not of what place flice was Ducheffe) tell me, Sir Squire, is not this your Mafter, one, of whom there is a History printed, & goes by the name of, The ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Maneha, the Lady of whose life is likewife, one Dulcinea del Tobofo? The very felf fame (faid Sancho) and that Squire of his, that is, or should be in the History called Sancho Panfa, am I, except I were changed in my cradic, I mean that I were changed in the Presse. I am glad of all this (quoth the Duchetle:) goe, brother Panfa, and tell your Malter that he is welcome to our Dukedome, and that no newes could have given me greater content. Sancho with this fo acceptable an anfwer, with great pleasure returned to his Master, to whom he recounted all that the great Lady had faid to him, extolling to the heavens her fingular beauty, with his rusticall tearmes, her affableneffe and courtefie. Don Quixote pranked it in his faddle, fate stiffe in his stirrops, fitted his Visor, rowsed up Rozinante, and with a comely boldnesse went to kille the Duchesses hands. who causing the Duke her husband to be called, told him, whileft Don Quixote was comming, his whole Embassie: so both of them having read his first part, and understood by it his befotted humour, attended him with much pleasure and defire to know him, with a purpose to follow his humour, and to give way to al he should say, and to treat with him as a Knight Errant,

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as long as he should be with them, with all the accustomed cere. monies in bookes of Knight Errantry, which they had read, and were much affected with.

By this, Don Quixote came with his Vifor pulled vp, and making shew to alight, Sancho came to have held his stirrop : but he was so vnlucky, that as hee was lighting from Dapple, one of his feet caught upon a halter of the packe-faddle, to that it was not possible for him to dis-intangle himself, but hung by it, with his mouth and his brest to the ground ward. Don Quixote, who ysed not to alight without his stirrops being held, thinking Sancho was already come to hold it, lighted fodainely downe, but brought faddle and all to ground, (belike being ill-girt) to his much shame, and curses inwardly layd vpon the vnhappy Sancho, that had still his legge in the stockes. The Duke commanded some of his Falconers to helpe the Knight and Squire, who raised Don Quixote in ill plight with his fall, and limping, as well as he could, he went to kneele before the two Lordings: but the Duke would not by any meanes confent, rather alighting from his horse, he embraced Don Quexote, saying:

I am very forry, Sir Knight of the forrowfull Countenance, that your first fortune hath beene so ill in my ground; but the carelesnesse of Squires is oft the cause of worse successes. It is impossible, valerous Prince, that any should be bad, since I have seene you, although my fal had cast me to the profound Abisme, since the glory of seeing you would have drawne mee out, and raised mee vp. My Squire (a curse light on him) vnties his tongue better to speake maliciously, then hee girts his horse saddle to sit sirmely: but how soeuer I am downe or vp, on foot or on horsebacke, I will alwaies bee at yours, and my Lady the Duchesse service, your worthy Consort, the worthic Lady of beauty, and vniuersall Princesse of courtesse. Softly, my Signior (Don Quixote de la Mancha) quoth the Duke, for where my Lady Dulcinea del Teboso is present, there is no reason other

beauties should be praised.

Now Sancho Pansa was free from the noose, & being at hand, before his Master could answer a word, he said, It cannot be denied, but affirmed, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very

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faire; but where we least thinke, there goes the Hare away : for I have heard fay, that shee you call Nature, is like a Potter that makes veilels of Clay, and he that makes a handsome veilell, may also make two or three, or an hundred : this I say, that you may know, my Lady the Dutchelle comes not a whit behinde my Mistreffe the Lady Dulcinea del Tobofo. Don Quixote turned to the Ducheise, and said, Your Greatnesse may suppose that neuer any Knight in the world had euer fuch a prater to his Squire, nor a more conceited then mine, and he will make good what I fay, if your Highnetle shall at any time be pleased to make triall. To which (quoth the Duchelle) that honelt Sanche may be conceited, I am very glad, a figne hee is wife; for your pleafant conceits, Signior, as you very wel know, rest not in dull braines, and since Sancho is witty and conceited, from hence-forward I confirme him to be discreet: And a Prater, added Don Quixote. So much the better (faid the Duke) for many conceits cannot be expressed in few words: and that we may not spend the time in many, come, Sir Knight of the forrowfull Countenance : of the Lyons, your Highnesse must say (quoth Sancho:) for now vve haue no more forrowfull countenance. And now let the Lyons beare countenance. The Duke proceeded : I fay let the Knight of the Lyons come to my Castle, which is neere heere, where he shall have the entertainment that, is justly due to so high a personage, and that, that the Duchesse and I are wont to give to Knights Errant that come to vs.

By this time Sancho had made ready and girded Rozinantes faddle evell; and Don Quixote mounting him, and the Duke vpon a goodly horse, set the Duchesse in the middle, and they went toward the Castle. The Duchesse commanded that Sancho should ride by her, for she was infinitely delighted to heare his discretions. Sancho was easily entreated, and we aud himselfe betweene the three, and made a fourth in their conversation. The Duke and Duchesse were much pleased, who held it for a great good for tune, to have lodged in their Castle such a

Knight Errant, and fuch a Squire Erred.

CHAP. XXXI.

That treates of many and great affaires.

Reat was the joy that Sancho conceived to fee himfelfes favourite to the Duchelle, as he thought; for it shaped out vnto him, that he should finde in her Castle, as much as in Den Diego's, or that of Bafilius: for he was alwaies affected with a plentifull life, and so laydhold vpon Occasions locke euer when it was presented. The History then tells vs, that before they came to the house of pleasure or Caltle, the Duke went before, and gaue order to all his followers how they should behaue themselves towards Don Quixote, vyho as he came on with the Ducheffe to the Castle gates, there came out two Lackeyes, or Palfrey-boyes, clothed down to the feete in coates like night-gownes, of fine Crimfon Sattin, and taking Don Quixote in their armes, vvithout hearing or looking on him, they faid, Goe, and let your Greatnetle help my Lady to alight, Don Quixote did fo, & there was great complementing betwint both about it : but in the end, the Ducheffes carneltneffe preuailed, and thee would not descend or alight from her Palfrey, but in the Dukes armes, faying; That thee was too vnworthy to bee so vnprofitable a burden to so high a Knight. At length the Dake helped her, and as they entred a great Bafe Court, there came two beautiful Damozels, & cast vpon Don Quixoie's shoulders, a faire mantle of finest Scarler, and in an instant all the leads of the Courts and entries were thronged with men and maide-servants of the Dukes, who cried aloud; Welcome, oh Flower and Creame of Knights Errant, and all or most of them fprinkled pots of Iweet water upon Don Quixote, and upon the Duke, all which made Don Quixote admire, and never till then did he truly believe that he was a Knight Errant, really and not fantaltically, seeing that he was vsed just as hee had read Knights Errant were in former times.

Sancho, forsaking Dapple, shewed himselfe to the Duchesse, and entered into the Callle, but his conscience pricking him,

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that he had left his Alle alone, he came to a reuerend old waiting woman, that came out amongst others to wait vpon the Duchelle, and very foftly spoke to her, Miltrelle Gonfalez, or what is your name for footh? Donna Rodriguez de Grifhalna, faid the waiting woman, what would you have, brother, with me? To which (quoth Sancho) I pray will you doe me the fauour as to goe out at the Caltle-gate, where you shall finde a Dapple Aile of mine, I pray will you fee him put, or put him your felfe in the stable; for the poore wretch is fearefull, and cannot by any meanes endure to be alone. If the Master (quoth she) be as wife as the man, we shall have a hot bargaine on it : get you gone with a Murrin to you, and him that brought you hither, and looke to your Affeyour selfe, for the waiting women in this house are not vsed to such drudgeries. Why truly (quoth Sanche) I have heard my Master say, who is the very Wizard of Histories, telling that story of Lanzarote, when he came from Britaine, that Ladies looked to him, and waiting women to his Courfer : and touching my Affe in particular, I would not change him for Lanzarotes horse. Brother (quoth she) if you be a lester, keepe your witte till you have vie of it, for those that will pay you; for I have nothing but this a figge to give you. Well yet (faid a La biga: a Sancho) the figge is like to be ripe, for you will not lose the word of dis-Prima vifta of your yeeres by a peepe leile. Sonne of a vyhore, grace. faid the waiting-woman all incenfed with choller, whether I am olde or no, God knowes, I shall give him account, and not to thee, thou rescall, that stinkest of Garlicke : all this shee spoke so loud, that the Ducheile heard her, who turning, and feeing the woman so altered, and her eyes so bloudy red, she asked her with whom the was angry?

Here (faid shee) with this Ideot, that hath earnestly entreatedme to put up his Aise in the stable, that is at the Castlegate, gining mee for an instance, that they have done so I that a woman know not where, that certaine Ladies looked to one Lanza- in Spain canrote, and vvaiting vyomen to his horse, and to mend the matter, not endure to in mannerly tearms cals me bold one. That wold more difgrace heare though me (quoth the Duchesse) then all he should say, and speaking to old as Methy-Sancho, flee said, Looke you friend Sancho, Douna Rodriguez salem.

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is very young, and that Stole she weares, is more for authority, and for the fashion, then for her yeeres. A pox on the rest of my yeeres I haue to liue (quoth Sancho) if I meant her any ill, I onely desired the kindnesse, for the loue I beare to mine Asse, and because I thought I could not recommend him to a more charitable person, then Mistris Rodriguez. Don Quixote, that heard all, sayd; Are these discourses, Sancho, fit for this place? Sir (sayd Sancho) let every man expresse his wants wheresome hebe. Heere I remembred my Dapple, and heere I spoke of him, and if I had remembred him in the stable, there I would have spoken.

To this (quoth the Duke) Sancho is in the right, and thereis no reason to blame him. Dapple shall have provander, as much as he will, and let Sancho take no care, he shall be vsed as well as his owne person. With these discourses, pleasing vnto all but Don Quixote, they went vp staires, and brought Don Quixote into a goodly Hall, hung with rich cloth of Gold and Titsue, fix Damozels vn-armed him, & served for Pages, all of them taught and instructed by the Duke and Dutchesse, what they should doe, and how they should behave themselves towards Don Quixote, that hee might imagine and see they ysed him likes

Knight Errant.

Don Quixote once vn-armed, was in his straight trouses and doublet of Chamois, dry, high, and lanke, with his iawes, that within and without bussed one another; a picture, that if the Damozels that served him, had not had a care to hold in their laughter (which was one of the precise orders their Lords had given them) had burst with laughing. They desired him to ynclothe himselfe, to shift a shirt; but he would by no meanes consent, saying; That honestly was as proper to a Knight Errant, as valour. Notwithstanding, hee bad them give a shirt to Sanche, and locking himselfe vp with him in a chamber, where was a rich bed, hee pluckt off his clothes, and put on the shirt; and as Sancho and he were alone, he thus spoke to him:

Tell me (moderne lefter and old lolt-head) is it a fit thing, to dishonour and affront so venerable an old waiting-woman, and so worthy to be respected, as she? Was that a fit time to remem-

ber your Dapple ? Or thinke you, that these were Lords to let Bealtsfareill, that so neatly vse their Masters ? For Gods loue, Sanche, looke to thy felfe, and discouer not thy course thred, that they may fee thou art not wouen out of a base web Know, Sinner as thou art, that the Master is so much the more esteemed, by how much his feruants are honest, and mannerly; and one of the greatest aduantages that great men haue ouer inferiours, is, that they keep feruants as good as themselves. Know'st thou not, poore fellow, as thou art, & vnhappy that I am, that if they fee thee to bee a groffe Pefant, they will thinke that I am some Mountibanke, or shifting Squire? No, no, friend Sancho, thun, thun these inconveniencies; for he that sumbles too much ypon the Prater and Wit-monger, at the first toe-knocke fals, and becomes a scornefull lefter: bridle thy tongue, consider and ruminate vponthy words, before they come from thee, and obferue, that wee are now come to a place, from whence, with Godshelpeand mine armes valour, we shall goe bettered threefold, pay, five-fold in fame and wealth.

Sancho promised him very truely, to sow vp his mouth, or to bite his tongue, before he would speake a word that should not be well considered and to purpose, as he had commanded; and that he should not seare, that by him they should ever bee discovered. Don Quixote dressed himselfe, buckled his sword to his belt, and clapped his skarlet mantle vpon him, putting on a Hunters cap of greene sattin, which the Damozels had given him: and thus adorned, to the great chamber he went, where he found the Damozels all in a row, six on one side, and six on the other, and all with provision for him to wash, which they mini-

fired to him with many courtefies and ceremonies.

Betwixt them straight they got him full of pompe and Maiestry, and carried him to another roome, where was a rich table,
with service for source persons. The Duke and Dutchesse came
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betweene them, they fate downe to dinner.

The Duke inuited Don Quixote to the upper end of the table, which, though he refused; yet the Duke so importuned him, that he was forced to take it. The Clergy-man sate ouer against him, and the Duke and Duchesse on each side. Sancho was by at all, gaping in admiration, to see the honour those Princes did to his Master, and seeing the many ceremonies and intreaties, that passed betwixthe Duke and him, to make him sit downe at the tables end, he sayd, If your Worships will give meeleave, Ile tell you a tale that happened in our towne, concerning places. Scarce had Sancho sayd this, when Don Quixote began to shake, beleeuing certainely he would speake some idle speech. Sancho beholding, understood him, and sayd, Feare not, Sir, that I shall be unmannerly, or that I shall say any thing that may not been the purpose; for I have not forgotten your counsell, touching speaking much or little, well or ill.

I remember nothing, Sancho (quoth Don Quixote) speake what thou wilt, so thou speake quickly. Well, what I shall speak (quoth Sancho) is as true, as my Master, Don Quixote, will not let me lie, who is heere present. For me (replide Don Quixote) lie as much as thou wilt, for Ile not hinder thee: but take heede what thou speakest. I have so heeded and re-heeded it, that you shall see I warrant yee. Twere very sit (quoth Don Quixote) that your Greatnesses would command this Coxcombe to be

thrust out; for he will talke you a thousand follies.

Affuredly (quoth the Duchesse) Sancho shall not stirre a iot from me; for I know, hee is very discreet. Discreet yeeres live your Holinesse (quoth Sancho) for the good opinion you have of me, although I deserve it not, and thus sayes my tale: A Gentle-man of our towne, very rich and well borne; for hee was of the bloud of the Alami of Medina del Campo, and married with Dorna Mencia de Quinnones, that was daughter to Don Alasse de Maranon, Knight of the order of Saint Iacques, that was drowned

make them was, that e pailed a Quixote

f the table, uned him, ouer against che was by Princes did intreaties, a fit downe e meeleaue, ming places, an to shake, ch. Sancher, that I shall by not beets all, touching

xote) speake to the first state of the cote, will not on Quixote) ut take heede dit, that you on Quixote) combe to bee

not stirre a iot eet yeeres line ion you haue tale: A Genor hee was of married with o Don Alonso thes, that was drowned drowned in the Herradura, touching whom that quarrell was not long fince in our towne; for, as I remember, my Master, Don Quixote, was in it, where little Thomas the Mad-cap, fonne to Baluastro the Smith, was wounded. Is not all this true, Mabegun a tale stermine? Say by your life, that these Lords may not hold me without head for a prating Lier.

Hitherto (layd the Clergy-man) I rather hold thee for a Pra-askes a queter, then a Lier: but from henceforward, I know not for what ftion.

Ishall hold thee. Thou giuest so many witnesses, and so many tokens, Sancho, that I cannot but say (quoth Don Quixote) thou tellest true: on with thy tale, and make an end; for I thinke thou wilt not have ended these two dayes. Let him goe on (quoth the Duchesse) to doe me a pleasure, and let him tell his tale, as he pleaseth, though hee make not an end these six dayes; for if they were so many yeeres, they would bee the best that ever I passed in my life.

I say then, my Massers, that the sayd Gentle-man I toldyou of at sirst, and whom I know, as well as I know one hand from another (for, from my house to his, tis not a bow-shoot) inuited a poore, but honest Husband-man. On, Brother (sayd the Clergy-man) for, mee thinkes, you trauell with your tale, as if you would not rest till the next world. In lesse then halfe this, I will, if it please God (quoth Sancho) and so I proceed: The sayd Husband-mancomming to the said Gentle-man Inuiters house, (God be mercifull to him, for he is now dead) and for a further token, they say, died like a Lambe; for I was not by: for at that time I was gone to another towne to reaping.

I prethee (quoth the Clergy-man) come backefrom your reaping, and without burying the Gentle-man (except you meane to make more obsequies) end your tale. The businesse then (quoth Sancho) was this, that both of them being ready to sit downe at table; for, me thinkes, I see them now, more then euer. The Dukes received great pleasure, to see the distaste that the Clergy-man tooke, at the delayes and pawfes of Sancho's tale. And Don Quixote consumed himselfe in choller and rage. Then thus (quoth Sancho) both of them being ready to sit downe, the Husband-man contended with the Gentle-

man

man not to fit vppermoft, and he with the other, that he should as meaning to command in his owne house: but the Husbane man prefuming to be mannerly, and courteous, neuer vyould till the Gentleman very moody, laying hands upon him, mad him fit downe perforce, faying, Sit downe, you Thresher; fo where-foere I fit, that shall be the Tables end to thee : and not you have my Tale, and truely I beleeve, it was brought in her

pretty-well to the purpofe.

Don Quixote's face was in a thousand colours, that laspere vpo his browe. The Lords diffembled their laughter, that De Quixote might not be too much abashed, when they perceive Sancho's knauery : and to change discourse, that Sancho migh not proceed with other fooleries, the Ducheffe asked De Quixote what newes he had of the Lady Dulcinea, and if hee ha fent her for a Present lately, any Gyants, or Bug-beares, sinceh could not but have overcome many. To which Don Quixe answered, Lady mine; my misfortunes, although they had beginning, yet they will neuer haue ending: Gyants, Elues, and Bug-beares I have over-come and fent her; but where should they finde her that is enchanted, and turned into the foulest creating ture that can be? I know not (quoth Sancho) me-thinkes their the fairest creature in the world, at least I know well, that for her

cake.

a A good mis- nimblenetle and leaping, a sheel'e giue no advantage to a Tumbler: In good faith, my Lady Duchetle, shee leapes from the ground vpon an Aile, as if the were a Carte. Haue you feencher enchanted, Sancho, faid the Duke? How? feene her? (quoth Sancho) Why, who the Deuill but I was the first that fell into the tricke of her Enchantment? Thee is as much Enchanted as my Aile?

> The Clergy-man, that heard them talke of Gyants, Elus, and Bug-beares, and Enchantments, fell into reckoning, that that was Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose story the Duke ordinarily read, and for which hee had divers times reprehended him, telling him, twas a madnetle to read such fopperies, and be ing affured of the certainty which he fuspected, speaking to the Duke very angerly, hee faid : Your Excellency ought to give God Almighty an acout for this mans folly. This Don Quixote,

he should, Husbander vvould, him, made eresher; for e: and now ght in here

hat Iaspered er, that Dan y perceived anche might asked Don nd if hee had eares, sincehe Don Quixou h they had a ts, Elues, and where should e foulest crathinkes sheis Il, that for her ge to a Tumapes from the you feencher her? (quoth nat fell into the

tyants, Elues, eckoning, that the Duke or esreprehended pperies, and before a before to give is Don Quixote,

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or Don Core-combe, or how doe you call him, I suppose her is not so very an Ideot as your Excellency would make him, giuing him ready occasions to proceed in his empty-brain'd madnelle. And framing his discourse to Don Quixote, he said:

And who, good-man Dull-pate hath thrust into your braine, that you are a Knight Errant, that you ouercome Gyants, and take Bug-beares? get you in Gods name, so be it spoken, return to your house, and bring vp your children if you have them, and looke to your stocke, and leave your ranging thorow the voorld, blowing bubbles, and making all that know you, or not know you, to laugh. Where have you ever found vith a mischiefe, that there have beene, or are Knights Errant? v where any Gyants in Spaine? or Bug-beares in Mancha? or Enchanted Dulcinea's, with the rest of your troope of simplicities?

Don Quixote was very attentiue to this Venerable mans difcourse, and seeing him now silent, vvithout any respect of the Dukes, vvith an angry countenance, he stood vp and said, But-

his answer deserves a Chapter by it selfe.

CHAP. XXXII.

Of Don Quixotes answer to his Reprehender, with other successes as wife as witty.

On Quixote being thus vpon his legges, and trembling from head to foot, like a man filled with quicke-filler, with a hasty and thicke voyce, said, The place, and Prefence before whom I am, and the respect I have, and alwaies had to men of your Coat, do binde and tye vp the hands of my instruction with the same well for what I have said, as for I know, all know that women, & gowned mens weapons are the same, their tongues: I vvillenter into single combat with you with mine, though I rather expected good counsaile from you, then insamous reuilings; good and well-meant reprehensions require make other circumstances, other points; at least, your publike and so bitter reprehensions have passed all limits, and your gentles.

gentle ones had beene better: neyther was it fit that witho knowledge of the sinne you reprehend, you call the sinner wit out more adoe, Cox-combe and Ideor. Well, for which of n Coxcombries seene in mee, doe you condemne and reuile me and command me home to my owne house, to looke to the g uerning of it, my wife and children, without knowing wh ther I have any of these? Is there no more to be done, but it hurry to enter other mens houses, to rule their owners? nay or that hath beene a poore Pedagogue, or hath not feene mo world then twenty miles about him, to meddle fo roundly giue Lawes to Chiualry, and to judge of Knights Errant? Is happily a vaine plotte, or time ill spent, to range thorow t world, not feeking it's dainties, but the bitternetle of it, when by good men aspire to the seat of immortality? If your Knigh your Gallants, or Gentlemen should have called me Cox-com I should have held it for an affront irreparable: but that yo poore Schollers account mee a madde-man, that never trod to paths of Knight Errantry, I care not a chip; a Knight I am, Knight Iledie, if it please the most Highest. Some goe by the spacious field of proud ambition, others by the way of seru and base flattery, a third fort by deceitfull hypocrisie, and se by that of true Religion: But I by my starres inclination gos the narrow path of Knight-Errantry; for whose exercise I de spise wealth, but not honor. I have satisfied grievances, resil ed wrongs, chastised insolencies, ouercome Gyants, trample ouer Sprites; I am enamoured, onely because there is a need ty Knights Errant should bee so, and though I be so, yet la not of those vicious Amorists, but of your chaste Platonick My intentions alwaies aime at a good end, as, to doe good to men, & hurt to none: If he that vnderstands this, if he that per formes it, that practifeth it, deserue to be called foole, let you Greatnesses sudge, excellent Duke and Duchesse.

Well, I adulte you (quoth Sancho) Mafter mine, speaken more in your owne behalfe, for there is no more to bee said, no more to be thought, no more perfeuering in the world: beside this Signior, denving as he hath done, that there nevther is, m hath beene Knight Errant in the world, no maruell thoughts

know

knowes not what he hath said. Are you trow (quoth the Clergy man) that Pansa, whom they say your Master hath promised an Iland? Marry am I (said he) and I am hee that descrues it, as well as any other, and I am he that a keepe company with good a He blunders men, and thou shalt be as good as they: and I am one of those out Proucebs that: Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou as visually to hast seede: and of those that: Leaneto a good tree, and it will which is Sans shadow thee: I haue leaned to my Master, and it is many mo-cho's parts alneths since I haue kept him company, and I am his other selfe. If wares. God please, liue he, and I shall line, hee shall not want Empires to command, nor I Islands to gouerne.

No furely, friend Sancho, straight, said the Duke, for I in Signior Don Quixote's name, will give thee an odde one of mine, of no small worth. Kneele downe, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, & kisse his Excellencies foot, for the favour hee hath done thee: which Sancho did: but when the Cleargy-man saw this, hee rose vp vvonderfull angry, saying, By my holy Order, I am about to say, Your Excellency is as mad as one of these sinners, and see if they must not needs be madde, when wise men canonize their madnesse; your Excellency may doe well to stay with them, for whilest they be heere, lie get mee home and saue a labour of correcting what I cannot amend, and without any more adoe, leaving the rest of his dinner, he went away, the Duke & the Duchesse not being able to pacific him, though the Duke said not much to him, as being hindred with laughter at his vn-seasonable choller.

When he had ended his laughter, he faid to Don Quixote, Sir Knight of the Lyons, you have answered so deeply for your selfe, that you left nothing vnsatisfied to this your grievance, which though it seeme to be one, yet is not; for as women have not the power to wrong, neyther have Church-men, as you best know. T'is true (quoth Don Quixote) the cause is, that hee who cannot be wronged, can doe no wrong to any body; women, children, and Churchmen, as they cannot defend themselves, when they are offended, so they cannot suffer an affront and a grievance, there is this difference (as your Excellency best knowes: The affront comes from one that may doe it, and be able

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able to make it good, the grieuance may come from eyther par ty without affronting. For example. One stands carelesly in the street, some ten men come armed, and bastonadoing him he claps hand to his fword, and doth his deuoir: but the multitude of his affailants hinder him of his purpole, which is to be renenged; this man is wronged, but not affronted, and this sha be confirmed by another example. One stands with his back turned, another comes and strikes him, and when he hath done runnes away, th'other followes, but ouertakes himnot: he that received the blow, is wronged, but not affionted, because the affront ought to have beene maintained : if he that strooke him (though he did it basely) stand still and face his enemy, then her that was throoke is wronged and affronted both together: wron ged, because he was strooke cowardly; affronted, because he that Itrooke him, stood still to make good what he had done: and se according to the Lawes of curfed Duel, I may be wronged, but not affronted; for children nor women haue no apprehension, neyther can they flye, nor ought to stand still: and so is it with the Religious; for these kindes of people want Armes offensive and defensive, so that though they be naturally bound to defend themselues, yet they are not to offend any body: and though even now I faid I was wronged, I faw now I am not; for her that can receive no affront, can give none: for which causes I have no reason to resent, nor doe I, the words that that good man gaue me; onely I could have wished he had stayed a little, that I might have let him fee his error, in faying or thinking there have beene no Knights Errant in the world; for if Amadi had heard this, or one of those infinite numbers of his linage, I know it had not gone well with his Worship.

Ile sweare that (quoth Sancho) they would have given hima slash, that should have cleaved him from head to foot, like a Pomegranate, or a ripe Muske Melon; they were pretty Youths to suffer such iests. By my Holidam, I thinke certainely if Renaldos de Montalnan had heard these speeches from the poore knave, he had bung'd vp his mouth that he should not have spoken these three yeeres; I, I, hee should have dealt with them,

and fee how he would have scaped their hands.

The Duchelle was ready to burlt with laughter at Sancho, and to her minde, the held him to be more conceited, and madder then his Master, and many at that time were of this opinion.

Finally, Don Quixote was pacified, and dinner ended, and the oloth being taken away, there came foure Damozels, one vvith a filuer Bason, the other with an Ewre, a third with two sine white Towels, the fourth with her arms tucked vp to the middle and in her white hands (for white they were) a white Naples washing ball. Shee with the Bason came very mannerly, and see it vnder Don Quixote's chinne, who very filent, and wonding at that kinde of ceremony, taking it to bee the custome of the Country, to wash their faces in stead of their hands, he stretcht out his face as far as he could, & instantly the Ewre began to rain vpon him, and the Damozell with the soape ran ouer his beard apace, raising white slakes of snow, for such were those scowings, not only vpon his beard, but ouer all the face and eyes of the obedient Knight, so that he was forced to shut them.

The Duke and Ducheffe that knew nothing of this, flood expecting what would become of this Lauatory. The Barber Damozell, when she had soaped him well with her hand, feined that she wanted more water, and made her with the Ewre, to goe for it, whilelt Signior Don Quixote expected; which shee did, and Don Quixore remained one of the strangest pictures to moue laughter that could be imagined. All that were present (many in number) beheld him, and as they faw him with a neck halfea yard long, more then ordinary fwarthy, his eyes shutte, and his beard full of foape, it was great maruell, and much difcretion, they could forbeare laughing. The Damozels of the ielt calt downe their eyes, not daring to looke on their Lords; whose bodies with choller and laughter even tickled againe, and they knew not what to doe; eyther to punish the boldnes of the girles, or reward them for the passime they received to fee Don Quixote in that manner.

Lastly, the with the Ewre came, and they made an end of washing Don Quixote, & straight the that had the towels, wiped &c dried him gently, & all source of them at once making him a low courtesie, would have gone: but the Duke, because Don Quixote

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should not fall into the iest) called to the Damozell with the bat fon, saying, Come and wash me too, and see that you have water enough. The wench, that was willy and carefull, came and put the bason under the Duke, as she had done to Don Quixote and making halle, they washed and scowred him very well, and leaving him dry and cleane, making curtesses, they went away After, it was knowne that the Duke swore, that if they had no washed him as well as Don Quixote, he would punish them for their lightnesses, which they discreetly made amends for, with soaping him.

Sancho marked all the ceremonies of the Lauatory, and faid to himselfe; Lord (thought he) if it be the custome in this Countrie to wash the Squires beards, as well as the Knights? for of my soule and conscience I have need of it, and if they would, to

runne ouer me with a Rasor too.

What failt thou to thy felfe, Sancho, faid the Ducheffe? I say, Madam, (quoth he) that I have heard that in other Princes Palaces they vie to give water to wash mens hands when the cloth is taken away, but not lie to fcowre their beards, and therefore fee tis good to live long, to fee much; although tis said also, that he that lives long, suffers much, though to suffer one of these La

uatories, is rather pleasure then paine.

Take no care Sancho, quoth the Duchesse, for Ile makeone of my Damozels wash thee, and if need be, lay thee a bucking. For my beard (quoth Sancho) I should bee glad for the present, for the rest, God will prouide hereaster. Looke you, Caruer, said the Dutchesse, what Sancho desires, doe inst as hee would have you. The Caruer answered, that Signior Sancho should be punctually served, and so he went to dinner, and carried Sancho with him, the Dukes and Don Quixote sitting still, and conferring in many and severall affaires, but all concerning the practice of Armes and Knight Errantry.

The Duchesse requested Don Quixote, to delineate and describe vnto her (since he seemed to have a happy memory) the beauty & feature of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, for according to Fames Trumpet, she thought that shee must need be the sai-

rest creature in the world, and also of the Mancha.

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memory) the for according eeds be the faiDon Quixote fighed at the Duchesses command, and sayd, If I could take our my heart, and lay it before your Greatnetses eyes, vpon this table in a dish, I would saue my tongue a labour to rell you that, which would not be imagined; for in my heart, your Excellency should see her lively depainted but why should I be put to describe and delineate exactly, piece for piece, each severall beauty of the peercletse Dulcinea, a burden fitter for other backes then mine; an enterprize, in which the pentils of Parrasius, Timantes, and Apelles, and the tooles of Lisppus, should indeed be employed, to paint and care her in tables of Marble and Brasse, and Ciceronian and Demossibenian Rhetoricke to praise her.

What meane you by your Demosthenian, Signior Don Quixote, quoth the Duchetle? Demofthen in Kherruke (quoth hee) is as much to fay, as the Rhetoricke of Demostheres, as Ciceronian of Cicero, both which were the two greatest Rheioricians in the world. Tistrue (quoth the Duke) and you showed your ignorance in asking that question : but for all that, Sir Don Quixote might much delight vs, if he would paint her out of for He warrant, though it bee but in her first draught, shee will appeare so well, that the most faire will enuy her. I would willingly (favd he) if mif-fortune had not blotted out her Idea, that not long fince befell her, which is fuch, that I may rather bewaile it, then describe her; for your Greatnesses shall understand, that as I went heeretofore to have kiffed her hands, and receive her benediction, leave and licence, for this my third fally, I found another manner of one then I looked for, I found her enchanted, and turned from a Princeffe to a Countrey-wench, from faire to foule, from an Angell to a Deuill, from fiveet to contagious, from well-spoken to rusticke, from modest to skittish, from light to darknetle, and finally from Dulcinea del Tobofo, to a Pefantelle of Sayago.

Now God defend vs (quoth the Duke) with a loud vovce, who is he that hath done so much hurt to the world? Who hath taken away the beauty that cheered it? the quicknesse that entertained it? and the honesty that did credit it? Who, sayd hee? who but some cursed Enchanter? one of those many enuious

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ones that persecute mee? This wicked race borne in the world to darken and annihilate the exployts of good men, and to giu light and raise the deedes of euill. Enchanters have me persecuted: Enchanters me persecute: and Enchanters will mee persecute, till they cast me and my lofty Chiualry, into the profound Abisime of forgetfulnesse, and there they hurt and wound mee where they see I have most feeling; for to take from a Knigh Errant, his Lady, is to take away his eye sight, with which he sees the sunne that doth lighten him, and the food that doth nou rish him. Of thaue I sayd, and now I say againe, that a Knigh Errant without a Mistris, is like a tree without leaves, like a building without cement, or a shadow without a body, by which is caused.

There is no more to be fayd (quoth the Duchelle:) but yet if we may give credit to the Hilbory of Don Quixote, that not long fince came to light, with a generall applause, it is sayd (as I remember) that you never saw Dulcinea, and that there is no such Lady in the world; but that she is a meere fantaltical creature ingendred in your braine, where you have painted her with

all the graces and perfections that you pleafe.

Here is much to be fayd (quoth he?) God knowes, if there be a Dulcinea or no in the world, whether she be fantasticall, or not and these be matters, whose justifying must not be so far search into. Neither haue I ingendred or brought foorth my Lady, though I contemplate on her, as is sitting, she being a Lady that hathall the parts that may make her famous thorow the whole world : as these; faire, without blemish; graue, without pride; amorous, but honest; thankfull, as courteous; courteous, as well-bred: And finally, of high descent; by reason that beauty shines and marcheth upon her noble bloud, in more degrees of perfection, then in meane-borne beauties.

Tistrue (sayd the Duke:) but Don Quixote must give met

leaue, to say what the History, where his exployes are written, saves; where is inferred, that though there be a Daleinea in Tofained Ladies boso, or out of it, and that she bee faire in the highest degree, as in bookes of you describe her, yet in her highnesse of birth shee is not equal Knight-hood to your a Oriana's, your Alastraxarea's, or your Madasima's,

he world, and to giue ne perfecumee perfe. e profound vound mee, ma Knight which hee at doth nouat a Knight s,like a buil-

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nust giue mee s are written, alcinea in Tonell degree, as ee is not equall Madafima's, with

with others of this kinde, of which your Histories are full, as you well know. To this I answer you (quoth Don Quixote) Duleines is vertuous, and Vertue addes to Linage, and one that is meane and vertuous, ought to be more efteemed, then another nobleand vicious: besides, Dulcinea hath one shred that may make her Queene with Crowneand Scepter : for the merit of a faire and vertuous woman, extends to doe greater miracles, and although not formally, yet vertually shee hath greater fortunes

layd vp for her.

Ifay, Signior Don Quixote (quoth the Ducheffe) that in all you speake, you goe with your leaden plummet, and, as they fay, with your founding line in your hand, and that hence forward I will beleeue, and make all in my house beleeue, and my Lord the Duke too, if neede be, that there is a Dulcinea in Tobe-6, and that at this day she lives, that she is faire, and well-borne, and deserves that such a Knight, as Don Quixote, should serve her, which is the most I can, or know how to endeere her. But yet I have one scruple left, and, I know not, some kind of inckling against Sancho: the scruple is, that the History sayes, that Pansa found the sayd Lady Dulcinea (when he carried her your Epiltle) winnowing a bag of whear, and for more allurance, that it was red wheat, a thing that makes mee doubt of her high birth.

To which Don Quixote replide: Lady mine, you shall know. that all or the most part of my affaires, are cleane different from the ordinary course of other Knights Errant, whether they bee directed by the vnscrutable will of the Destinies, or by the malice of some envious Enchanter, and as it is evident, that all, or the most of your famous Knights Errant, one hath the fauor not to be inchanted; another, to have his flesh so impenetrable, that he cannot be wounded, as the famous Roldan, one of the twelve Peeres of France, of whom it was fayd, that hee could not bee wounded, but vpon the fole of his left foot; and that this too must be with the poynt of a great Pin, and with no other kinde of weapon; fo that when Bernardo del Carpio did kill him in Ronsesualles, seeing he could not wound him with his sword, he lifted him in his armes from ground, and stifled him, as minde-

P 4

full of the death that Hercules gave Anteon, that horrid Gyant, that was fayd to be the fonne of the earth. From all this I infer. that it might be I might have had some of these favours, as no to be wounded; for many times, experience hath taught mee that my flesh is fott and penetrable, or that I might have the power not to be enchanted; but yet I have feene my felfe claps in a cage, where all the world was not able to inclose me, had it not been by vertue of Enchantments; but fince I was free, I shall beleeue that no other can hinder me : So that these Enchanters, who fee, that vpon me they cannot vie their fleights, they re uenge themselves upon the things I most affect, and meaner kill me, by ill-intreating Dulcinea, by whom I live : and fo I be leeue, that when my Squire carried my Amballage, they turned her into a Pelant, to bee imployed in lo base an office, as winnowing of wheat : but I fay, that wheat was neither red; nor wheat; but seedes of Orientall Pearles, and for proofe of this, let me tell your Magnitudes, that comming a while fince by To boso, I could never finde Dulcinen's Palace; and Sancho, my Squire, having scene her before in her owne shape, which is the fairest in the world, to me she then seemed a foule course Country-wench, and meanly nurtured, being the very Discretion of the world: And fince I am not enchanted, neither can I beinall likely-hood, the is the that is enchanted, greened, turned, chopped and changed, and my enemies have revenged themselves on me in her, and for her I must live in perpetual forrow, till shee come to her pristine being.

All this have I spoken, that no body may stand upon what Sancho sayd, of that sisting and winnowing of hers: for since one she was changed, no marvell though for him shee were exchanged. Dulcinea is nobly borne, & of the best bloud in Tobes,

hath

Daughter to of which, I warrant, the hath no finall part in her: & for her, that an Earle, that towns shall be famous in after-ages, as Troy for Helen, and Spaine betrayed

Spaine to the Moores.

Moores.

Pansa is one of the prettiest Squires that ever served Knight Errant: sometimes he hath such sharpe simplicities, that to thinke whether he be Foole or Knaue, causeth no simall content: hee

hath malice enough to be a Knaue; but more ignorance to bee thought a foole; hee doubts of every thing, and yet beleeves all: when I thinke fometimes hee will tumble headlong to the foot. hee comes out with some kinde of discretion that lifts him to the clouds.

Finally, I would not change him for any other Squire, though I might have a City to boot; therefore I doubt, whether it bee good to fend him to the Gouernment, that your Greatnelle hath bestowed on him, though I see in him a certaine sitnesse for this you call governing; for, trimming his understanding but a very little, hee would proceede with his gouernment, as well as the King with his cultomes: belides, wee know by experience, that a Gouernour needes not much learning, or other abilities : for you have a hundred, that scarce can read a word, and yet they gouerne like ler-Falcons: the butinetle is, that their meaning be good, and to hit the matter aright they undertake; for they shall not want Counsellours, to teach them what they shall doe, as your Gouernours that be Sword-men, and not Scholiers, that have their Assistants to direct them. My counsel should bee to him: That neither bribe he take, nor his due for fake, and fome other fuch toyes as thefe, that I have within mee, and shall bee declared at fit time to Sancho's profit, and the Ilands which hee shall gouerne.

To this poynt of their discourse came the Duke, Duchesse, and Don Quixote, when straight they heard a great noise of peoplein the Palace: and Sancho came in into the Hall, vnlookt for, allina maze, with a strainer in stead of a Bib, and after him many Lads, or to fay better, Scullions of the kitchin, and other inferior people, & one came with a little kneading tub with water, that feemed, by the colour and fluttifinetie, to bee diffi-water, who followed and perfecuted Sancho, and fought by all meanes to ioynethe veilell to his chinne, and another would have washed

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What's the matter, Hoe (quoth the Duchelle?) What elecyee to this hone? man? What? doe yee not know hee his book uernour-Elect? To which the Barber-Scullion region Gentle-man will not fuffer himfelfe to bee washed, according to the custome, as my Lord the Duke, and his Master were. Yes marry will I (sayd Sancho) in a great huffe: but I would have cleaner towels, and cleerer sudds, and not so sluttish hands; for there is no such difference betweene my Master and mee, that they should wash him with rose-water, and me with the Deuil lie: the customes of great mens Palaces are so much the better by how little trouble they cause: but your Lauatory custom heere, is worse then Penitentiaries, my beard is cleane, and neede no such refreshing; and hee that comes to wash mee, of touch a haire of my head (of my beard, I say) sir-reuerence of the company, I le give him such a boxe, that He set my sist in his skull; for these kinde of ceremonies and soape-layings, are rather flouts, then entertainers of ghests.

The Duchesse was ready to die with laughter, to see Sanchol choller, and to heare his reasons; but Don Quixote was not very well pleased to see him so ill dressed with his iasperd towell, and hemmed in by so many of the Kitchin Pensioners; so making a low legge to the Dukes, as if he intended to speake, with a grave

voyce he spoke to the skoundrels:

Harke, ye Gentlemen, pray let the Youth alone, and get you gone as ye came, if you please, for my Squire is as cleanly as a nother, and these troughs are as straight and close for him, a your little red clay drinking cups: take my counfaile and leave him, for neither he nor I can abide ielts. Sancho caught his words out of his mouth, and went on, faying; No, let vm come to make sport with the setting dogge, and He let vm alone, as sure as it is now night; let vm bring a comb hither, or what they wil, and curry my beard, and if they finde any thing foule in it, let vm sheare me to fitters. Then quoth the Duchesse (vnable to leave laughing) Sancho fayes well, he is cleane, as he fayes, and needes no washing : and if our custome please him not, let him take his choyce, belides, you ministers of cleanlinesse have beene very flacke and careleffe, I know not whether I may fay, prefumptuous, to bring to fuch a personage and such a beard, in flead of a Bason & Ewre of pure gold, and Diaper towels, your knea ling-troughes and dish-clouts; but you are vnmannerly raskals, and like wicked wretches must needs shew the grudge you beare to the Squires of Knights Errant.

The raskall regiment, together with the Caruer that came with them, thought verily the Duchelle was in earnelt: fo they tooke the five-cloth from Sancho's necke, & even ashamed went their waies, and left him, who seeing himselfe out of that (as he thought) great danger, kneeled before the Duchesse, saying, From great Ladies, great favors are still expected, this that your worship hath now done me, cannot be recompensed with lesse, then to desire to see my self an armed Knight Errant, to employ my selfe all daies of my life in the service of so high a Lady. I am a poor Husbandman, my name is Sancho Pausa, children I have, and serve as a Squire, if in any of these I may serve your Greatnesse, I will be swifter in obeying, then your Ladiship in commanding.

Tis well seene, Sancho, quoth the Duchesse; that you have learnt to be courteous in the very schoole of courtesse: I meane, it seemes well, that you have been nursed at Don Quizote's brest, who is the Creame of complement, and the flower of ceremonies: well fare such a Master, and such a Servant; the one for North-starre of Knight Errantry, the other for the Starre of Squire-like sidelitie: Rise, friend Sancho, for I will repay your courtesse, in making my Lord the Duke as soone as he can, performe the promise he hath made you, of being Gouernor of the

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With this, their discourse ceased, and Don Quizote went to his after-noones sleepe, and the Duchesse desired Sancho, that if he were not very sleepie, hee would passe the afternoone vith her and her Damozels in a coole roome. Sancho answered, that though true it were, that he was vsed in the afternoones to take a some fine houres nappe, yet to doe her goodnesse service, hee would do what he could, not to take any that day, and would obey her command: so he parted.

The Duke gaue fresh order for Don Quixote's vsage, to be like Knight Errant, without differing a iot from the ancient

stile of those Knights.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Of the wholesome discourse that passed betwixt the Duchesse and her Damozels with Sancho Pansa, worthy to be read and noted.

Ell the Storie tells vs, that Sancho slept not that day, but according to his promise, came, when he had dined, to see the Duchesse, who for the delight sheere ceiued to heare him, made him sit downe by her in a low chaire, though Sancho, out of pure mannerlinesse would not sit; but the Duchesse bade him sit as he was Gouernour, and speake as hee was Squire, though in both respects he deserved the very seate of Cid Raydiaz the Champion.

a The Spaniards lowfie humility.

Sancho a shrunke up his shoulders, obeyed and sate downe, and all the Duchesles Waiting-women and Damozels steed round about her, attending with great silence to Sancho's discourse: but the Duchesle spake first, saying;

Now that we are all alone, & that no body heares vs, I would, Signior Gouernor would resolute me of certaine doubts I have, ariling from the printed History of the Graund Don Quixote, one of which is, that since honest Sancho neuer saw Dulcinea, I say, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, neither carried her Don Quixotes letter, for it remained in the note-booke in Sierra Morena, how he durth feigne the answer, and that he found her sifting of wheat; this being a mocke and a lye, and so prejudiciall to the Lady Dulcinea's reputation, and so vibestiting the condition and fidelity of a faithfull Squire.

Here Sancho rose without answering a word, & softly crooking his body, and with his singer vpon his lippes, he went vp and downe the roome, lifting vp the hangings: which done, he came and sate downe againe, and said, Now I see, Madam, that nobody lies in wait to heare vs, besides the by-standers. I will answer you without seare or fright, all that you have asked, and all that you will aske mee. And first of all I say, that I hold my Master Don Quinote, for an incureable Madde-man, though

fome

Duchesse to be read

of that day, in he had dight sheerelow chaire, not sit: but d speake as ed the very

ate downe, sozels steed Sancho's dif-

vs, I would, bubts I have, on Quixote, or Dulcinea, I lied her Don or Sierra Mobund her life operiudiciall ing the con-

tofily croo-, he went vp eich done, he Madam, that iders . I will ue asked, and nat I hold my nan, though fometimes he speakes things, that, in my opinion, and so in all theirs that heare him, are so discreet, and carried in so even a tracke, that the Devill himselfe cannot speake better; but truely and without scruple, I take him to be a very Franticke; for so I have it in my mazard, I dare make him beleeve that, that leath neither head nor foot, as was the answer of that letter, and another thing that hapned some eight dayes agoe, which is not yet in print, to wit, the Enchantment of my Lady Dulcinea; for I made him beleeve she is enchanted, it being as true, as the Moone is made of greene cheese.

The Duchesse desired him to tell her that Enchantment and conceit: which he did, just as it passed at which the hearers were not a little delighted. And prosecuting her discourse, the Duchesse sayd, I have one scruple leapes in my minde, touching what Sancho hath told mee, and a certaine buzze comming to mine cares, that tels me; If Don Quixoto de la Mancho be such a shallow mad-man and Widgin, and Sancho Pansa his Squire knowit; yet why for all that, he serves and followes him, and relies on his vaine promises; doubtlesse, hee is as very a Madman and Block-head, as his Master, which being so as it is, it will be every unfitting for my Lord the Duke, to give Sancho an Iland to governe; for hee that cannot governe himselfe, will

ill gouerne others.

By'r Lady (quoth Sancho) that scruple comes in puddingtime: but bid your Buzze speake plaine, or how hee will; for I
know he sayes true; and if I had beene wise, I might long since
hauelest my Master: but was my lucke, and this vilde Errantry,
I cannot doe withall, I must follow him, wee are both of one
place, I haue eaten his bread, I loue him well, he is thankfull, hee
gaue me the Asse-colts, and aboue all, I amfaithfull, and it is impossible any chance should part vs, but death: and if your Altitude will not bestow the Gouernment on mee, with lesse was I
borne, and perhaps, the missing it might bee better for my conscience; for though I be a soole, yet I understand the Prouerbe
that sayes, The Ant had wings to doe her hurt, and it may bee,
Sancho the Squire may sooner goe to Heauen, then Sancho the
Gouernour: Heere is as good bread made, as in France; and in

the night lone is as good as my Lady; and vnhappy is that man

that is to breake his fast at two of the clocke in the after-noone and there's no heart a handfull bigger then another; and the sto macke is filled with the courfest victuals; and the little Fowle in the aire, have God for their Provider and Cater; and four yards of course Chenca cloth, keepe a man as warme, as foureof fine a Lemfter wooll of Segonia; and when wee once leave this world, and are put into the earth, the Prince goes in as narrows came first out path as the lourney-man; and the Popes body takes vp no more

roome then a Sextons, though the one be higher then the other

2 Their Lemfter breed of England

> for when we come to the pit, all are even, or made so in spite of their teethes, and good-night.

old Romants, that lye not.)

Let mee say againe, If your Lady-ship will not give mee the Iland, as I am a foole, Ile refuseit, for being a wise-man : for I have heard fay, The neerer the Church, the further from God; and, All is not gold that glistreth; and that from the oxen, plough and yokes, the Husband-man Bamba was cholen for Kingbi Spaine: and that Redrigo, from his tillues, sports, and riches, was call out to be eaten by fnakes (if we may beleeue the rimes of the

Why, no more they doe not (fayd Donna Rodriguez, the Wayting-woman, that was one of the Auditours) for you have one Romant that fayes, that Don Rodrigo was putaliue into a Tombe full of Toades, Snakes, and Lizards, and some two dayes after, from within the Tombe, hee cryed with a low and pitifull voyce, Now they eat, now they eat me in the place where I finned most : and according to this, this man hath reason to say, he had rather be a Labourer then a King, to bee eaten to death with vermine.

The Duchette could not forbeare laughing, to fee the simplicity of her womany for to admire to heare Sanche's proverbial realons, to whom the faydy Honelt Sancho knowes, that when a Gentle-man once makes a promise, he will performe it, though it cost him his life. My Lord and Husband the Duke, though he be no Errant, yet hee is a Knight, and so hee will accomplish his promise of the Island, in spight of enuy or the worlds man lice. Be of good cheere, Sancho; for when thou least dreamest s that man, ter-noone; and the stottle Fowles; and foure , as foure of ce leaue this as narrowa vp no more en the other;

giue mee the man: for I from God; exen, plough for Kingof d riches, was rimes of the

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driguez, the for you have talive into a and fome two ith a low and a place where I reason to say, aren to death

fee the simplies, that when me it though Duke, shough ill accomplish e worlds maleast dreamest of it, thou shalt be seated in the Chayre of thy Iland, & of Estate, and shalt claspe thy Gouernment in thy robes of Tissue. All that I charge thee, is, that you looke to the gouerning your Vasfalls, for you must know, they are all well-borne and lovall.

For governing (quoth Sancho) there's no charging mce; for I am naturally charitable and compassionate to the poore, and of him that does well they will not speake ill, and by my Holidam they shall play me no false play : I am an old dog, & understand all their Hill, hill: and I can fnuffe my felfe when I fee time, and I will let no cobwebs fall in my eyes, for I know where my shoo wrings me: this I fay, because honest men shall have hand and heart, but wicked men neyther foot nor fellowship. And me-thinkes for matter of Gouernment, there is no more but to begin, and in fifteene daies Gouernour, I could manage the place, and know as well to gouerne, as to labour, in which I was bredde. You have reason, Sancho, quoth the Duchelle, for no man is borne wife, and Bishops are made of men, and not of stones. But turning to our discourse that wee had touching the Lady Dulcinea's Enchantment, I am more then allured, that that imagination that Sancho had to put a tricke vpon his Mafter, and to make him thinke the Country wench was Dulcinea, that if his Malter knew her not, all was invented by some of those Enchanters that persecute Signior Don Quixote 3 for I know partly, that that Country wench that leapt ypon the Affecolt, was, and is Dulcinea, and Sancho thinking to be the deceiuer, is himselfe deceived; and there is no more to be doubted in this, then in things that we never faw : and know, Sancho, that here we have our Enchanters too, that love, and tell vs plainely and truly, what paffeth in the world, without trickes or deuices; and beleeue me, Sancho, that leaping wench was, and is Dulcinea, who is enchanted as the Mother that brought her forth, and when we least thinke of it, we shall see her in her proper shape, and then Sancho will thinke he was deceived.

All this may be (quoth Sancho) and now will I beleeve all that my Master told me of Montesino's Caue, where he said he saw our Mistresse Duscinea, in the same apparell and habit, that Isaid I had seene her in, when I enchanted her at my pleasure;

and.

and it may be, Madam, all is contrary (as you fay) for from m rude witte, it could not be presumed that I should in an instan make fuch a witty lye; neyther doe I beleeue that my Master fo madde, that with fo poore & weake a perswasion as mine, h should beleeve a thing so incredible : but for all that, good L dy, doe not thinke me to be fo maleuolent, for such a Leeke as am, is not bound to boare into the thoughts and maliciousnell of most wicked Enchanters. I fained that, to scape from m Masters threats, and not with any purpose to hurt him, and if fell out otherwise, God is aboue that judgeth all harts. Tistrue faid the Ducheffe, but tell me, Sancho, what is that you faid o Montefinos Caue? I should be glad to heare it. Then Sancho be pan to tell word for word, all that patied in that Adventur Which when the Ducheffe heard, shee said, Out of this success may be inferred, that fince the Grand Don Quixote faves that faw there the same labouring wench that Sauche saw at the comming from Tobofo, without doubt it is Dulcinea, and the in this the Enchanters heere are very listning and wary. This faid (quoth Sancho) that if my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso be es chanted, at her peril bee it, for Ile haue nothing to doe with m Masters Enemies, who are many, and bad ones. True it is, that The that I faw was a Country wench, & fo I held her, & fo live ged her to be; & if that were Dulcines, He not meddle with he neyther shall the Blowze passe vpon my account. I, I, ler's hau giving & taking every foot. Sancho faid it, Sancho did it, Sancho turned, Sancho return'd, as if Sancho were a dish-clout, & notth fame Sancho Panfa that is now in Print all the world over, a Samfon Carrafco told mee, who at least is one that is Bachelor zed in Salamanca, and fuch men cannot lye, but when they lil or that it much concernes them: fo there is no reason any ma should deale with me, since I have a good report, and as I have heard my Malter fay, Better haue an honest name then muc wealth. Let vm ioyne mee to this Gouernment, and they sha fee wonders: for hee that hath beene a good Squire, will easily be a good Gouernour.

Whatfoeuer Sancho hitherto hath faid (quoth the Ducheffe is Catonian fentences, or at least taken out of the very entraile

of Michael Verinus, Florentibus occidit annis. Well, well, to speakeas thou dost, a badde cloake often hides a good drinker. Truly Madam, said Sancho, I neuer drunke excessively in my life, to quench my thirst sometimes I have, for I amno hypocrite, I drinke when I am dry, and when I am vrged too, for I loue not to be nice or vnmannerly; for what heart of marble is there, that will not pledge a friends carowse? but though I take my cup, I goe not away drunke: besides, your Knight Errants Squires ordinarily drinke water, for they alwaies trauell by Forrests, Woods, Medowes, Mountaines, cragy Rockes, and meete not with a pittance of wine, though they would give an eye for it.

I beleeue it, said the Duchesse, and now, Sanebe, thou maist repose thy selfe, and after we will talke at large, and give order how thou maist be joyned, as thou saidt, to the Government.

Sancho againe gaue the Ducheffe thankes, but defired her she would doe him the kindnesse, that his Dapple might bee well lookt to. What Dapple (quoth shee?) My Asse (said Sancho) for not to call him to, I fay my Dapple : and when I came into the Castle, I desired this waiting woman to have a care on him, and the grew to loud with me, as if I called her vgly or old, for I held it fitter for them to prouender Affes, then to authorize Roomes: Lord God, a Gentleman of my towne could not endure these waiting women. Some Pesant, quoth Donna Rodriemz the waiting woman; for if he had beene a Gentleman, and well bredde, hee would have extolled them about the Moone. Goetoo, no more (quoth the Ducheffe) Peace Rodriguez, and bequier, Sancho, and let mee alone to see that Sancho's Asse bee made much of; for being Sancho's houshold-stuffe, I will hold him on the Apples of nune eyes. Let him be in the stable (quoth Sancho) for neither hee nor I am worthy to be so much as a minute upon those Apples of your Greatnesse eyes, and I had as liefe stabbe my felfe, as confent to that; for although my master fayes, that in courtesies one should rather lose by a card too much, then too little; yet in these Asse-like courtesies, and in your Apples, it is fit to bee wary and proceed with discretion. Carry him Sancho (quoth the Duchelle) to thy Gouernment, for

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for there thou maist cherish him at thy pleasure, and manumit him from his labour. Doe not thinke you have spoken iestingly, Lady Duchesse, (quoth Sancho) for I have seene more then two Assesses to Governments, and twould be no nouelty for

me to carry mine.

Sancho's discourse renewed in the Duchesse more laughter and content, and sending him to repose, shee went to tell the Duke all that had passed between them, and both of them plotted and gaue order, to put a iest vpon Don Quixose that might be a samous one, and suting to his Knightly stile, in which kind they played many prankes with him, so proper and handsome, that they are the best conteined amongst all the Aduentures of this Grand History.

CHAP. XXXIV.

How notice is given for the difenchanting of the peerelesse Dulcinea Del Toboso, which is one of the most famous Adventures in all this booke.

Reat was the pleasure the Duke and Duchesse received with Don Quixote and Sancho Pansa's conversation, and I they resolved to play some trickes with them, that might carry some twi-lights and appearances of Aduentures. They tooke for a Motive that which Don Quixote had told vnto them of Montesinos Caue, because they would have it a famous one: but that which the Duchesse most admired at, was, that Sancho's simplicity should be so great, that he should beleeve for an infallible truth, that Dulcinea was enchanted, hee himselfe having beene the Enchanter, and the Impostor of that businesse: So giving order to their fervants for all they would have done, some weeke after they carried Don Quixote to a Boare-hunting, with such a troope of wood-men and hunters, as if the Duke had beene a crowned King. They gave Don Quixote a hunters fute, and to Sancho one of finelt greene cloth : but Don Quixote would not put on his, faying; That shortly hee must returne a-

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The wisht for-day being come, Don Quixote armed himselfe, and Sancho clad himselfe, and vpon his Dapple, (for hee would not leave him, though they had given him a horse) thrust himselfe amongst the troope of the Wood men. The Duchesle was brauely attired, and Don Quixote out of pure courtelie and manners, tooke the reines of her Palfrey, though the Duke would not confent : at last they came to a wood that was betweene two high mountaines, where taking their stands, their lanes and paths, and the hunters deuided into feuerall stands, the chase began with great noyse, hooting and hollowing, so that one could scarce heare another, as well for the cry of the dogges, as for the found of the Hornes. The Duchetle alighted, and with a sharpe Iauelin in her hand, shee tookea stand, by which the knew some wilde Boares were vsed to paile. The Duke also alighted and Don Quixote, and stood by her. Sancho stayed behinde them all, but thirred not from Dapple, whom hee durst not leave, left some ill chance should befall him, and they had fearce lighted, and fet themselves in order with some servants. when they faw there came a huge Boare by them, baited with the dogges, and followed by the hunters, gnashing his teeth & tuskes, and foaming at the mouth: and Don Quixote feeing him. buckling his shield to him: and laying hand on his fword, went forward to encounter him, the like did the Duke with his Jauelin; but the Duchetse would have beene formost of all, if the Duke had not stopped her. Onely Sancho, when he saw the valiant Beaft, left Dapple, and began to scudde as fast as hee could, and strining to get vp into a high Oake, it was not possible for him, but being even in the middelt of it, faltned to a bough, and striuing to get to the toppe, he was so vnlucky and vnfortunate, that the bough broke, and as he was tumbling to the ground, he hungin the avre fallned to a snagge of the Oake, vnable to come to the ground, and feeing himselfe in that perplexity, and that his greene coat was torne, and thinking, that if that vvilde bealt should come thither, he might lay hold on him, he began

to cry out and call for helpe so outragiously, that all that heard him, and saw him not, thought verily some wilde beast was de-

nouring him.

Finally, the Tuskie Boare was laid along, with many iauclins points, and Don Quixote turning aside to Sancho's noyse, that knew him by his note, he saw him hanging on the Oake, and his head downward, and Dapple close by him, that never lest him in all his calamity, and Cid Hamete sayes, that hee seldome saw Sancho without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, such

was the love and friendship betwixt the couple.

Don Quixole went and vinhung Sancho, who seeing himselfe free, and on the ground, beheld the torne place of his hunting sute, and it grieued him to the soule, for hee thought hee had of that sute at least an inheritance. And now they layed the Boare athwart upon a great Mule, and covering him with Rosemary bushes, and Myrtle boughes, he was carried in signe of their victorious spoiles, to a great field-Tent, that was set up in the midst of the wood, where the Tables were set in order, and a dinner made ready, so plentifull and well dress, that it well shewed the bounty and magnificence of him that gave it.

Sancho, shewing the wounds of his torn garment to the Dichelle, said, If this had beene hunting of the Hare, my coate had not seene it selfe in this extremity: I know not what pleasure there can be in looking for a beast, that if he reach you with a tuske, he may kill you: I have often heard an olde song, that sayes, Of the Beares maist thou be eat; as was Famila the great. He was a Gothish King (quoth Don Quixote) that going a hunting in the mountaines, a Beare eate him. This I say (said Sancho) I would not that Kings and Princes should thrust themselves into such dangers, to enjoy their pleasure; for what pleasure can there be to kill a beast that hath committed no

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You are in the verong, Sancho, quoth the Duke; for the exercise of beast-hunting is the necessariest for Kings and Princes that can bee. The chase is a shew of Warre, vehere there be stratagems, crasts, deceits, to ouercome the enemy at plear

fure; init you have fufferings of cold and intolerable heates, fleepe and idlenetie are banisht, the powers are corroborated, the members agilitated. In conclusion, tis an exercise that may be vied vvithout prejudice to any body, and to the pleasure of enery body, and the belt of it is, that it is not common, as other kindes of sports are, except flying at the fowle, onely fit for Kings and Princes. Therefore (Sancho) change thy opinion, and when thou art a Gouernour, rollow the chafe, and thou shalt be a hundred times the better.

Not so, quoth Sancho, tis better for your Gouernour, to haue his legges broken, and be at home: twere very good that poore fuiters should come and seeke him, and hee should be taking his pleasure in the woods: 'twould bee a sweet Gouernment yfaith. Good faith fir, the Chase as d Pastimes are rather for idle companions then Gouernours: My sport shall be Vyed Trumpe at Christmas, and at Skettle pinnes Sundaies and Holidaies; for your hunting is not for my condition, neyther doth it agree with my confcience.

Pray God, Sancho it be so (quoth the Duke) for to doe and to fay, goe a feuerall way. Let it be how 'twill, (faid Sancho) for agood paymaster needes no pledge, and Gods helpe is better then early rifing, and the belly carries the legges, and not the legges the belly; I meane, that if God helpe mee, and I doe honeftly what I ought, vvithout doubt I shall gouerne as well as a Ier-Falcon, I, I, put your finger in my mouth, and fee if I bite

A mischiefe on thee, cursed Sanche, quoth Don Quixote, and when shall wee heare thee (as I have often told thee) speake a wife speech, without a Prouerbe? My Lords, I beseech you leaue this: Dunce, for he will grinde your very foules, not with his two, but his two thousand Prouerbs, so seasonable, as such be his health or mine, if I hearken to them.

Sancho's Prouerbs (quoth the Duchelle) although they bee more then Mallaras, yet they are not leffe to be esteemed then his, for their fententious breuity. For my part, they more delight mee then others, that bee farre better, and more fitting.

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With these & such like sauoury discourses, they went out of the tent to the wood, to feeke some more sport, and the day was foone pall, and the night came on, and not fo light and calme as the time of the yeere required, it being about Mid. fummer : but a certaine dismalnesse it had, agreeing much with the Dukes intention, and so as it grew to be quite dark, it seemed that you a fudden, all the wood was on fire, thorow every part of it, and there were heard heere and there, this way and that way, an infinite company of Cornets, and other warlike instruments, and many troopes of horse that passed thorow the wood; the light of the fire, and the found of the warlike instruments, did as it were blinde, and stunned the eyes and cares of the by-standers, and of all those that were in the wood. Straight they heard a company of a Moorish cryes, such as they vse when they joyne battell. Like the cries Drums and Trumpets founded, and Fifes, all, as it were, in an instant, and so falt, that he that had had his sences, might have lost them, with the confused found of these instruments.

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> The Duke was altonisht, the Duchetle difinayd, Don Quixote wondred, Sancho trembled: And finally, even they that knew the occasion, were frighted : their feare caused a general silence, and a Post in a Deuils weede passed before them, sounding, in stead of a Corner, a huge hollow Horne, that made a hoarce and terrible noyfe. Harkeyou, Post, quoth the Duke, What are you? Whither goe you? And what men of warre are they that croffe ouer the wood? To which the Poll answered, with a horrible and free voyce; I am the Deuill, I goe to feeke Don Q nixote de la Mancha, and they which come heere, are fix troopes of Enchanters, that bring the peereleffe Dulcinea del Toboso vpon a triumphant Chariot, she comes here enchanted with the braue French man Montesinos, to give order to Don Onio xote, how she may be dis-enchanted.

> If thou wert a Deuill, as thou favelt (quoth the Duke) and as thy shape shewes thee to bee, thou wouldst have knowne that Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha: for hee is heere before thee. In my foule and conscience (quoth the Deuill) I thought not on it; for I am fo diverted with my feuerall cogitations, that I quite forgot the chiefe, for which I came for. Certainely (fayd San-

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the) this Deuill is an honest fellow, and a good Christian; for if he were not, he would not have sworne by his soule and conscience: And now I beleeve, that in Hell you have honest men. Straight the Deuill, without lighting, directing his sight to ward Don Quixote, sayd; The valueky, but valiant Knight Montestant, sends mee to thee, O Knight of the Lyons (for mee thinkes now I see thee in their pawes) commanding mee to tell thee from him, that thou expect him heere, where he will meet thee; for he hath with him Dulcinea del Toboso, and meanes to give thee instruction, how thou shalt distendant her; & now I have done my message, I must away, and the Deuils (like me) be with thee: and good Angels guard the rest. And this sayd, he winds his monstrous Horne, and turned his backe, and went, without slaying for any answer.

Each one began afresh to admire, especially Sancho and Don Quixote. Sancho, to see that in spite of truth, Dulcinea must be enchanted: Don Quixote, to thinke whether that were true that befell him in Montesino's Caue, and being elevated in these dumps, the Duke sayd to him; Will you stay, Signior Don Quixote? Should I not, quoth he? Heere will I stay couragious and vindanted, though all the Deuils in Hell should close with mee. Well (quoth Sancho) if I heare another Deuill and another

Horne, I'le stay in Flanders as much as heere.

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Now it grew darker, and they might perceive many lights vp and downe the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth in the skie, that feeme to vs to be shooting-stars: besides, there was a terrible noyse heard, just like that of your creaking wheeles of Oxe-waines, from whose piercing squeake (they say) Beares and Wolves doe flye, if there be any the way they passe. To this tempest, there was another added, that increast the rest, which was, that it seemed, that in all source parts of the wood, there were source encounters or battels in an instant: for there was first a sound of terrible Canon-shot, and an infinite company of Guns were discharged, and the voyces of the Combatants seemed to bee heard by and by a farre off, the Moorish cries reiterated.

Lastly, the Trumpets, Cornets, & Hornes, Drums, Canons, and

and Guns, and about all, the fearefull noyfe of the Carts, all together made a most confused & horrid found, which tried Don Quixotes vttermolt courage, to suffer it : but Sancho was quite gone, and fell in a swound vpon the Duchesses coats, who receiued him, & commanded they should cast cold water in his face : which done, he came to himselfe, just as one of the Carts of those whitling wheeles came to the place, foure lazie Oxen drew it, covered with blacke clothes; at every horne they had a lighted Torch tyed, and on the top of the Cart there was a high feat made, upon which a venerable old man fate, with a beard as white as lnow, and fo long, that it reached to his girdle: his garment was a long gowne of blacke buckgram; for because the Cart was full of lights, all within it might very well bee difcerned and scene: two vgly spirits guided it, clad in the said buckoram, so monstrous, that Sancho, after hee had seene them, winked, because he would see vm no more : when the Care drew neere to their standing, the venerable olde man rose from his feat, and standing vp with a loud voyce, fayd; I am the wife Lyrgander: and the Cart pailed on, hee not speaking a word more.

After this, there passed another Cart in the same manner with another oldeman inthronized; who making the Cart stay, with a voyce no lelle lofty then the other, fayd; I am the wife Al. quife, great friend to the vngratefull Vrganda; and on he went: and thraight another Cart came on, the fame pace; but hee that fate in the chiefe feat, was no old man (as the rest) but a good robustious fellow, and ill-fauoured, who when hee came neere, role vp, as the rest; but with a vovce more hoarce and divellish, fayd : I am Archelaus the Enchanter, mortall enemy to Amadis de Ganlo, and all his kindred : And fo on hee palled, all three of these Cares turning a little forward, made a stand, and the troublesome novse of their wheeles ceased, and straight there was heard no novie, but a fweet and confenting found of well-formed mufike, which comforted Sancho, and hee held it for a good figne, and hee favd thus to the Ducheffe, from whom hee flirred not a foot, not a fot.

Madam, where there is musike, there can beeno ill. Neither (quoth

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(quoth the Duchelle) where there is light and brightnesse. To which (sayd Sancho) the fire gives light, and your bon-fires (as wee see) and perhaps might burne vs: but musike is alwayes a signe of fealting and ioility. You shall see that (quoth Don Quixote) for he heard all, and he sayd well, as you shall see in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXXV.

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where is profesuted the notice, that Don Quixote had, of difenchanting Dulcinea with other admirable accidents.

THen the delightfull musike was ended, they might fee one of those you call triumphant chariots come towards them, drawne by fix dun Mules, but couered with white linnen, and vpon each of them came a Penitentiary with a Torch, clothed likewise all in white: the Cart was twice or thrice as big as the three former, and at the top and sides of it, were twelve other Penitentiaries, as white as snow, all with their torches lighted, a fight that admired and altonisht iountly : and in a high throne fate a Nymph, clad in a vaile of doth of filuer, a world of golden spangles glimmering about her, her face was covered with a fine cloth of Tiffany, for all whose wrinkles the face of a most delicate Damozell was seene thorow it, and the many lights, made them eafily diffinguish her beauty and yeeres, which (in likely-hood) came not to twenty, nor were vnder seuenteene: Next her came a shape, dad in a gowne of those you call Side-garments, downe to her foot, her head was couered with a blacke vayle: but even as the Cart came to bee just over-against the Dukes and Don Quixote, the musike of the Hoboves ceased, and the Harps and Lutes that came in the Cart began, and the gowned shape rising vp, vnfolding her garment on both fides, and taking her vaile off from her head, free discouered

discouered plainely the picture of raw-boned Death, at which Don Quixote was troubled, and Sancho asrayd, and the Dukes made shew of some timorous resenting. This liue Death standing vp, with a drowzie voice, and a tongue not much waking, began in this manner:

Verses made, on purpose absurdly, as the subject required, and so translated adverbum.

I Merlin am, he that in Histories,
They say, the Denill to my Father had,
(A tale by age succeeding authorized)
The Prince and Monarch of the Magicke Art,
And Register of deepe Astrologie,
Succeeding ages, since, me emulate,
That onely seeke to sing and blazon foorth
The rare exployts of those Knights Errant braut,
To whom I bore, and bare a liking great.

And howfoeuer of Enchanters, and Those that are Wizards or Magicians be, Hard the condition rough and diuckish is, Yet mine is tender, soft, and amorous, And unto all friendly, to doe them good.

In the obscure and darkest Caues of Dis, whereas my soule bath still beene entertain'd In forming Circles and of Characters, I heard the lamentable note, of faire And peerelesse Dulcinea del Toboso.

I knew of her Enchantment and hard hap, Her transformation, from a goodly Dame Into a Rusticke wench, I forry was, And sbutting up my spirit within this hollow, This terrible and sierce Anatomy,

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When I had turn'd a hundred thousand bookes
Of this my divells Science and uncouth,
I come to give the remedy that's fit,
To such a griefe, and to an ill so great.

Oh Glory thou of all, that doe put on
Their coats of steele and hardest Diamond,
Thou light, thou Lanthorne, Path, North-star, and
To those that casting of their sluggish sleepe, (Guide
And scather-beds, themselves accommodate
To wse the exercise of bloody Armes,
To thee, Isay, oh never praised enough,
Not as thou ought stobe: oh Valiant!

Oh ioyntly wife! to thee, oh Don Quixote,
The Mancha's Splendour, and the Star of Spain,
That to recover to her first estate,
The peerelesse Dulcinea del Tobos.
It is convenient that Sancho thy Squire,
Himselfe three thousand, and three hundred give
Lashes, upon his valiant buttocks both
Vnto the aire discover'd, and likewise
That they may vex, and smart, & grieve him sore;
And upon this, let all resolved be,
That of her hard missortunes Authors were
My Masters, this my cause of comming was.

By Gad (quoth Sancho) I say not three thousand; but I will as soone give my selfe three stabs, as three; the Deuill take this kinde of distenchanting. What have my buttocks to doe with Euchantments? Verily, if Master Merlin have found no other meanes to distenchant the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, shee may see enchanted to her grave.

Good-man.

when

Good-man Rascall (quoth Don Quixote) you Garlicke stinkard; I shall take you, and binde you to a tree, as naked as your mother brought you forth, and let mee not fay three thousand and three hundreth, but Ile give you fixe thousand and fixe hundred, so well layd on, that you shall not claw them off at three thousand and three hundred plucks, and reply not a word, if thou doll, lle teare out thy very foule.

Which when Merlin heard, quoth he, It must not be fo, for the stripes that honest Sancho must receive, must bee with his good will, and not perforce, and at what time hee will, for no time is prefixed him: but it is lawfull for him, if he will redeeme one halfe of this beating, he may receive it from anothers hand

that may lay it on well.

No other, nor laying on (quoth Sancho) no hand shall come neere mee : am I Dulcinea del Tobolo's Mother trow ve? that my buttocks should pay for the offence of her eyes? My Master indeed, he is a part of her, fince every stitch while, hee all her, My life, my foule, my fultenance, my prop.; he may be whipped for her, and doe all that is fitting for her dif-enchan-* Mistaken in ting, but for me to whip my selfe, I a bernounce.

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Saucho scarce ended his speech, when the silver Nymphtha nounce, for fo came next to Merlins Ghost, taking off her thin vaile, she dife uered her face, which seemed vnto al to be extraordinary faired with a manly grace, and voice not very amiable, directingha speech to Sancho, she said, Oh thou vnhappy Squire, soul of lead, & heart of corke, and entrailes of flint, if thou hadft bin bidden, thou face-flaying theefe, to cast thy selfe from a high town downe to the ground: if thou hadft been wisht, enemy of mankinde, to eat a dozen of Toads, two of Lizardes, and threed Snakes: if thou hadlt beene perswaded to kill thy wife and children with some truculent & sharpe Scimitar : no maruel though thou shoulds shew thy selfe nice and squeamish? but to make doe for three thousand and three hundred lashes (since the po rest schoole-boy that is, hath them every moneth) admires, 2 stonishes, and affrights all the pittifull entrailes of the Auditor, and of all them that in procelle of time shall come to the heared it: Put, oh miserable and flinty brest; put, Isay, thy skittle

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Moyles eyes, vpon the bals of mine, compared to shining slars, and thou shalt see them weep drop after drop, making furrowes, careeres and paths, vpon the faire fields of my checkes. Let it mooue thee, knauish and vntoward Monster, that my flourishing age (which is yet but in it's ten, and some yeeres; for I am nineteene, and not yet twenty) doth confume and wither under the barke of a rulticke Labourer : and if now I feeme not so to thee, tis a particular fauour that Signior Merlin hath done me who is heere present, onely that my beauty may make thee relent; for the teares of an afflicted faireneile, turne rockes into cotton, and Tygres into Lambes: Lash, lash that thicke slesh of thine, vntamed beaft, and rowze vp thy courage from floth, which makes thee onely fit to eat till thou burst, and set my smooth fleshat liberty, the gentlenelle of my condition, and the beauty of my face, and if for my fake thou wilt not bee mollified, and reduc't to some reasonable termes, yet doe it for that poore Knight, that is by thee; for thy Master (I say) whose soule I see is trauersed in his throte, not ten fingers from his lips, expecting nothing, but thy rigid or foft answer, either to come out of his mouth, or to turne backe to his stomacke.

Don Quixote hearing this, felt to his throte, and turning to the Duke, fayd; Before God, Sir, Dulcinea hath fayd true; for my foule indeed is trauerfed in my throte, like the nocke of a croffebow. What fay you to this, Sancho, quoth the Ducheile? I fay what I have fayd (quoth Sancho) that the lashes I bernounce. Renounce thou wouldst fay, Sancho, fayd the Duke. Let your Greatneile pardon me, sayd Sanche, I am not now to looke into subtilities, nor your letters too many, or too few; for these lahesthat I must have, doe so trouble mee, that I know not what to doe or fay: but I would faine know of my Lady Dulcinea del Tobofo, where mee learnt this kinde of begging shee hath : shee comes to desire mee to teare my flesh with lashes, and cals mee Leaden Soule, and Vntamed Beast, with a Catalogue of ill names, that the Deuill would not fuffer. Doz shee thinke my flesh is made of bratte? Or will her dif-enchantment bee worth mything to me or no? What basket of white linnen, of shirts aps, or focks (though I weare none) doth shee bring with her,

to

to foften me with? onely some kinder of railing or other, knowing that the vsuall prouer be is, An Asse laden with gold, will go lightly vp hill; and that Gifts doe enter stone-wals; and Serue God, & work hard; and, Better a bird in the hand, then two in the bush. And my master too, that should animate mee to this task, & comfort me, to make me become as soft as wool, he saies, that he will tye me naked to a tree, and double the number of my lashes, & therefore these compassionate Gentles should consider, that they doe not onely wish a Squire to whip himselfe, but Gouernour also, as if it were no more, but drinke to your Cheries, let vm learne, let vm learne with a pox, to know how to aske, and to demand; for all times are not alike, and men are not alwayes in a good humor: I am now ready to burst with greese, to see my torne coat, and now you come to bid mee whip my selfe willingly, I being as farre from it, as to turne Cacieke.

caciques, are great Lords amongst the West-Indians.

By my faith, Sancho (quoth the Duke) if you doe not make your selfe as fost as a ripe sig, you singer not the Gouernment. Twere good indeede, that I should send a cruell slinty-hearted Gouernour amongst my Ilanders, that will not bend to the teares of afflicted Damozels, nor to the intreaties, of discreed, imperious, ancient, wise Enchanters. To conclude, Sancha, cither you must whip your selfe, or bee whipt, or not bee Gouernour.

Sir (quoth Sancho) may I not have two dayes respite to consider? No, by no meanes, quoth Merlin, now at this instant, and in this place this businesse must bee dispatcht, or Dulcinea shall returne to Montesino's Caue, & to her pristine being of a Country-wench, or as she is, she shall be carried to the Elyzian helds, there to expect till the number of these lashes be sulfilled. Goe to, honest Sancho, sayd the Duchesse, be of good cheere, she your love for your Masters bread that you have eaten, to whom all of vs are indebted for his pleasing condition, and his high Chiua'ry. Say I, sonne, to this whipping-cheere, and hang the Devill, and let scare goe whistle, a good heart conquers ill fortune, as well thou knowest.

To this, Sancho yeelded these foolish speeches, speaking to Merlin: Tell me, Signior Merlin, saydhe, when the Deuill Post

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pailed by heere, and delivered his mellage to my Malter from Signior Montesinos , bidding him from him hee should expect him heere, because he came to give order, that my Lady Dulci. mea should be dif-enchanted, where is he, that hitherto wee have

neither feene Montesinos, or any fuch thing?

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To which, faid Merlin, Friend Sancho; The Deuill is an Alle, and an arrant Knaue, I fent him in quelt of your Malter: but not with any mellage from Montesinos, but from me, for he is still in his Caue, plotting, or to fay truer, expecting his difenchantment, for yet he wants something toward it; and if hee owe thee ought, or thou have any thing to doe with him, lle bring him thee, and fet him where thou wilt: and therefore now make an end, and yeeld to his disciplining, and beleeve me it will doe thee much good, as well for thy minde as for thy body: for thy minde, touching the charity thou shalt performe, for thy body (for I know thou art of a fanguine complection, and it can doe thee no hurt to let out some bloud.

What a company of Phylicians there be in the world, faid Saucho? even the very Enchanters are Physicians. Well, fince mery body tells me fo, that it is good (yet I cannot thinke fo) I m content to give my felfe three thousand & three hundred lahes, on condition that I may bee giving of them as long as I please, and I will be out of debt as soone as tis possible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Tobofo, fince it appeares, contrary to what I thought, that shee is faire. On condition likewise that I may not draw bloud with the whip, and if any lash goe by too, it shall passe for current: Irem, that Signior Merlin, if I forget any part of the number (lince heknowes all) shall have a care to tell them, and to let me know how many I want, or if I exceed. For your exceeding, quoth Merlin, there needs no telling, for comming to your just number, forth-with Dulcinea shall be dis-enchanted, and shall come in all thankefulnelle to feeke Sancho, to gratifie and reward him for the good deed. So you need not bee scrupulous, eyther of your excelse or defect, and God forbid I should deceive any body in fo much as a haires breadth.

Well (quoth Sanche) a Gods name bee it, I yeeld to my ill ill fortune, and with the aforesaid conditions accept of the penitence.

Scarce had Sancho spoken these words, when the Waites began to play, and a world of guns were shot off, & Don Quixon hung about Sancho's necke, kissing his cheekes and forehead a thousand times. The Duke, the Duchesse, and all the by-standers, were wonderfully delighted, and the Cart began to go on, and passing by, the faire Duleinea inclined her head to the Dukes, and made a low court se to Sancho, and by this the merry morne came on apace, and the slowers of the field began to bloome and rise vp, and the liquid Cristall of the brookes, murmuring thorow the gray pebbles, went to give tribute to the Rivers, that expected them, the sky was cleere, and the ayre wholesome, the light perspicuous, each by it selfe, and all together shewed manifestly, that the day, whose skirts Amora came trampling on, should be bright and cleere.

And the Dukes being satisfied with the Chase, & to have obtained their purpose so discreetly and happily, they returned to their Castle, with an intention to second their ieast; for to them

there was no earnest could give them more content.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Of the strange and wn-imagined Aduenture of the afflicted Matron, alias, the Countesse Trisaldi, with a letter that Sancho Pansa wrote to his wife Teresa Pansa.

He Duke had a Steward of a very pleasant and conceited witte, who played Merlins part, and contributed the whole furniture for the passed Aduenture, he it was that made the verses, and that a Page should act Dulcinea. Finally, by his Lords leave, he plotted another piece of worke, the plassantest and strangest that may be imagined.

The Duchesse asked Sancho the next day, if he had yet begun his taske of the penance, for the disenchanting of Dukinea; he told her, yes: and that as that night, he had given himselfe sine

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lashes. The Duchesse asked him, With what? hee answered, with his hand. Those (quoth the Duchesse) are rather claps then lashes: I am of opinion that the sage Mersin will not accept of this softnesse, twere fitter that Sancho tooke the discipline of rowels or bullets with prickles, that may smart, for the butinesse will be effected with bloud, and the liberty of sogreat a Lady will not be wrought so slightly, or with so small a price; and know, Sancho, that works of charity are not to be done so slow and lazily, for they will merit nothing.

To which Sancho replied, Give me, Madam, a convenient lash of some bough, and I will lash my selfe, that it may not smart too much; for let me tell your Worship this, that though I am a Clowne, yet my flesh is rather Cotton then Mattrelle, and there's no reason I should kill my selfe for anothers good. You fay well (quoth the Duchetle) to morrow Ilegiue you a whip that shall fit you, and agree with the tendernesse of your flesh, as if it were a kinne to them. To which (quoth Sancho) Lady of my foule, I befeech you know, that I have written a letter to my wife Terefa Panfa, letting her know all that hath hapned to me fince I parted from her; heere I haueit in my bosome, and it wants nothing but the superscription: I would your discretion would read it, for mee thinkes it goes fitte for a Gouernour, I meane, in the same stile that Governours should write. who penned it, faid the Ducheffe? Who should, faid he, Sinner that I am, but I my felfe ? And did you write it (quoth shee) ? Nothing lelle (faid he) for I can neither write nor read, though I can fet to my firme. Let's fee your letter, quoth the Ducheffe, for I warrant, thou shewest the ability and sufficiency of thy wit init. Sancho drew the Letter open out of his bosome, and the Ducheffe taking it of him, read the Contents, as followeth.

Sancho Panfa's Letter to his wife Terefa Panfa.

IFI were well lashed, I got well by it; If I got a Government, it cost me many a good lash. This, my Terefa, at present thou understanded not, heereafter thou shalt know it. Know now, Terefa, that I am determined thou goe in thy Coach, for all o

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inea; he felfe fiue lashes. ther kinde of going, is to goe vpon all foure. Thou are new a Gouernours wife, let's fee if any body will gnaw thy flumps: I haue fent thee a greene hunters fute, that my Lady the Ducheffe gaue me, fit it so, that it may serue our daughter for a Coate and Bodies. My Master Don Quixote, as I have heard say in this Country, is a mad wife man, and a conceited Coxcombe, and that I am ne'rea whit behinde him. Wee have beene in Montesinos Caue, and the fage Merlin hath laid hands on me for the difenchanting my Lady Dulcinea del Tobofo, whom you there call Aldonfa Lorenzo, with three thousand and three hundred lathes lacking five, that I give my felfe, the shall be dif-enchanted as the Mother that brought her forth : but let no body know this: for put it thou to descant on, some will cry white, others blacke. Within this little while I will goe to my Gouernment, whither I goe with a great defire to make money, for I have beene told. that all your Gouernours at first goe with the same desire. I will looke into it, and fend thee word whether it bee fit for thee to come to me or no. Dapple is well, and commends him heartly to thee, and I will not leave him, although I were to goe to be Great Turke. My Lady the Duchesse kisses thy hands a thou fand times: returne her two thousand, for there's nothing colls letle, nor is better cheape, as my Master tells mee, then complement. God Almighty hath not yet beene pleased to bletse mee with a Cloke-bag, and another hundreth Pistolets as those you wot of: but be not grieued, my Terefa, theres no hurt done, all shall be recompensed when we lay the Government a bucking; onely one thing troubles me, for they tell me that after my time is expired, I may die for hunger, which if it should be true, I have payd deere for it, though your lame and maimed men get their living by begging & almes; fo that one way or other thou shalt be rich and happy : God make thee fo, and keepe me to serue thee. From this Castle, the twentieth of July, 1614.

The Gouernour thy Husband,

Sancho Panfa.

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When the Ducheile had made an end of reading the Letter, the faid to Sancho; in two things the good Gouernour is out of the way: the one, In faying or publishing, that this Government hath beene given him for the lashes hee must give himselfe, hee knowing, for hee cannot deny it that when my Lord the Duke promised it him, there was no dreaming in the world of lashes: The other is, that he shewes himselfe in it very couetous, and I would not have it so prejudiciall to him; for Couetousnetse is the root of all euill, and the couetous Gouernour does vngouerned Iustice. I had no such meaning, Madam (quoth Sancho) and if your Worship think the Letter be not written as it should be, let it be torne, and weele hauca new, and perhaps it may be worse, if it be left to my noddle. No, no, (quoth the Duchesse) 'tis well enough, and Ile haue the Duke see it. So they went to agarden where they were to dine that day: the Duchetle shewd Sancho's Letter to the Duke, which gave him great content. They dined, and when the cloth was taken away, and that they had entertained themselves a pretty while with Sancho's sauoury conversation, vpon a sodaine they heard a dolefull sound of a Flute, and of a hoarce and vntuned Drum; all of them were in ome amazement, at this confused, martiall, and fad harmony, especially Don Quixote, who was so troubled, he could not sie still in his feat; for Sancho there is no more to be faid, but that feare carried him to his accultomed refuge, which was the Ducheffes fide or her lap; for in good earnest, the found they heard was most sad and melancholy. And all of them being in this maze, they might fee two men come in before them into the Garden, clad in mourning weeds, to long that they dragged to the ground, these came beating of two Drums, covered likewise with blacke: with them came the Fife, blacke and besmeared as well as the rest. After these there followed a personage of a Gyantly body, bemantled, and not clad in a cole-blacke Catfocke, whose skirt was extraordinarily long, his Catsocke likewise was girt with a broad blacke belt, at which there hung an vnmeafurable Scimitar with hilts and scabberd; vpon his face hee yvore atransparent blacke vaile, thorow which they might see a huge long beard as white as snow. His pace was very graue and stay-

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ed, according to the found of the Drum and Fife. To conclude, his hugenesse, his motion, his blackenesse, and his conforts, might have held all that knew him not, and looked on him, in

fuspence.

Thus he came with the state and Prosopopeia aforesaid, and kneeled before the Duke, who with the rest that stood up there, awaited his comming; but the Duke would not by any meanes heare him speake till he rose, which the prodigious Scar-crow did; and standing up, he pluckt his maske from off his face, and shewed the most horrid, long, white, and thicke beard, that ere till then humane eyes beheld; and straight he let loose and rooted out from his broad and spreading brest, a maiesticall loud voyce, and casting his eyes toward the Duke, thus said:

High and mighty Sir, I am called Trifaldin with the white beard, Squire to the Countelle Trifaldi. otherwise called The Afflicted Matron, from whom I bring an Ambassage to your Greatnesse, which is, that your Magnificence be pleased to give her leave and licence to enter and relate her griefes, which are the most strange and admirable that ever troubled thoughts in the world could thinke: but first of all, she would know whether the valorous & inuincible Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha be in your Cassle, in whose search she comes as foot, and hungry from the kingdome of Candaya, even to this your Dukedome: a thing miraculous, or by way of Enchantment: she is at your Fortresse gate, and onely expects your permission to come in; thus he spoke, and forthwith coughed and wiped his beard from the top to the bottome, with both his hands, and with a long pawse attended the Dukes answer, which was;

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Honest Squire Trifaldin with the white beard, long, since the misfortune of the Courtesse Trifaldi hath come to our notice, whom Enchanters haue caused to be stilled, The afficted Matron: tell her, stupendious Squire, shee may come in, and that heere is the valiant Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from whose generous condition shee may safely promise her selfeall aide and assistance: and you may also tell her from me, that if she need my favour, she shall not want it, since I am obliged to it by being a Knight, to whom the savouring of all sorts of her sexe

is pertaining and annexed, especially Matron widdows ruin'd, and afflicted, as her Ladiship is. Which when Trifaldin heard, he bent his knee to the ground, and making fignes to the Drum and Fife, that they should play to the same pace and sound as when they entred, he returned backe out of the garden, and left all in admiration of his presence and posture.

And the Duke turning to Don Quixote, faid; In fine, Sir Knight, neyther the clouds of malice or ignorance can darken or obscure the light of valour and vertue. This I say, because it is fearce fixe daies fince that your a bounty hath beene in this my A forced Castle, when the sad and afflicted come from remote parts, on word put in, foot, and not in Carroches and on Dromedaries to feeke you, in mockage purposely. confident that in this most strenuous arme they shall find the remedy for their griefes and labours, thankes to your braue ex-

ploits, that runne ouer and compatle the whole world.

Now would I, my Lord, quoth Don Quixote, that that fame bleffed Clergy-man were prefent, who the other day, at table, feemed to be so distasted, and to beare such a grudge against Knights Errant, that he might fee with his eyes, whether those Knights are necessary to the world; he might feele too with his hands that your extraordinary afflicted and comfortleffe, and great affaires and enormious mif-haps goe not to feeke redreffe to Booke-mens houses, or to some poore Country Sextons, nor to your Gentleman that neuer stirred from home, nor to the lazie Courtier that rather harkens after newes which hee may report againe, then procures to performe deeds and exploits, that others may relate and write; the redretle of griefes, the fuccouring of necessities, the protection of Damozels, the comfort of widdows, is had from no fort of persons so wel as from Knights Errant; and that I am one, I give heaven infinite thankes, and I thinke my disgrace well earned that I may receive in this noble calling. Let this Matron come, and demand what thee will, for I will give her redrette with this my strong arme, and vindanted resolution of my couragious spirit.

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CHAP. XXXVII.

Of the Profecution of the famous Aduenture of the Afflitted Matron.

He Duke and Ducheise were extremely glad, to see how well Don Quixote fatisfied their intentions, & then Sancho fayd; I should be loth this Mistris Matron should lay any stumbling blocke in the promise of my Gouernment; for I have heard a Toledo Apothecary fay (and hee spoke likes Bull-finch) that where these kinds of a women were intermedling, there could no good follow. Lord, what an enemy that Apothecary was to them? for fince all your Matrons, of what condition or quality foeuer they bee, are irksome and foolish, what kinde of ones shall your Afflicted bee? as this Countelle b Three skirts, or Three tailes; for tailes and skirts, all is one

Peace, friend Sanche, quoth Don Quixore; for fince this Ma tron-Lady comes from fo remote parts to feeke mee, she is none had beene cal- of those that the Apothecary hath in his bed-roll: besides, thisis a Countelle, and when your Countelles are Wayting-women, which fignifies tis either to Queenes or Emprelles, who in their houses are mal absolute, and are served by other Wayting-women. To this (quoth Donna Rodriguez, that was present) My Lady the Duchelle hath women in her service, that might have beene Countelles, if Fortune had beeene pleased : but the weakest goe to the wals, and let no man speake ill of Wayting-women, and especially of ancient Mayds; for although I am none, yet I well and cleerely perceive the advantage, that your Mayden Waytingwomen have ouer Widdow-women, and one paire of sheeres went betweene vs both.

> For all that (quoth Sancho) there is fo much to bee sheered in your Wayting-women (according to mine Apothecary) that, The more you stirre this businesse, the more it will stinke. Alwaves thefe Squires (quoth Donna Rodriguez) are malicious against vs; for, as they are Fairies that haunt the out-roomes, and

a Duennas, Heere Sancho takes Duenna in the former fence, for an old Waytingwoman.

b Alluding to the name Trifalli, as if thee led tres faides, three skirts, and this was his mistake.

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every foot spy vs, the times that they are not at their devotions (which are many) they spend in back-biting vs, vndigging our bones, and burying our reputation. Well, let me tell these moouing Blockes, that in spice of them, wee will live in the world, and in houses of good fashion, though wee starue for it, or couer our delicate or not delicate flesh with a blacke Monkes weede, as if we were old wals couered with tapility, at the pafsing of a Procession. Pfaith, if I had time and leisure enough, I would make all that are prefent, know, that there is no vertue, but is contained in a Wayting-woman. I beleeue (fayd the Duchelle) my honest Donna Rodriguez is in the right : but she must flay for a fit time to answer for her selfe, and the rest of Wayting-women, to confound the Apothecaries ill opinion, and to reorit out altogether from Sancho's breft. To which (quoth Saneho) fince the Gouernourship smokes in my head, all Squirely fumes are gone out, and I care not a wilde figge for all your Wayting-women.

Forward they had gone with this Wayting-woman discourse, had they not heard the Drum and Fife play, wherby they knew that the Afflicted Matron was entring : the Duchelle askt the Duke, if they should meet her, since shee was a Countesse, and noble personage. For her Counteship (quoth Sancho) before the Duke could answer, I like it that your Greatnesse meet her: but for her Matronship, that wee stirre not a foot. Who bids thee meddle with that, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote? Who, Sir (favd he?) I my felfe, that may meddle, that, as a Squire, haue learn the termes of courtelie in your Worships Schoole, that is the most courteous and best bred Knight in all Courtship, and as I have heard you say in these things, Better play a card too much, then too little; and, Good wits will soone meet. Tis true as Sancho faves (quoth the Duke) we will fee what kinde of Countelle she is, and by that, ghelle what courtesie is due to her. By this the Drum and Fife came in, as formerly: and heere the Author ended this briefe Chapter, beginning another, which continues the faine Aduenture, one of the notablest of all the Hi-

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CHAP: XXXVIII.

The Afflicted Matron recounts her ill Errantry.

Frer the Musicke, there entred in at the Garden, about some twelve Matron-wayters, divided into two rankes, all clad in large Monks weedes, to fee to, of fulled Serge, with white Stoles of thin Callico, fo long, that they onely shewed the edge of their blacke weeds. After them came the Countelle Trifaldi, whom Trifaldin with the white beard led by the hand, clad all in finest vn-napped Bayes; for had it been napped, every graine of it would have been as big as your biggest pease: her taile or her traine (cal it whether you will) had three corners. which was born by three Pages, clad likewise in mourning:thus making a fightly and Mathematicall shew with those three sharp

Spanish importing fo.

b Zorra, in Spanish, a Fox.

corners, which the poynted skirt made, for which belike the was * The word in called the Counteffe 2 Trifaldi, as if we should say the Countesse of the three traines, and Benengeli fayes, it was true, and that he right name was the Counteffe Lobuna, because there were many Wolues bred in her Countrey; and if they had beene Foxes, as they were Wolues, they would have called her the Countelle b Zorrana, by reason that in those parts it was the custome, that great ones took their appellations, from the thing or things that did most abound in their States : but this Countesse, taken with the strangenes of her three-fold traine, left her name of Lobuna, and tookethat of Trifaldi.

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The twelve Wayters and their Lady came a Procession-pace, their faces covered with blacke vayles, and not transparent, was as Trifaldins, but so close, that nothing was seen thorow. Iultas the Matronly Squadron came in, the Duke, the Ducheffe, and Don Quixote stood vp, and all that beheld the large Procession. The twelve made a stand, and a Lane, thorow the middest of which, The Afflicted came forward, Trifoldin Still leading her by the hand, which the Duke, the Ducheffee, and Don Quixote feeing, they advanced fome doozen paces to meet her. Shee kneeling on the ground, with a voyce rather course and hoarce, then fine and cleere, fayd; May it pleafe your Greatnelles to spare this courteste to your servant, I say, to mee your feruant; feruant; for as I am The Afflicted; I shall not answer you as I ought, by reason that my strange and vnheard of missortune, hath transported my vnderstanding, I know not whither, and sure its farre off; since the more I seeke it, the lesse I finde it. He should want it, Lady (quoth the Duke) that by your person could not sudge of your worth, the which without any more looking into, deserues the Creame of courtesse, & the Flower of almannerly ceremonies: so taking her vp by the hand, he led her to sit downe in a chaire by the Duchesse, who welcommed her also with much courtesse.

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Don Quixote was filent, and Sancho longed to see the Trifaldis face, and some of her Wayting-women: but there was no possibility, till they of their owne accords would shew them: so all being quiet and still, they expected who should first breake silence, which was done by the Afflicted Matron with these words. a Consident I am (most powerfull Sir, most beautifull a A Fustian Lady, and most discreet Auditors) that my most Miserablenesse speech on shall finde in your most valorous brests shelter, no less pleasing, purpose, and then generous and compassionate; for it is such, as is able to make marble relent, to soften the Diamonds, and to mollisse the

the market-place of your hearing (I will not fay your eares) I should be glad to know, if the most Purishediferous Don Quizzote of the Manchissima, and his Squiriferous Pansa, bee in this Lap, this Quire, this Company.

feele of the hardest hearts in the world: but before it come into

Pansa is heere (quoth Sancho) before any body else-could an. Sancho strines swer, and Don Quixotiffimo too, therfore most Afflithedisimous to answer in Maronisima, speake what you will issimus, for we are all ready the same key. & most forward to be your Seruitorisimus. Then Don Quixote rose vp, and directed his speech to the Afflithed Maron, and sayd; If your troubles, straightned Lady, may promise you any hope of remedy, by the valour and force of any Knight Errant; Behold, heere are my poore and weake armes, that shall bee imployed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose Function is to succour the needy, which being so (as it is) you neede not, Lady, to vseany Rhetoricke, or to seeke any Preambles; but plainely, and without circumstances, tell your grieses,

griefes; for they shall be heard by those, that if they cannot re-

drelle them, yet they will commiserate them.

Which when the Afflicted Matron heard, The feem'd to fall at Don Quixotes feet, and cast her selfe downe, strining to embrace them, & fayd; Before these feet & legs I cast my selfe, oh inuincible Knight: fince they are the Basis and Columnes of Knight Errantry, these feet will I kille, on whose steps the whole remedy of my misfortunes doth hang and depend. Oh valorous Errant! whose valorous exployes do obscure & darken the fabulous ones of the Amadifes, Esplandia fus, and Belianifes : And leaving Don Quixete, the layd hold on Sanche Panfa, and griping his hands, fayd; Oh thou the loyallest Squire that ever ferued Knight Errant, in palt or present times ! longer in goodnetle then my Viher Trifaldins beard, well mayelt thou vaunt, that in feruing Don Quixote, thou feruest, in Cipher, the whole Troope of Knights, that have worne armes in the world : I coniure thee, by thy most loyall goodnesse, that thou be a good Intercellour with thy Malter, that hee may eft-foones fauour this most humble, most vnfortunate Counteise.

To which (layd Sanebo) that my goodnes, Lady, be as long at your Squires beard, I doe not much fland upon, the bufine leis, bearded or with mustacho's, let mee have my foule goe to Heaven when I die: for, for beards heere I care little or nothing: but without these clawings or entreaties, I will desire my Master (for I know he loves me well, and the rather, because now in a certaine businesse he hath neede of mee) that he favour and helpe your Worship as much as he may: but pray uncage your grieses, and tell them us, and let us alone to understand them.

The Dukes were ready to burst with laughter, as they that had taken the pulse of this Aduenture, and commended within themselves the wit and dissumulation of the Trisalds, who sitting her downe, sayd; Of the samous Kingdome of Taprobana, which is between the great Taprobana and the South sea, some two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, was Queene the Lady Donna Maguncia, widdow to King Archipielo, her Lord and Husbend, in which matrimony they had the Princesse Antonomasa, heire to the Kingdome: the sayd Princesse was brought

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vp, and increased under my tutorage and instruction, because I was the ancientest and chiefest Marron that waited on her mother. It fell out then, that times comming and going, the childe Antonomasia being about foureteene yeeres of age, shee was so faire, that Nature could give no further addition. Discretion it felfe was a Snotty-nose to her, that was as discreet as faire, and the was the fairest in the world, and is, if enuious Fates and inflexible Destinies have not cut the thred of her life : but fure they have not; for Heaven will not permit, that Earth fuffer such alotle, as would be the lopping of a branch of the fairest Vine in the world.

On this beauty (neuer-sufficiently extelled by my rude tongue) a number of Princes were enamoured, aswell Neighbours as Strangers, amongst whom, a private Gentle-man durst raile his thoughts to the Heauen of that beauty, one that lived in Court, confident in his youth and gallantry, and other abilities, and happy facilities of wit; for let mee give your Greatnefles to understand (if it be not tedious) hee played on a Gitterne, as if hemadeit speake, he was a Poet, and a great Dancer, and could very well make Bird-cages, and onely with this Art, might have potten his living, when he had beene in great necessity: so that I these parts and adornments were able to throw downe a mountaine, much more a delicate Damozell : but all his gentry, all his graces, all his behaviour and abilities, could have little preualed, to render my childes fortrelle, if the curfed theefe had not conquered mee first. First, the cursed Rascall Vagamund fought to get my good will, and to bribe me, that I, ill keeper, should deliver him the keyes of my fortreffe.

To conclude, he inveigled my vnderstanding, and obtained my consent, with some toyes and trifles (I know not what) that he gaue mee: but that which most did prostrate mee, and made me fall, was certaine verses, that I heard him sing one night from a grated window, toward a Lane where he lay, which were as I

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The Ditty was most precious to me, and his voyce as sweet as sugar, & many a time since haue I thought, seeing the mist-hap I sell into, by these and such other like verses, and haue considered, that Poets should be banisht from all good and well-gouerned Common-wealths, as Plate counselled, at least lascinious Poets; for they write lascinious verses, not such as those of a the Marquesse of Manua, that delight and make women and children weepe, but piercing ones, that like sharp thornes, but soft, traverse the soule, and wound it like lightning, leaving the garment sound, and againe he sung,

Old balladveries, the Author speaks heere Satyrically.

> Come death, hidden, without paine, (Let me not thy comming know) That the pleasure to die so, Make me not to live againe.

Other kindes of fongs he had, which being fung, enchanted, and written, suspended: for when they daigned to make a kinde of verse in Candaya, then in vse, called Roundelaies, there was your dancing of foules, and tickling with laughter and vnquietneffe of the body : and finally, the quick-filuer of all the sences. So, my Masters, let me say, that such Rithmers ought justly to be banished to the Iland of Lizards: but the fault is none of theirs. but of simple creatures that commend them, and foolish wenches that beleeve in them: and if I had been as good a Waytingwoman, as I ought to have beene, his over-nights conceits would not have mooued mee, neither should I have given credit to these kinde of speeches : I live dying, I burne in the frost, I shake in the fire, I hope hopelesse, I goe, and yet I stay : with other impossibilities of this scumme, of which his writings are full: and then, your promising the Phoenix of Arabia, Art adne's Crowne, the Lockes of the Sunne, the Pearles of the South, the Gold of Tyber, and Balfamum of Pancaia: and heere they are most liberall in promising that, which they never think to performe.

But whither, aye mee vnhappy, doe I divert my felfe? What folly or what madnetle makes mee recount other folkes faults, having so much to say of mine owne? Aye mee againe, vnfortunate, for not the verses, but my folly, vanquished mee; not

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his musike, but my lightnesse, my ignorance softned mee; that, and my ill fore-sight opened the way, and made plaine the path to Dou Clanixo, for this is the aforesayd Gentle-mans name; so that I being the Bawde, hee was many times in the chamber of the (not by him, but mee) betrayed Antonomasia, vnder colour of being her lawfull Spouse; for though a sinner I am, I would not have consented, that without being her Husband, hee should have come to the bottome of her shoofole.

No, no, Matrimony must ever bee the colour in all these bufinesses, that shall bee treated of by mee: onely there was one mischiese in it, that Don Clanixo was not her Equall, hee being but a private Gentle-man, and shee such an Inheritrix. A while this juggling was hid and concealed, with the sagacity of my warinesse, till a kinde of swelling in Antanomosia's belly, at last discovered it, the searce of which made vs all three enter into counsell, and it was agreed, that before the mischap should come to light, Don Clanixo should demand Antonomasia for wise before the Vicar, by vertue of a bill of her hand, which shee had given him to bee so: this was framed by my invention so forcibly, that Samson himselse was not able to breake it.

The matter was put in practice, the Vicar faw the bill, and tooke the Ladies confession: who confessed plainely, hee committed her prisoner to a Sargeants house. Then (quoth Sancho) have you Sargeants too in Candaya, Poets, and Roundelayes? I sweare I thinke, the world is the same every-where: but make in end, Madam Trifaldi: for it is late, and I long to know theend of this large story. I will, auswered the Countesse.

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CHAP. XXXIX.

where the Trifaldi prosecutes her stupendious and memorable History.

T every word that Sancho spoke, the Duchesse vvas as yvell pleased as Don Quixote out of his wits, and commanding him to bee filent; the Afflicted went on, fav. ing: The short and the long was this, after many givings and takings, by reason the Princelle stood ever stiffely to her tackling, the Vicar fentenced in Don Clanixo's fauour, whereat the Queene Donna Maguncia Antonomasia's Mother vvas so full of wrath, that some three daies after wee buried her. Well, Sir Squire, quoth Sancho, it hath beene feene ere now, that one that hath beene but in a fwound, hath beene buried, thinking he was dead; and me thinkes that Queene Maguncia might but rather have beene in a fwound, for with life many things are remedied, and the Princeffes error vvas not fo great, that the should for fent it. If shee had married with a Page or any other servant of her house (as I have heard many have done) the mischance had beene irreparable: but to marry with so worthy a Gentleman, and so vinderstanding as hath beene painted out to vs, truly, truly, though'twere an ouer-fight, yet twas not fo great as wee thinke for; for according to my Masters rules here present, who will not let mee lve, as Schollers become Bishops, so private Knights (especially if they be Errant) may become Kings and * Emperours.

Thou hast reason, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) for a Knight Errant, giue him but two inches of good fortune, he is in potentia proxima to be the greatest Soueraigne of the world. But let the Afflicted proceed, for to mee it appeares, the bitterest part of her sweet History is behinde. The bitterest, quoth you, said shee? Indeed so bitter, that in comparison of this, Treade

and Elicampane is sweet.

The Queene being starke dead, and not in a trance, wee buried her, and scarce had wee conered her with earth, and took ad

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the Gyant Malambruso, Magnicia's Cousin Germane, appeared before her graue vpon a woodden horse, who besides his cruelty, was also an Enchanter, who with his Art to renenge his Cousins death, & for Don Clanixas boldnesse, and for despishe of Autonomasia's ouer-sight, enchanted them vpon the same Tombe, turning her into a brazen Ape, and him into a fearefull Crocodile of vnknowne metall, and betwixt them both is likewise set a Register of metall, written in the Striacke tongue, which being translated into the Candayan, and now into the Catillian, conteines this sentence:

These two bold Louers shall not recover their natural forme, till thevalians Manchegan come to single combat with me, for the Definies reserve this un-heard of Adventure only for his great valour.

This done, he wnsheathed a broad and vnwieldy Scimitar, and taking me by the haire of the head, he made as if he would have surmy throat, or sheared off my necke at a blow. I was amazed, my voice cleaved to the roofe of my mouth, I was troubled extended: but I enforced my selfe as well as I could, and vvith adolorous and trembling voyce, I told him such and so many things, as made him suspend the execution of his rigorous punishment.

Finally, hee made all the waiting-Women of the Court be brought before him, which are heere present now also; and after he had exaggerated our faults, and reuiled the conditions of Waiting-women, their wicked wiles, and worse slights, and laying my fault upon them all, hee said hee would not capitally punishes, but with other dilated paines, that might give us a civill and continuate death: and in the very same instant & moment that he had said this, we all felt that the Pores of our faces opened, and that all about them wee had prickles, like the pricking of needles: by and by we clapped our hands to our faces, and sound them instant as you see them now; with this the Afflicted, and the rest of the Waiting-women lifted up their masks which they had on, and shewed their faces all vith beards, some red, some

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some blacke, some white, and lime-smeared: at sight of which. the Duke & Ducheffe admired ; Don Quixote and Sancho were aftonisht, and all the by-standers wonder-strooken, and the Trifalds proceeded: Thus that fellon, and hard-hearted Malambrano punished vs, covering the softnesse and smoothnesse of our faces with these rough bristles: would God he had beheaded vs with his vnweldy Scimitar, and not so dimmed the light of our faces with these blots that hide vs; for, my Masters, if vvee fall into reckoning, (and that which now I fay, I would speake it with mine eyes running a fountaine of teares, but the confide ration of our misfortunes, and the Seas that hitherto have rained, have drawne them as dry as eares of Corne, and therefore let mee speake vvithout teares.) Whither shall a Waiting-woman with a beard goe? What Father or Mother will take compassion on her? For when her flesh is at the smoothest, and he face martyrized with a thousand forts of slibber-slabbers & was ters, the can scarce finde any body that will care for her, what shall she doe then when she vyeares a vyood vpon her face 10 Matrons, Companions mine, in an ill time vvere vve borne, a luckletle howre our Fathers begat vs; and faying this, the made shew of dismaying.

CHAP. XL.

Of matters that touch and pertaine to this Aduenture, and most memorable History.

Ertainely, all they that delight in such Histories as this, must be thankfull to Cid Hamete the Author of the Ori I ginal, for his curiofity in ferting downe enery little tittle, without leaving out the smallest matter, that hath not beene de Itinally brought to light: hee paints out conceits, discouersimginations, answers secrets, cleeres doubts, resolues arguments: To conclude, manifelts the least moat of each curious desire. Oh famous Author! Oh happy Don Quixote! Oh renowned Da scinea! Oh pleasant Saneho! all together, and each in particular,

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long may you live, to the delight and generall recreation of mortalls. The Story then goes on, that just as Sancho faw the Afflicted difinaid, he faid, As I am honest man, and by the memory of the Panfa's, I neuer heard nor faw, nor my master neuer told me, nor could he ever conceit in his fancy fuch an Aduenture as this. A thousand Satans take thee (not to curse thee) for an Enchanter as thou art, Gyant Malambruno, and hadst thou no kinde of punishment for these sinners but this bearding them? What? had it not beene better & fitter for them. to have bereaved them of halfe their nofes, though they had fouffled for it, and not to have clapt these beards on them? I hold awager they have no money to pay for their shaving. You fav true Sir, quoth one of the twelve, we have nothing to cleanse vs with, therefore some of vs have vsed a remedy of sticking Plaiflers, which, applied to our faces, and clapped on vpon a fodain, make them as plaine and fmooth as the bottome of a stone morter; for though in Candaya there be women that goe vp and downe from house to house to take away the haire of the body. and to trimme the eye-browes, and other flibber-fawces touching women, yet weemy Ladies women would neuer admit them, because they smell something of the Bawde : and if Signior Don Quixote doe not helpe vs, wee are like to goe with bards to our graues.

I would rather lose mine amongst Insidels, quoth Don Quixm, then not ease you of yours. By this the Trifalds came to her selfeagaine, and said, The very iyngling of this promise came intomy eares in the midst of my Trance, and was enough to recour my sences: therefore once againe, Renowned Errant, and vntamed Sir, let me besecch you that your gracious promise be put in execution. For my part it shall, quoth Don Quixote, tell me Lady, what I am to doe, for my minde is very prompt to

ferue you.

Thus it is (quoth the Afflicted) from hence to the Kingdom of Candaya, if you goe by land, you have five thonsand leagues, wanting two or three; but if you goe in the ayre, some three thousand two hundreth and seven and twenty by a direct line. You must likewise know that Malambrane told me, that when

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Fortune should bring me to the Knight that must free vs, that he would fend a horse much better, and with fewer trickes then your hirelings, which is the felfe-fame horse of wood, on which the valiant Pierres stole and carried away the faire Magalona. which horse is governed by a pinne that he hath in his forehead. that serves for a bridle, and flies in the ayre so swiftly, as if the Deuils themselues carried him. This horse, according to Tradition, was made by the Sage Merlin, and he lent him to his friend Pierres, who made long voyages vpon him, and Itole away (as is faid) the faire Magalona, carrying her in the ayre at his Crupper, leaving all that beheld them on earth in a staring gaze, and helent him to none but those whom he loued, or that payed him best, and since the Grand Pierres, hitherto vyce have not heard that any else hath come vpon his backe: Malambrune got him from thence by his Art, and keepes him, making vieof him in his voyages, which he hath every foot thorow all parts of the world, and he is heere to day, and to morrow in France, and the next day at Ierusalem: and the best is, that this horsens. ther eates nor fleepes, nor needs shooing, and hee ambles in the ayre, without wings, that he that rides upon him, may earry a cup full of water in his hand, without spilling a iot : he goes so foft and fo easie, which made the faire Magalona glad to ride vpon him.

Then (quoth Sancho) for your foft and easie going, my Dapple beares the bell, though hee goe not in the Aire; but you earth. He play with him with all the Amblers in the world.

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All of them laughed, and the Afflicted went on: and this horse (if Malambruno will grant an end of our missortune) within halfe an houre at night will be with vs; for he told mee, that the signe that I had sound the Knight that should proute our liberty, should be the sending of that horse whither hee should come speedily. And how many (quoth Sancho) may ride upon that horse? The Afflicted answered, Two; one in the Saddle, and the other at the Crupper, and most commonly such two are, Knight and Squire, when some stolne Damozell is wanting. I would faine know, Afflicted Madam, quoth Sancho, what this horses name is. His name (quoth she) is not like

Bellerophons horse, called Pegasus or Alexanders the great, Bucephalus, or Orlando Enrioso's Briliadoro, or Bayarte Reynaldos de Montaluans, or Rogeros Frontino, or Bootes or Perithons, the horfes of the Sunne, nor Orelia Rodrigo the last vnhappy King of the Gothes his Horse, in that battell where hee lost his life and kingdome together.

I hold a wager (faid Sancho) that fince he hath none of all these famous knowne names, that his name neither is not Rozinante my Masters horses name, which goes beyond al those that

haue been named already.

Tis true (quoth the bearded Countesse) notwithstanding he hath a name that fits him very well, which is a Classilenothe a class a naile fwift: first, because he is of wood, and then, because of the pinne or woodden in his fore-head, so that for his name he may compare with Ro- pinne, Leno zinante. I dislike not his name (said Sancho) but what bridle, or wood in Spawhat halter is he gouerned with? I have told you (faid the Trifalds) that with the pinne, turned as pleaseth the party that rides onhim, he will goe either in the ayre, or raking and sweeping along the earth, or in a meane which ought to bee fought in all well-ordered actions. I would faine fee him (quoth Sancho) but . wthinke that Ile get vp on him, eyther in the faddle, or at the Crupper, were to aske Peares of the Elme. Twere good indeed, that I, that can scarce sit vpon Dapple, and a packe-saddle as soft as silke, should get vp vpon a woodden crupper without a Cushion or Pillow-beare: by Gad Ile not bruise my selfe to take away any bodies beard: let euery one shaue himselfe as well as he can; for Ile not goe so long a voyage with my Master: besides, theres no vse of me for the shauing of these beards, as there is for the dif-enchanting my Lady Dulcinea. Yes marry is there, faid the Trifaldi, and so much, that I beleeve, without you we shall doe nothing. a God & the King (quoth Sancho) what a Aqui del Ry, hauethe Squires to doe with their Malters Aduentures, they the vival mult reape the credit of ending them, and wee must beare the speech of Offiburden? Body of mee, if your Hiltorians would fay, Such a when any are-Knight ended fuch an Aduenture, but with the helpe of fuch fled person and fuch a Squire, without whom it had been impossible to end refifes. it, twere formething: but that they write dryly, Don Parialipo-

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menon, Knight of the three starres, ended the Aduenture of the sixe Hob-goblins, without naming his Squires person that was present at all, as if he were not aliue: I like it not, my Masters, I tell you againe, my Master may goe alone, much good may it doe him, and Ile stay heere with my Lady the Duchesse, and it may be when he comes backe, he shall finde the Lady Dulcinea's businesse three-fold, nay fine-fold bettered, for I purpose at idle times, and when I am at ley sure to give my selfea Bout of whipping, bare breech'd. For all that (quoth the Duchesse) if need be, you must accompany him, honest Sancho, for all good people will entreat, that for your vnnecessary feare these Gentlewomens saces be not so thick-bearded; for it were great pitty.

God and the King againe (quoth Sancho) when this charity were performed for some retired Damozels, as some vvorking girles, a man might vndertake any hazard; but for to vnbeard waiting-women, a pox: I would I might see vm bearded from the highest to the lowest, from the nicest to the neatest. You are still bitter against waiting-women, friend, quoth the Duchesse, you are much addicted to the Toledanian Apothecaries opinion: but on my faith you have no reason, for I have women in my house, that may be a patterne for Waiting-women, and here's Doman Rodriguez, that will not contradict me. Your Excellency (quoth Rodriguez) may say what you will, God knowesall, whether we be good or bad: bearded or smooth, as we are, our Mothers brought vs forth as well as other women, and since God cast vs into the world, he knowes to what end, and I relye you his mercy, and no bodies beard.

Well, Mistresse Rodriguez, and Lady Trifaldi, (quoth Don Onixoso) I hope to God hee will behold your sorrowes with pittying eyes, and Sancho shall doess I will have him, if Clambenno vvere come once, and that I might encounter Malambrano: for I know, no Rasor would shave you with more facility, then my sword should shave Malambrano's head from his should are for God paraging the arrived dear for God paraging the god paraging the arrived dear for God paraging the god paraging th

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ders, for God permits the vvicked, but not for euer.

Ah (quoth the Afflicted) now all the starres of the heavenly Regions looke vpon your Greatnesse, valorous Knight, with gentle aspect, and infuse all prosperity into your minde, and all valour valour, and make you the shield and succour of all deiected and reuiled Waiting-woman-ship, abhominable to Apothecaries, back-bited by Squires, and scoffed at by Pages, and the Deuill take the Queane that in the flower of her youth put not her selfe in a Nunnery, rather then be a Waiting-woman, vnfortunate as we are, for though we descend in a direct line, by man to man from Hetter the Troian, yet our Mistresses will neuer leave bethou-ing of vs, though they might be Queenes for it: O Gyant Malambrune, (for though thou beest an Enchanter, thou art most sure in thy promises) send the matchlesse Clamiene vnto vs, that our missfortune may have an end: for if the heates come in, and these beards of ours last, woe be to our ill fortune.

This the Trifaldi said with so much feeling, that shee drew teares from all the spectators eyes, and stroaked them even from Sancho's, so that now he resolved to accompany his Master to the very end of the world, so he might obtaine the taking the

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CHAP. XLI.

Of Clauileno's arrivall, with the end of this dilated Aduenture.

T grew now to bee night, and with it the expected time when Clanileno the famous horse should come, whose delay troubled Don Quixoto, thinking that Malambrano deserring to send him, argued, that eyther hee was not the Knight for whom the Aduenture was reserved, or that Malambrano durst not come to single combat with him: But looke ye now, when all vnexpected, source Sauages entred the Garden, cladde all in greene Yuic, bearing upon their shoulders a great woodden horse: they set him upon his legges on the ground, and one of them said, Let him that hath the courage, get up upon this Engine.

Then (quoth Sancho) not I, I have no courage, I am no S 3 Knight.

Knight, and the Saluage replied, faying, And let his Squire ride behinde, and let him be assured, that no sword but Malambruno's shall offend him, and there is no more to be done, but to turne that pinne, which is vpon the horses necke, and hee will carry them in a moment where Malambruno attends: but less the height and distance from earth make them light-headed, let them couer their eyes till the horse neigh; a signe that they have then sinisht their voyage. This said, with a slow pace, they mar-

ched out the same way they came.

The Afflicted, as soone as she saw the horse, with very teares in her eyes, the faid to Don Quixote; Valorous Knight, Malambruno hath kept his word, the horse is heere, our beards increase, and each of vs with every haire of them beseech thee to shaue and sheere vs, since there is no more to be done, but that thou and thy Squire both mount, and begin this your happy new voyage. That will I willingly, faid Don Quixote, my Lady Trifaldi, without a cushion or spurres, that I may not delay time, so much, Lady, I desire to see you and all these Gentlews men smooth and cleere. Not I (quoth Sancho) neyther willing ly nor vnwillingly, and if this shauing cannot be performed without my riding at the Crupper, let my Master seeke some other Squire to follow him, and these Gentlewomen someo ther meanes of smoothing themselves; for I am no Hagge that love to hurry in the Ayre; and what will my Islanders fay, when they heare their Gouernour is houering in the winde? Besides, there being three thousand leagues from hence to Candaya, if the horse should be weary, or the Gyant offended, wee might bee these halfe doozen of yeeres ere we returne, and then perhaps there would be neyther Iland nor dry-land in the world to acknowledge me : and fince 'tis ordinarily faid, that delay breeds danger, and he that will not when he may, &c. these Gentle womens beards shall pardon mee, for tis good sleeping int whole skinne, I meane, I am very well at home in this house, where I receive so much kindnesse, and from whose Owner I hope for so great a good, as to see my selfe a Gouernour.

To which (quoth the Duke) Friend Sancho, the Hand that I promifed you, is not moueable, nor fugitive, it is fo deepe reco

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ted in the earth, that a great many pulls will not root it vp: and fince you know, that I know that there is none of these prime kinde of Officers, that payes not some kinde of bribe, some more, some lette, yours for this Gouernment shall be, that you accompany your Master Don Quixote to end and finish this memorable Aduenture, that, whether you returne on Clausteno with the breuity that his speed promiseth, or that your contrary fortune bring and returne you home on foot like a Pilgrime from Inne to Inne, and from Alehouse to Alehouse; at your comming backe, you shall finde the Iland where you left it, and the Ilanders with the same desire to receive you for their Gouernour, that they have alwaies had, and my good will shall alwaies bee the same; and doubt not, Signior Sancho, of this, for you should do much wrong (in so doing) to the desire I have to serve you.

No more, Sir, quoth Sancho, I am a poore Squire, and cannot carry fo much courtefie vpon my backe: let my Master get vp, and blindefolde me, and commend me to God Almighty, and tell mee, if, when I mount into this high-flying, I may recommend my seise to God, or inuoke the Angels that they may fa-

your me.

To which the Trifald answered, You may recommend your selfe to God, or to whom you will; for Malambrune, though he bee an Enchanter, yet hee is a Christian, and performes his Enchantments with much fagacity, and very warily, without meddling with any body. Goe to then (quoth Sancho) God and the holy Trinity of Gaeta helpe me. Since the memorable Aduenture of the Full-mills (quoth Don Quixote) I never faw Sancho fo fearefull as now, & if I were as superstitious as some, his pulillanimity would tickle my conscience : but harke thee, Sancho, by these Gentles leaves, I will speake a word or two with thee and carrying Sancho amongst some trees in the garden, taking him by both the hands, he fayd, Thou feelt, Brother Sancho, the large voyage that we are like to have, and God knowes when wee shall returne from it, nor the leifure that our affaires heereafter will give vs. I prethee therefore, retire thy felfe to thy chamber, as if thou wentil to look for some necessary for

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the way, and give thy selfe in a trice, of the three thousand and three hundred lashes, in which thou standest engaged, but five hundred onely: fo that the beginning of a businesse is halfe the

ending of it.

Verily (quoth Sancho) I thinke you have lost your wits, this is Inft: I am going, and thou are crying out in halte for thy mayden-head, I am now going to fit vpon a bare piece of wood, and you would have my bumme smart. Beleeuc mee, you have no reason, let's now goe for the shauing these Matrons, and when we returne, Ile promise you to come out of debt : let this content you, and I say no more. Don Quixote made answer, Well, with this promise, Sancho, I amin some comfort, and I beleeue thou wilt accomplish it; for though thou beelt a foole, 2 yet I thinke thou art honest.

4 Heere I left cut a line or two of a dull conceit ; foit was no great English it could not be expressed.

So now they went to mount Claudene, and as they were getting vp, Don Quixote fayd, Hud-winke thy felfe, Sanche, and get vp: for hee that fends from fo farre off for vs. will matter; for in not deceive vs ; for hee will get but small glory by it, and though all should succeede contrary to my imagination, yet no malice can obscure the glory of having vndergone this Adventure. Lets goe, Master (quoth Sanche) for the beards & teares of these Gentle-women are nailed in my heart, & I shal not eat a bit, to doe me good, till I see them in their former smoothnelle. Get you vp, Sir, and hudwinke you selfe first; for if I must ridebe hinde you, you must needes get up first in the saddle.

> Tistrue indeede, fayd Don Quixote, and taking a hand-kerchiefe out of his pocket, he defired the Afflicted to hide his eyes close: & when it was done, he vncouered himselfe again, & said; As I remember, I have read in Virgil of the Palladium, that horse of Troy, that was of wood, that the Grecians presented to the Goddelfe Pallas, with childe with arined Knights, which after were the totall ruine of all Troy, and so it were fit first to

try what Claudeno hath in his Itomacke.

You neede not (fayd she) for I dare warrant you, and know that Malambruno is neither traytor nor malicious, you may get vp without any feare, and vpon me beit, if you receive any hurt. But Don Quixote thought, that every thing thus spoken

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to his fafety, was a detriment of his valour: fo, without more exchanging of words, vp hee got, and tried the pin that easily turned vp and downe: fo with his legs at length, without filtrups, hee looked like an Image painted in a piece of Flanders Arma, or wouen in some Roman triumph. Sancho got vp faire and fostly, and with a very ill will, and settling himselfe the best hee could vpon the crupper, found it somewhat hard, and nothing soft, and desired the Duke, that if it were possible, hee might have a cushionet, or for failing, one of the Duchesses cushions of State, or a pillow from one of the Pages beds; for that horses crupper, he sayd, was rather marble then wood.

To this (quoth Trifaldi) Clasileno will suffer no kinde of furniture nor trapping upon him: you may doe well for your ease, to sit on him woman-wayes, so you will not feele his hardnesse somethe. Sancho did so, and saying sarewell, hee suffered himselfe to be bound about the eyes, and after uncoured himselfe againe, & looking pittifully round about the garden with teares in his eyes, he desired that they would in that dolefull trance loyne with him each in a Pater-noster, and an Ane Maria, as God might provide them some to doe them that charitable of

fice when they should be in the like trance.

To which (quoth Don Quixote) Rascall, are you vpon the Gallowes, trow? or at the last gaspe, that you vse these kinde of supplications? Art thou not, thou soule-lette cowardly creature, in the same place, where the saire Magalona sate, from whence shedescended not to her graue; but to bee Queene of France, if Histories lie not? and am not I by thee? cannot I compare with the valorous Pierrs, that pressed this seat, that I now presse? Hudwinke, hudwinke thy selfe, thou disheartned Beast, and let not thy seare come forth of thy mouth, at least in my presence. Hudwinke mee (quoth Sancho) and since you will not. have me pray to God, nor recommend me, how can I chuse but be as any less that may earry vsheadlong to destruction.

Now they were hudwinked, and Don Quixote perceiving that all was as it should be, layd hold on the pin, and scarce put his fingers to it, when all the Wayting-women, and as many as

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were present, lifted up their voyces, saying; God be thy speed, Valorous Knight; God be with thee, Vndaunted Squire: now, now you fly in the aire, cutting it with more speede then an arrow: now you begin to suspend, and astonish as many as behold you from earth. Hold, hold, valorous Sancho; for now thou goest waving in the aire, take heede thou fall not ; for thy fall will be worse then the bold Youths, that defired to gouerne his

father, the Suns, charriot.

Sancho heard all this, and getting close to his Master, hee girt his armes about him, and fayd; Sir, why doe they fay we are so high, if wee can heare their voyces? and mee thinkes they talke heere hard by vs. Ne're stand upon that (quoth Don Quixote) for as these kindes of flying are out of the ordinary course of thousands of leagues, thou may st heare and see any thing, and doe not presse me so hard; for thou wilt throw me downe: and verily, I know not why thou shouldest thus tremble and bees frayd; for I dare sweare, in all my life, I neuer rode vpon an a fier-paced horse, he goes as if hee neuer mooued from the place. Friend, banish feare; for the businesse goes on successe-fully, and we have winde at will. Indeede tis true, quoth Sancho: for I haue a winde comes so forcibly on this side of mee, as if I were blowed upon by a thousand paire of bellowes: and it was true indeede, they were giving him aire, with a very good paired bellowes.

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This Aduenture was so well contriued by the Duke, the Ducheile, and the Steward, that there was no requisite awarting, to make it perfect. Don Quixote too feeling the breath, fayd : Vndoubtedly, Sancho, wee are now come to the middle Region, where haile, fnow thunder and lightning, and the thun der-bolt are ingendred in the third Region, & if we mount log in this manner, we shall quickly be in the Region of fire, and know not how to yie this Pin, that wee mount not where we

shall be scorcht.

Now they heated their faces with flax fet on fire, and eafier be quencht, in a caue a far off: and Sancho, that felt the heat, faid Hang me, if we be not now in that place where the fire is; for great part of my beard is findged: He viblind-fold my felfe, M

ster, and see where-abouts we are. Doe not (quoth Don Quixote) and remember that true tale of the Scholler Tovalua, whom the Deuill hoysted a vp into the airea horse-backe on a a A Story Lereede, with his eyes shut, and in twelve houres hee arrived at lected in Rome, and lighted at the Towre of Nona, which is one of the Spaine as streets of the City, & faw all the mif-chance, the atlault & death Cospell. of Borbon, and the morrow after returned backe to Madrid, where he related all that he had seene: who also sayd, that as hee went in the aire, the Deuill bid him open his eyes, which he did, and saw himselfe, as he thought, so neere the body of the Moon, that he might have touched her with his hands, and that he durst not looke toward the earth, for feare to be made giddy. So that, Sancho, there is no vncouering vs ; for hee that hath the charge of carrying vs will looke to vs, and peraduenture wee goe doubling of poynts, and mounting on high to fall even with the Kingdome of Candaya, as doth the Sacar or Hawke vpon the Heron to catch her, mount shee neuer so high; and, though it feeme to vs not halfe an houre, since, we parted from the garden, beleeue me, we have travelled a great way.

I know not what belongs to it (quoth Sancho) but this I know, that if your Lady Magallanes, or Magalona were pleafed with my feat, she was not very tender-breecht. All these discourses of the two most valiant were heard by the Duke and Duchesse, and them in the garden, which gaue them extraordinary content: who willing to make an end of this strange and well-composed Aduenture, clapt fire with some flax at Chaileno's taile: and straight the horse, being stuffed with Crackers, slew into the aire, making a strange noyse, and threw Don Quixote and Sancho both on the ground, and sindged. And now all the bearded Squadron of the Matrons vanished out of the garden, and Trisaldi too and all, and they that remained, counterseited a

dead fwound, and lay all along vpon the ground.

Don Quixote and Sancho, ill-intreated, rose vp, and looking round about, they wondred to see themselves in the same garden, from whence they had parted, and to see such a company of people layd vpon the ground: and their admiration was the more increased, when on one side of the garden,

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they faw a great lance fastned in the ground, and a smooth white piece of parchment hanging at it, with two twisted strings of greene silke, in which the following words were written with letters of gold.

The famous & valorous Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, finisht and ended the Adventure of the Countesse Trifaldi, otherwise called, The Afflicted Matron, and her Company, onely

with undertaking it.

Malambruno is satisfied and contented with all his heart, and now the Wayting-womens chins are smooth and cleane, and the Princes Don Clanixo and Antonomalia are in their pressine being, and when the Squires whipping shall bee accomplished, the white Pigeon shall be free from the pestiferous Ier-Falcons that persecute her, and in her loued Lullers arms; for so it is ordained by the sage Merlin, Proco-Enchanter of Enchanters.

When Don Quixote had read these letters of the parchment, he vnderstood plainely, that they spoke of the disenchanting of Dulcinea, and giving many thankes to Heaven, that with so little danger he had ended so great an exployt, as reducing the faces of the venerable Wayting-women, to their former smoothness, that were now gone: he went towards the Duke and the Duchesse, who were not as yet come to themselves, and taking the Duke by the hand, hee sayd; Courage, courage, noble sin, all's nothing, the Adventure is now ended, without breaking of barres, as you may plainely see by the writing there in that Register.

The Duke (like one that rifeth out of a profound fleepe) by little and little came to himfelfe, and in the fame Tener the Ducheffe, and all they that were downe in the garden, with fuch thewes of maruell and wonderment, that they did euen feeme to perfivade, that those things had happened to them in earnest, which they counterfeited in iest. The Duke read the seroule with his eyes halfe shut; and straight, with open arme, hee went to imbrace Dow Queste, telling him he was the brauest Knight that ever was, Sancho looked up and downe for the Affliced.

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to see what manner of sace shee had, now shee was disbearded, and if shee were so faire, as her gallant presence made shew for: but they told him, that as Clamieno came downe burning in the aire, and lighted on the ground, all the Squadron of Waytingwomen with Trifaldi vanished, and now they were shaued and ynfeathered.

The Duchesse asked Sancho, how he did in that long voyage? To which he answered, I, Madam, thought (as my Matter told me) we pailed by the Region of fire, and I would have vncouered my selfe a little ; but my Master (of whom I asked leave) would not let me: but I that have certaine curious itches, and a defire to know what is forbidden me, foftly, without being perceived, drew up the handkerchiffe that blinded me, alittle aboue my nose, and there I saw the earth, and me thoughts it was no bigger then a graine of Multard-seed, and the men that walked vpon it, somewhat bigger then Hazel-nuts, that you may fee how high we were then. To this (fayd the Duchelle) Take heede, friend Sancho, what you fay ; for it seemes you faw not theearth, but the men that walked on it : for it is plaine, that if the earth shewed no bigger then a graine of Mustard-seede, and every man like a Hazel-nut, one man alone would couer the whole earth.

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Tis true indeede (quoth Sancho) but I looked on one side of it, and saw it all. Looke you, Sancho (quoth the Duchelle) one cannot see all of a thing by one side. I cannot tell what belongs to your seeing. Madam (quoth Sancho) but you must thinke, that since wee slew by Enchantment; by Enchantment, I might see the whole earth and all the men, which way see see I looked: and if you beleeue not this, neither will you beleeue, that vncouering my selfe about my eye-browes, I saw my selfe so neere heauen, that betwixt it and me-there was not a handfull and a halse; and I dare sweare, Madam, that it is a huge thing: and it hapned that we went that way where the seuen Shee-goat-starres were, and in my soule and conscience, I having been a Goat-heard in my youth, as soone as I saw them, I had a great desire to passe some time with them; which had I not done, I thought I should have burst. Well, I come then, and

I take;

I take; What doe I do? without giving notice to any body?no, not to my Master himselfe: faire and softly I lighted from Clanileno, and playd with the Goates that were like white Violets, and such pretty flowers, some three quarters of an houre, and

Clauileno moued not a whit all this while.

And while Sancho was playing with the Goats all this while, quoth the Duke, what did Signior Don Quixote? To which (quoth Don Quixote) As all these things are quite out of their naturall course, tis not much that Sancho hath sayd: onely for me, I say, I neither perceived my selfe higher or lower, neither saw I Heaven, or Earth, or Seas, or Sands. Trucit is, that I perceived I passed thorow the middle Region, and came to the sire; but to thinke we passed from thence, I cannot believe it; for the Region of sire being betweene the Moone, and Heaven, and the latter Region of the aire, we could not come to Heaven, where the seven Goats are, that Sancho talkes of, without burning our selves: which since wee did not, either Sancho lies or dreames.

Ineither lie nor dreame, quoth Sancho; for aske mee the fignes of those Goats, and by them you shall see whether I tell true or no. Tell them, Sancho, quoth the Duchesse. Two of them (quoth Sancho) are greene, two bloud-red, two blew, and one mixt-coloured. Heere's a new kinde of Goats (quoth the Duke) in our Region of the earth wee haue no such coloured ones. Oh, you may bee sure (quoth Sancho) there's difference betweene those and these. Tell mee, Sancho (quoth the Duke) did you see amongst those Shee's a any He-goat? No, Sir (quoth Sancho) for I heard say that none passed the hornes of the Moone.

An equiuocall question; Sancho) for in Spaine they vie to call Moone. Cuckolds, Cabrores, Hegeats.

They would aske him no more touching his voyage; for it feemed to them, that Sancho had a clew to carry him all Heauen ouer, and to tell all that patied there, without stirring out of the garden. In conclusion, this was the end of the Aduenture of the Afflicted Matron, that gaue occasion of mirth to the Dukes, not onely for the present; but for their whole life-time, and to Sancho to recount for many ages, if he might live solong. But Don Quixote whispering Sancho in the eare, told him; Sancho,

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fince you will have vs beleeve all that you have feene in Heauen, I pray beleeue all that I faw in Montesino's Caue, and I fay no more.

CHAP. XLII.

Of the aduice that Don Quixote gaue Sancho Panfa, be. fore he should goe to gouerne the Iland, with other matter well digested.

He Dukes were so pleased with the happy and pleasant fucceise of the Aduenture of The Afflicted, that they determined to goe on with their iefts, feeing the fit fubiect they had, to make them patte for earnest; so having contriued and given order to their fernants & vallals, that they should obey Sancho in his Gouernment of the promised Iland, the next day after the iest of Clauileno's flight, the Duke bade Sanche prepare, and put himselse in order, to goe to be Gouernor; for that now his Ilanders did as much defire him, as showres in May.

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Sancho made an obey sance to him, and sayd; Since I came downe from Heauen, and fince from on high I beheld the earth, and faw it so small, I was partly cooled in my desire to be a Governor; for what greatnes can there be, to command in a graine of Mustard-seede? or what dignity or power to gouerne halfe adoozen of men about the bignesse of Hazel-nuts? for to my thinking, there were no more in alkhe earth. If it would please your Lordship to give mee neuer so little in Heaven, though twere but halfe a league, I would take it more willingly then the biggest lland in the world. Looke yee, friend Sancho (quoth the Duke) I can give no part of Heaven to no body, though it beno bigger then my nayle: for these fauours and graces: are onely in Gods disposing. What is in my power, I give you, that is, an Iland, right and straight, round and well-proportioned, and extraordinarily fertill and abundant, where, if you have the Art, you may with the riches of earth, hoord vp the trea-; Sancho, iure of Heauen. Well fince

Well then (quoth Sancho) give vs this lland, and in fpight of Rascals Ile go to heaven; and yet for no couetousnelle to leave my poore Cottage, or to get me into any Palaces, but for the desire I have to know what kinde of thing it is to bee a Governour.

If once you proue it, Sancho, quoth the Duke, you will be in loue with gouerning; so sweet a thing it is to command, and to be obeyed. I warrant, when your Master comes to be an Emperour, for without doubt he vvill be one (according as his affaires goe on) that he vvill not bee drawne from it, and it will grieve him to the soule, to have beene so long otherwise.

Sir, (quoth Sanche) I suppose 'tis good to command, though

it be but a head of Cattell.

Let me liue and die with thee, Sancho, (quoth the Duke) for thou knowest all, and I hope thou wilt be such a Gouernour as thy discretion promiseth, and let this suffice; and note, that to morrow about this time thou shalt goe to the Gouernment of thy Iland, and this afternoone thou shalt be sitted with consenent apparell to carry with thee, and all things necessary for thy departure.

Clad mee (quoth Sancho) how you will, for how focuer ye

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clad me, Ile be still Sancho Panfa.

You are in the right (quoth the Duke) but the Robes mult be furable to the Office or dignity which is profetled; for it were not fit that a Lawyer should be clad like a Souldier, or a Souldier like a Priest. You, Sancho, shall be clad, partly like Lawyer, and partly like a Captaine: for in the Iland that I give you, Armes are as requisite as Learning.

I haue little learning (quoth Sancho) for as yet I scarce know my A. B. C. but its enough that I haue my Christs Crossered yin my memory to been good Gouernour. He manage my weapon till I fall againe, and God helpe mee. With so goods memory (quoth the Duke) Sancho cannot doesmisse.

By this time *Don Omixote* came, and knowing what palled, and that *Sancho* was so speedily to go to his Gouernment, with the Dukes leave, hee tooke him by the hand, and carried him a side, with a purpose to aduise him how hee should behave him selfe.

felfein his Office. When they came into Don Quixote's chamber, the doore beeing thut, hee forced Sancho, as it were to fit

downe by him, and with a stayed voyce said :

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I give infinite thankes, friend Sancho, that before I have receiuedany good fortune, thou halt mette with thine : I that thought to have rewarded thy feruice with some good lucke of mine to have faued that labour, and thou fodainely palt all expe-Elation halt thy defires accomplished, others bribe, importune. follicit, rise earely, intreat, grow obstinate, and obtaine not what they fue for; and another comes hab-nab, and goes away with the place or Office, that many others fought for, & heere the Prouerbe comes in and joynes well; that, Giue a man luck. and cast him in the Sea. Thou, that in my opinion art a very Goofe, without early rifing, or late fitting vp, without any labour, onely the breath of Knight-Errantry breathing on thee, without any more adoe art Gouernour of an Iland, a matter of nothing. All this I say, Sancho, that thou attribute not this happineile to thy deferts, but that thou give God thankes, that fweetly disposeth things; next, thou shalt impute them to the greatnesse of the profession of Knight Errantry. (Thy heart then disposed to beleeue what I have said) be attentive, oh my fonne, to this thy Cato, that willaduise thee, bethy North-Starre and guide to direct and bring thee to a fafe port, out of this troublesome Sea where thou goest to ingulfe thy selfe in ; for your Offices and great charges are nothing else but a profound gulfe of confusions.

First of all, O sonne, thou must feare God: for to feare him, is

wisedome, and being wise, thou canst erre in nothing.

Secondly, thou must consider who thou art, and know thy selfe, which is the hardest kinde of knowledge that may be imagined: from this knowledge thou shalt learne not to be swolne like the frogge, that would equal himselfe with the One, for if thou doe this, thou shalt (falling downe the wheele of thy madnesse) come to know thou wert but a hogge-keeper.

That's true (quoth Sancho) but'twas when I was a boy: but after, when I grew to be somewhat mannish, I kept Geese, and not Hogges: but this me thinkes is nothing to the purpose, for

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all they that gouerne, come not from the loynes of Kings.

Tistrue (faid Don Quixote) therefore these that have no noble beginnings, must mixe the gravity of their charge they exercise, with milde sweetnesse, which, guided with wisedome, may free them from malicious murmuring, from which no state

or calling is free.

Reioyce, oh Sancho, in the humility of thy linage, & fcome not to fay, thou commelt of labouring men, for when thou are not assumed thy selfe, no body will seeke to make thee so, and alwaies striue to be held meane and vertuous, rather then proud and vicious: an infinite number from low beginnings have come to great risings, as Pontificiall and Imperiall dignities: and to confirme this, I could bring thee so many examples as should weary thee.

Note, Sancho, that if you follow Vertue for your meane, and striue to doe vertuous deeds, you need not enuy those that are borne of Princes and great men, for bloud is inherited, but vertue is atchieued, vertue is of worth by it selfe alone, so is not

birth.

Which being so, if perchance any of thy kindred come to see thee when thou art in thy Iland, refuse him not, nor affront him, but entertaine, welcome, and make much of him, for with this, God will be pleased, that would have no body despite his making, and thou shalt also in this correspond to good nature.

If thou bring thy wife with thee (for it were not fit that those who are to govern long, should be without them) teach her, instruct her, refine her naturall rudenesse: for many times all that a discreet Governour gets, a clownish foolish woman spills and

lofes.

If thou chance to be a widdower (a thing that may happen) and defire to marry againe, take not fuch a one as may feruether for a baite and fifthing rodde to take bribes: for let me tell thee, the husband must give an account of all that (being a Judge) his wife receives, and at the generall refurrection, shall pay foure-fold what he hath been accused for in his life-time.

Neuer pronounce is dgement rash or wilfully, which is very frequent with ignorant Judges, that presume to be skilfull.

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Let the teares of the poore finde more compassion (but not more justice) then the informations of the rich.

Seeke as well to discouer the truth, from out the promises and corruptions of the rich, as the fobs and importunities of the poore.

When equity is to take place, lay not all the rigour of the law, vpon the delinquent; for the fame of the rigorous Iudge, is not better then of the compassionate.

If thou flacken Iustice, let it not be with the waight of a bribe;

but with the waight of pitty.

When thou happenest to judge thine enemies case, forget thy

iniury, and respect equity.

Let not proper pallion blinde thee in another mans cause, for the errors thou shalt commit in that, most commonly are incureable, or if they be helped, it must be with thy wealth and credit.

If any faire woman come to demand justice of thee, turne thy eyes from her teares, and thy cares from her lamentations, and consider at leisure the summe of her requelts, except thou mean that thy reason be drowned in her weeping, and thy goodneile in her lighes.

2 Him that thou must punish with deeds, reuile not with A good words, fince to a wretch the punishment is sufficient, vvithout I tem to our Iudges of the adding ill language.

Commó Law.

For the delinquent that is under thy jurisdiction, consider that the miserable man is subject to the temptations of our depraued nature, and as much as thou canst, without grievance to the contrary party, shew thy selfe milde & gentle, for although Gods attributes are equall, yet to our fight his mercy is more precious and more eminent then his iustice.

If Sancho, thou follow these rules and precepts, thy daies shall be long, thy fame eternall, thy rewards full, thy happinetle indelible, thou shalt marry thy children how thou wilt, they shall have titles, and thy grand-children, thou shalt live in peace and loue of all men, and when thy life is ending, death shall take thee in a mature old age, and thy Nephewes shall close thy eyes with their tender and delicate hands.

Those I have told thee hitherto, are documents, concerning

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all they that gouerne, come not from the loynes of Kings.

Tistrue (faid Don Quixote) therefore these that have no noble beginnings, must mixe the gravity of their charge they exercise, with milde sweetnesse, which, guided with wisedome, may free them from malicious murmuring, from which no state

or calling is free.

Reioyce, oh Sancho, in the humility of thy linage, & fcome not to fay, thou commelt of labouring men, for when thou are not alhamed thy felfe, no body will feeke to make thee fo, and alwaies striue to be held meane and vertuous, rather then proud and vicious: an infinite number from low beginnings have come to great risings, as Pontificiall and Imperiall dignities: and to confirme this, I could bring thee so many examples as should weary thee.

Note, Sancho, that if you follow Vertue for your meane, and striue to doe vertuous deeds, you need not enuy those that are borne of Princes and great men, for bloud is inherited, but vertue is atchieued, vertue is of worth by it selfe alone, so is not

birth.

Which being so, if perchance any of thy kindred come to fee thee when thou art in thy Iland, refuse him not, nor affront him, but entertaine, welcome, and make much of him, for with this, God will be pleased, that would have no body despise his making, and thou shalt also in this correspond to good nature.

If thou bring thy wife with thee (for it were not fit that those who are to gouern long, should be without them) teach her, instruct her, refine her naturall rudenesse: for many times all that a discreet Gouernour gets, a clownish foolish woman spills and

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Those I have told thee hitherto, are documents, concerning T 2 thy thy foule; to adorne it, hearken now to those that must serue for the adorning thy body.

CHAP. XLIII.

Of the second aduice that Don Quixote gaue Sancho Panfa.

Ho could have heard this discourse, and not held Don Quixote for a most wise Personage, and most honest? But as it hath beene often told in the progresse of this large History, he was onely besotted, when he touched vpon his Cauallery, and in the rest of his talke hee shewed a cleere and currant apprehension: so that every foot his works bewrayed his iudgement, and his iudgement his workes. But in these second documents he gave now to Sancho, he shew'd a great deale of lenity, and ballanced his iudgement and his madnessein an equall Scale. Sancho harkened most attentively vnto him, and stroug to beare in minde his instructions, as thinking to observe them, and by them to be very well delivered of his big-swolne Government. Don Quixote proceeded, saying;

Touching the governing thine owne person and houshold, Sancho, the first thing I eniouse thee to, is to be cleanly, and to paire thy nailes, not letting them grow, as some doe, whose ignorance hath made them thinke 'tis a fine thing to have long nailes, as if that excrement and superfluity that they let grow, were onely their nailes, tather the clawes of a lizard-bearing Ca-

ftrell, and a foule abuse it is.

Goe not vn-girt or loose, for a slovenly garment is a signe of a carelesse minde, if so be this kinde of slovenly loosenesse be not to some cunning end, as it was sudged to be in Inline Casar.

Consider with discretion what thy Gouernment may bee worth, & if it will afford thee to bestow lineries on thy servants, give them decent and profitable ones, rather then gawdie or sightly, and so give thy cloth amongst thy servants & the poore, I meane, that if thou have sixe Pages, give three of them liveries,

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and three to the poore, to that thou have Pages in earth, and in heaven: and your vaine-glorious have not attained to this kinde of giving liveries.

Eat not Garlicke or Onions, that thy Pefantry may not bee knowne by thy breath: walke foftly, and speak stayedly, but not so as if it appeared thou hearkeneds to thy selfe, for all kinde of affectation is naught.

Eat little at dinner, but leffe at supper, for the health of the whole body is forged in the forge of the stomake.

Be temperate in drinking, confidering that too much wine

neyther keepes secret, nor fulfils promise.

Take heede, Sancho, of chewing on both fides, or to met

before any body.

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I vnderstand not your ructing, quoth Sancho: to ruct (quoth he) is as much as to belch, and this is one of the fowlest words our language hath, though it be very significant; so your more neat people have gotten the Latin word, and call belching, ructing, & belchers, ructers: and though some perhaps vnderstand not this, tis no great matter, for vse and custome will introduce them that they may easily be vnderstood, and the power that the vulgar and custome hath, is the enriching of a language.

Truly (said Sancho) one of your advices that I meane to remember, shall be not to belch, for I am vsed to do it often. Ruct, Sancho, not belch, quoth Don Quixote. Ruct I will say, quoth

he, hence-forward, and not forget it.

Likewise, Sancho, you must not intermixe your discourse visit that multiplicity of Prouerbs you vse; for though Prouerbs be witty short sentences, yet thou bringest them in so by head and shoulders, that they are rather absurdities then sentences. This (quoth Sancho) God Almighty can onely helpe, for I have more Prouerbs then a booke will hold, & when I speake, they come so thick to my mouth, that they fall out, & shrive one with another, who shall come out first : but my tonguecasts out the first it meetes withall, though they bee nothing to the purpose, but I will have a care hecreaster, to speake none but shall be sitting to the gravity of my place; for where there is plency, the ghests are not empty, and he that works, doth not care for

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play, and he is in fafety that stands under the bels, and his judge-

ment's rare, that can spend and spare.

Now, now, quoth Don Quixote, glue, thred, fasten thy prouerbs together, no body comes: the more thou art told a thing, the more thou dost it; I bid thee leave thy proverbs, and in an instant thou hast cast out a Letany of vin, that are as much to the purpose, as, To morrow I found a horse-shoo. Looke thee Sancho, I finde not fault with a proverbe brought in to some purpose, but to load and heap on Proverbs huddling together, makes a discourse wearssome and base.

When thou getst on horse-backe, doe not goe casting thy body all vpon the crupper, nor carry thy legges sliffe downe, and straddling from the horses belly, nor yet so loosely, as if thou wert still riding on thy, Dapple, for your horse-riding makes

some appeare Gentlemen, others Groomes.

Let thy sleepe be moderate, for hee that riseth not with the Sunne, loseth the day: and observe, Saneho, that diligence is the mother of good Fortune, and sloth the contrary, that never could satisfie a good desire.

This last aduice that I meane to give thee, though it be not to the adorning of the body, yet I would have thee beare it in thy memory; for I believe it will bee of no lesse vie to thee, then

those that I have hitherto given thee, and it is,

That thou neuer dispute of Linages, comparing them together, since of necessity amongst those that are compared, one must be the better, and of him thou debasest thou shalt becabhorred, and of him ennoblest, not a whit rewarded.

Let thy apparell be a pained hose, and long stockings, a longskirted tacket, and a cloake of the longest: but long hose by no meanes, for they become neyther Gentlemen nor Gouernous.

This is all, Sancho, I will adulfe thee to for the present; as the time and occasions serve hereafter, so shall my instructions bee, so that thou be carefull to let me know how thou dost.

Sir, (quoth Sancho) I see well that you have told me nothing but what is good, holy, and profitable: but to what purpose, if I remember nothing? True it is that, that of not letting my mailes grow, and to marry againe if need be, I shall not forget;

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but your other slabber-sawces, your tricks and quillets, I cannot remember them, nor shall not, no more then last yeeres clouds: therefore I pray let me have them in writing, for though I can neyther write nor read, Ile give them to my Confessor, that he may frame them into me, and make me capable of them at time of need.

Wretch that I am, quoth Don Quixote, how ill it appeares in a Gouernour, not to write or reade! for know, Sanebo, that for a man not to read, or not to be left-handed, argues that eyther he was a fonne of meane Parents, or fo vnhappy and vntoward-

ly, that no good would preuaile on him.

I can set to my name, quoth Sancho, for when I was Conflable of our Towne, I learnt to make certaine letters, fuch as are fet to marke trutfes of stuffe, which they said spelt my name : Belides now, He faine that my right hand is maimed, and fo another shall firme for me; for theresa remedy for every thing but death; and fince I beare fway, Ile doe what I list: for according to the Prouerb, 2 He that hath the Judge to his Father, &c. 2 A troope of and I am Gouernour, which is more then ludge. I, I, let vm abfurd speecome and play at boe-peepe, let vm backe-bite me, let vm come ches fill to for wooll, and He fend them backe shorne; whom God loues, his house is sauoury to him, and every man beares with the rich mans follies, so I being rich, and a Gouernour, and liberall too, as I meane to be, I will be without all faults. No, no, pray be dainty, and feet what will become on't, have much, and thou halt be esteemed much, quoth a Grandame of mine, and might ouercomes right.

Oh, a plague on thee, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) threefcore thou fand Satans take thee and thy Prouerbs, this howre
thou half beene stringing them one vpon another, and giving
me tormenting potions with each of them: I affure thee, that
one of these dayes these Prouerbs will carry thee to the gallows,
for them thy vasfalls will be reaue thee of thy Gouernment, or
there will be a community amongst them. Tell mee, ignorant,
Where dost thou sinde them all? or how dost thou apply them,
Ninny-hammer? for, for me to speake one and apply it well, it

makes me sweat and labour, as if I had digged.

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forget; but Affuredly, Master mine, quoth Sancho, a small matter makes you angry: why the Deuill doe you pine that I make vse of my owne goods? for I have no other, nor any other stocke but Proverbs vpon Proverbs: and now I have foure that fall out imp to the purpose, like Peares for a working basket: but I wil say nothing, for now Sancho shall be called Silence: Rather babling, quoth Don Quivote, or Obstinacy it selfe; yet I would faine know what source Proverbs they be that came into thy minde, so to the purpose; for I can think vpon none, yet I have a good

memory. What better) said Sancho) then Meddle not with a hollow tooth: And, Go from my house, What will you have with my wife? Thereson answering and, If the pot fall upon the stone, or the slone on the pot, ill for the pot, ill for the stone; all which are much to the purpose. That no body meddle with their Go uernour, nor with their Superiour, lest they have the worst, # he that puts his hand to his teeth (fo they be not hollow, tis no matter if they be teeth) Whatfoeuer the Gouernour faies, there is no replying, as in faying, Get you from my house, and, What will you have with my wife? and that of the pot and the stones blinde man may perceive it: fo that he that fees the moate in an. other mans eye, let him fee the beame in his owne, that it may not be faid by him, The dead was afraid of her that was flayd, And you know, Sir, that the foole knowes more in his owne house, then the wife man doth in anothers.

Not fo, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixoto:) for the foole, neyther in his owne house nor anothers, knowes ought, by reason that no wise edifice is seated vpon the increase of his folly: and let vs leave this, Sancho, for if thou governe ill, thou must beare the fault, and mine must be the shame; but it comforts mee that I have done my duty in aduising thee truly, and as discreetly as I could, and with this I have accomplish with my obligation, and God speed thee Sancho, and governe thee in thy Government, and bring mee out of the scruple I amin, that thou wilt turne thy Government with the heeles vpwards, which I might prevent, by setting the Duke knovy thee better, and telling him, that all that saturasse, and

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little corps of thine, is nothing but a fack of Proucrbs and knauerie.

Sir (quoth Sancho) if you thinke I am not fit for this Government, from henceforward I lofe it: I had rather have a poore little scrap of the naile of my soule, then my whole body : and Ican as well keepe my felfe with, plaine Sancho, a Loafe and an Onyon, as a Gouernour with Capons & Partridges: and whilft we are afleepe, all are alike: great and small, poore and rich: and if you confider on't, you shall finde, that you onely put me into this veine of gouerning: for I know no more what belongs to gouerning of Ilands then a Vulture, and rather, then in being a Gouernour, the Diuell shall fetch my soule; I had rather be Sanshe, and goe to heaven, then a Gouernour and go to hell. Truely, Sancho, quoth Den Quixote: for these last words thou hast spoken, I deeme thee worthy to gouern a thousand Ilands; thou halta good naturall capacitie, without which no science is worth ought; ferue God, and erre not in thy maine intentions. Imeane that thou alwayes have a firme purpose and intentato be fure in all businesses that shall occurre, because Heauen alwayes fauours good desires, and let's goe dine: for I beleeue now the Lords expect vs.

CHAP. XLIV.

How Sancho Pansa was carried to his Government, and of the strange Adventure that befell Don Quixote in the Castle.

Is fayd, that in the original of this History, it is read, that when Cid Hamete came to write this Chapter, the Interpreter translated it not as he had written it, which was kinde a of complaint of himselfe, that he vndertooke so dry and barren a story, as this of Don Quixote, because it seemed that Don Quixote and Sancho were the sole speakers, and that he durst not enlarge himselfe with other digressions, or graver accidents and more delightfull: and he sayd, That to have his invention,

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uention, his hand and his quill, tyed to one fole subject, and to speake by the mouthes of few, was a most insupportable labor. and of no benefit to the Author: fo that to anoyd this inconvenience, in the first part he vsed the Art of Nouels, as one of The Curious Impertinent, another of The captin'd Captaine, which are (as it were) separated from the History, though the rest that are there recounted, are matters that happened to Don Quixote, which could not but be fet downe: he was of opinion likewife, as he fayd, that many being carried away with attention to Don Quixotes exployes, would not heede his Nouels, and skip them. either for halte or irkesomnesse, without noting the cunning worke-manship, and framing of them, which would be plainely shewne, if they might come to light by themselves alone, without Don Quixotes madnelle, or Sancho's simplicities; therefore in this fecond part, hee would not engraffe loofe Nouels, oradioyning to the Story, but certaine accidents that might bee like vnto them, fprung from the pallages that the truth it felfe offers and these too sparingly, and with words only proper to declare them: and fince, he is thut ypand contained in the limits of this narration, having understanding, sufficiency and ability to treat of all, his request is, that his labour bee not contemned, butnther that hee bee commended, not for what hee writes, but for what he hath omitted to write: so he goes on with his Hillory, laying;

That when Don Quixote had dined, the same day that he gaue Sancho his instructions, in the after-noone he let him have them in writing, that he might seeke some body to read them to him: but as soone as ever he had given him them, he lost them, and they came to the Dukes hands, who shewed them to the Duchesse; and both of them afresh admired at Don Quixotes madnesse, and his understanding together: and so going forward with their iests, that afternoone they sent Sancho well accompanied to the place, that to him seemed an Iland.

It fell out then that the charge of this businesse was laid vpon a Steward of the Dukes, a good wife fellow, and very conceited; for there can be no wit that is not governed with discretion; here it was that playd the Countesse Trifaldis part, with the cun-

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ning that hath beene related, with this and with his Massers instructions how he should behave himselfe towards Sancho, hee performed his taske maruellously. I say then, that it happed, that as Sancho saw the Steward, the very face of Trifaldi came into his minde, and turning to his Masser, hee said: Sir, the Divell beare me from hence just as I beleeve, if you doe not confesse, that this Steward of the Dukes heere present, hath the very countenance of the Afflicted.

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Don Quixote earnestly beheld the Steward, and having thorowly seene him, said to Sancho: There is no need of the Divels taking thee iust as thou beleeuest (for I know not what thou meanest) for the Afflicteds face is iust the same that the Stewards is: but for all that, the Steward is not the Afflicted; for to bee so, were a manifest contradiction, and now tis no time to sist out these things, which were to enter into an intricate Labyrinth: beleeue me, friend; twere sit to pray to God very earnessly, to deliver vs from these damned Witches and Enchanters. Tis no iesting matter, quoth Sanebo, for I heard him speak before, and me thought the very voice of Trisaldi sounded in my eares.

Well, I will bee filent: but yet I will fee henceforward, if I andifcouer any figne to confirme or forgoe my iealousie. You may doe so, Sancho, quoth Don Quixoto; and you shall give me notice of all that in this businesse you can discouer, and of all that shall be fall you in your Government.

Sanoho in conclusion departed with a great troope, clad like a
Lawyer, & vpon his backe he had a goodly tawny riding Coat
of watred Chamlet, and a Hunters Cap of the same, he rode vpona Hee Moyle a after the Ginet fashion, and behinde him, by a The Stirthe Dukes order, his Dapple was ledde, with trappings and rops short,
Asserbicke ornaments all of silke: Sanoho turned his head now
and then to looke vpon his Asserbic with whose company he was
so well pleased, that he would not have changed to have beene
Emperour of Germany. At parting he kissed the Dukes hands,
and received his Masserbic benediction, who gave it him with
teares, and Sanoho received it with blubberings.

Now, Reader, let honest Sancho part in peace and in good

time, and expect two bushels of laughter, which his demeanour in his Gouernment will minister to thee: and in the meane time, marke what befell his Master, that very night: for if it make thee not laugh outright, yet it will cause thee shew thy teeth, and grin like an Ape: for Don Quixotes affaires must either bee solemnized with admiration or laughter.

Tis faid then, that Sancho was scarce departed, when Dom Quixoto resented his solitarinesse, and if it had been possible for him to have revoked his Commission, or taken away his Go-

uernment, he would have done it.

The Ducheile knew his Melancholy, and asked him why he was so sad: for if it were for Sancho's absence, shee had Squres, and Wairing-women, and Damozels in her house, that would doe him all service.

True it is, Madam, quoth Don Quixote, that I refent Socho's absence: but that is not the principals cause, that makes m
appeare sadiand of those many kindnesses, that your Excelleng
offers me, I onely accept and make choyse of the good will win
which they are offered, and for the rest, I humbly beseethyou
Excellencie, that you give me leave in my Chamber to serve my
selse.

Truely, Signior Don Quixote, quoth the Duchesse, it mult not be so: for source of my Damozels shall waite vpon you, a saire as showers. They shall be no slowers to mee (quoth he) but very thornes, that pricke my soule. They shall shy as soon as enter into my Chamber, or come neere me. If your Great nesse will continue in your fauours towards me, let this be one, that I may serue my selfe within mine owne doores, that I may put a wal in midst of my desires and honesty; and I will not for goe this custome, for all the liberalitie that your Highnesse will shew vnto. To conclude, I will rather sleepe in my cloathes, that yould that any body shall help to vndresse me.

Enough, enough, Signior Don Oursote (quoth the Duchelle) alhes, ar for my part, He give order that not so much as a Fly, shall come translized within your distance, much lesse a Damozell: I am none of the that would make Signior Don Quisote transcend his decens, when he was a I have a kind of glimmering, one of Signior Don Quisote transcend his decens.

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most eminent vertues, is his honestie. Vndretse your selfe, and goe to bed alone after your owne fashion how you will, and no body shall hinder you, & in your chamber you shall have althings necellary, and locke your doore to you: your veilels shall be ready, that no naturall cause make you rise to open your doore.

Long live the Grand Dulcinea del Tobofo, and her name farre extended upon the Globe of the earth, fince the deferued to bee beloued of so honest and valiant a Knight: and the gracious heavens infuse into Sancho Pansa our Gouernour his heart, a defire to finish the disciplining of himselfe quickly, that the world

may re-enion the beauty of fo great a Lady.

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To which (quoth Don Quixete) your Highnetle hath spoken like your selfe: for no ill thing can proceed from the mouth of so good a Lady, and Dulcinea shall be the more happie, and more esteemed in the world, in that your Greatnesse hath praised her, then if she had had the praises of the best Rhetoricians in the world.

Well: Goetoo, Signior Don Quixete (quoth the Ducheffe) is now supper time, and the Duke expects vs; come, Sir, let's sip, and to bed betimes: for your voyage yesterday from Caning, was not fo short, but it hath left some wearinesse in you. None at all, Lady (quoth he:) for I may sweare to your Exdelencie, that in my life time I never rode vpon a gentler nor

better-paced Beast then Claudeno; and I know no reason why Malambruno should lose so swift and so gentle a horse, and so

burne him without more adoe.

You may imagine (quoth she) that hee repenting him of the nat I may hurt he had done Trifaldi and her company, and many others; Il not for and of the wickednes, that as a Witch & Enchanter he had committed) would destroy the instruments of his office; and so thes, the burnt Clamileno as the chiefelt of them; and that which did most disquiet him, rouing vp and downe; and so with his burne Ducheile ales, and the trophy of the scrowle, Don Quixotes valour is e-Hall come ternalized.

ne of the Don Quixote afresh gave fresh thankes to the Duchesse: and decend when hee had fupt, he retyred to his Chamber alone, without on Onixon permitting any body to ferue him, he was fo afraid to meet with occasions that might induce him to forget the honest Decorum due to his Lady Dulcinea, Amadis his goodnes being alwayes in his imagination, the flower and Looking-glatle of Knights Errant.

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The doore he shut after him, and vndressed himselfe by the light of two Waxe Candles, as he pulled off his stockings (Oh ill lucke vnworthy fuch a personage) there broke from him,not fighs or any fuch thing that might discredit his cleanely near. nelle, but some foureand twenty stitches and a halfe, that made his stocking looke like a Lettice-window: the good Knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given for a dram of greene filke, an ounce of filuer : greene filke, I fay, for his flow kins were greene : and here Benengeliexclaimed, faying: Oh Poucrtie, poucrtie, I know not what moou'd thrt famous Com donan Poet, to call thee holy thankeleise gift. For I that ama Moore, know very well, by the communication I have be with Christians, that holinesse consists in Charitie, Humilia, Faith, Obedience and pouertie: but yet a man had need have! speciall grace from God, that can be contented, being poore, cept it be with such a kinde of pouertie, as one of the greated Saints speakes of: Esteeme of all things as if you had them not and this is called poorenelloof Spirit. But thou, second pour tie, (of that kinde that I meane) why do'ft thou mixe thy felf with Gentlemen, and those that be well borne? Why dolthou make them cobble their shooes; and that the Buttons of their Ierkins, be fome Silke, others Hayre, others Glatle ? Why mult their Ruffes for the most part be vnset Lettice-wayes, and not fet with the sticke? (and by this you may perceive how ancient the vse of Starchis, and of setting Ruffes. He proceeds: Vnhap py he, that being well borne, puts his credit to shifts, as by il * He describes faring, wth his doorelocked to him, a making his Tooth-picket an Hypocrite, with which he comes to the ftreet doore picking his teeth, though he haueeate nothing that should require such hangry coun-cleanelinetie. Vnhappy he, I fay, whose credit is skarred, and thinkes that a patch upon his shoo is spied a League off, or the Which v thorow sweating of his Hat, or the thred-barenesse of his Cloke lance an or the hunger of his Maw. All this was renued in Don Quixou

the right cuitome of his trey men in generall.

by the breach of his Stocking: but his comfort was, that Sanche had lest him a payre of Bootes, which he thought to put on the next day. Finally, to bed hee went heavy and penfative, as well for want of Sancho's company, as for the irreparable misfortune of his Stocking, whose stitches he would have taken vp. though it had beene with filke of another colour, which is one of the greatest signes of misery, that may befall a Gentleman in the Progretle of his Prolixe recessitie. He put out the lights, twas hot, and he could not sleepe; so he rose from his bed, and opened a little the lidde of an Iron window that looked toward afaire garden; and opening it, hee perceived and heard people flirring and talking in the Garden; they below raised their voies; infomuch, that thefe speeches might be heard:

Be not so earnest with me, O Emerencia, to have mee sing : forthou knowell that ever lince this stranger hath beene in the Calle, and that mine eyes beheld him, I cannot fing, but weep: belides, my Ladies sleepe is rather short, then found; and I would not that she should know we were heere, for al the goods in the world : and though the should sleepe, and not wake, my linging yet were in vaine, if this new Eneas fleepe, and wake notto giue eare to it, this, that is come into my Kingdome to

leue me scorned and forsaken.

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Thinke not of that, friend Altisidora (said they) for doubtlessethe Duchesse and every body else in the house is asseepe, except the Malter of thy heart, and thy foules alarum; for now lheard him open his window, and he is certainly awake : fing poore grieued wretch, in a low and fweet tune, to the found of thy Harpe, and if the Ducheffe should perceive it: our excuse shall be, that we are heere by reason tis so hote within doores.

Tis not for our being here, O Emerencia, quoth Altifidora, but that I am not willing my Song should discouer my heart; and that I should bee held by those that have no notice of the powerfull force of love, for a longing and light huswife: but come what will on it, better shame in the face, then a spot in the heart: and with this shee heard a Harpe most sweetly playd on. Which when Don Quixote heard, it amozed him : and in the inis Cloke lancean infinite company of Aduentures came into his minde,

of Windowes, Grates, Gardens, Musick, Courting, and fopperies, that he had read in his sottish bookes of Knighthood; and straight he imagined that some Damozell of the Duchesses was enamored on him, and that her honesty enforced her to conceale her affection, he was afraid lest he should yeeld, but simely purposed not to be vanquished; so recommending himselfe, heart and soule, to his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to hearken to the Musick: and that they might know heewas there, he fained a sneeze which not a little pleased the Damozels, that desired nothing else: so Alsistatora running on, and whing her Harpe, began this Song:

Thou that in thy bed do ft lye, In midst of Holland sheetes; Sleeping with thy legges Out-stretcht, All night long watill the morne,

Oh thou Knight the valiantest, That all Mancha hath produc't, More honest, and more blest withall, Then the sin'st Arabia gold,

Heare a Dam' zell forrowfull, Tall of growth; but ill sh' hath thriu'd: That, with light of thy two sunnes, Feeles her soule enflam'd and scorcht.

Thou thy Aduentures followest, Others mis-aduentures find st, Thou give it wounds; and yet deeny'st, To give healing remedy.

Tell me, O thou valiant youth: (God increase thy maladies) evert thou bred in Africa, Or in Iaca Mountainous?

Serpents nourish thee with milke.
Or perhaps thy Nurses were
Th' uncouth thicknesse of the woods,
Or the Mountaines horrible?

Well may Dulcinea, she That same dam zell plump and sound, Bragge that she hath conquer'd a Tyger and a saluage Beast.

For which she shall famous be, From Henares to Xarama, Tagus, Mansanares, and Pisuerga, and Arlanza too.

Oh that I might change with her, I would give my Coat to boote; And the gaudy it that I have, All bedawh'd with golden frindge.

Oh that I were in thy armes, If not so, but neere thy bed, That I might but scratch thy head And the Dand-roffe rid from thee.

Much I aske, but not deferue Fauours so remarkeable: Let methen but touch thy foote Fit for my humilitie.

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Ob what night-caps I would give, And what filver focks to thee, What Damaska breeches eke, And what cloakes of Holland too?

Likewise of the sinest Pearles
Each as bigge as any Gall,
Which, if that there were but one,
Might be call d, The one alone.

Do not from thy Tarpey view This same fire that doth me forch Manchegan Nero of the world, Nor kindle's with thy cruelty.

Young I am, a tender chicke,

Not yet my age in past fifteene,

Fourteene am I, three moneths more

I sweare to thee in Conscience.

I doe not limpe, I am not lame, Nothing about me maim'd; Andmy Lookes like Lillies are That doe dragge upon the ground.

And although my mouth be wide, Tet my nose is something flat, And my teeth are Topaces: Beauty lifts me to the clowds.

My voice you see, if that you harke, To the sweetest equall is,

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And my disposition too, Lesse then reasonable is.

These and other graces more, Of thy Quiuer are the spoiles, Of this house I Dam'zell am, And Altisidora call'd.

Here the fore wounded Altisidora ended her song, and the fright of the required Don Quixote began, who fetching a deepe figh, faid within himselfe, That I must be so vnhappy an Errant, that no Damozell that fees me, but is enamoured on mee? that, Dulcinea del Toboso should be so vnfortunate, that they will not let her alone enjoy my incomparable firmeneile? Queens, What meane you toward her? Empreiles, why do you persecute her? Damozels of fourteene or fifteene yeeres, why doe you baite her? Leaue, leaue the poore creature, let her triumph, joy, and rejoyce, with the lot that Loue gaue her, in yeelding her my heart, and deliuering her my foule. Look, ye enamoured troop, for Dulcinea onely am I of paste and sugar-pellets, and for all else of Flint; for her I am hony, for you bitter Aloes: Dulcinea only is to me, faire, discreet, honest, gallant, well-born; and others, foule, foolish, light, and worse-borne. Nature threw mee into the world to bee onely hers, and no-bodies else: let Altisidora weepe or fing, a let the Lady despaire for whom I was banged a His aduenin the Castle of the Enchanted Moore; for sod or roasted, I am ture in the Dulcinea's, cleane, well-nurtured and honest, in spight of all the first part with powerfull witch-crafts of the earth: and with this he clapt to the the Carrier & window fodainely, and all angry and despiteous, as if some dif-Moritornes in grace had befalne him, hee got him to bed : where for the prefent we will leave him, for the Grand Sancho Pansa calls vpon vs, who meanes to begin his famous Gouernment.

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CHAP.

CHAP. XLV.

How the Grand Sancho Pansa tooke possession of his Iland, and the manner of his beginning to gouerne.

Perpetuall discouerer of the Antipodes, Torch to the world, Eye of Heaven, fweet stirrer of wine-cooling vellels, one while Titan, another Phabus, sometimes an Archer, other-whiles a Physician, Father of Poesie, Inuenter of Musicke, thou that alwaies riselt, and (though it seemes so) yet neuer fettest. To thee I speake, O Sunne, by which man begets man: to thee I speake, helpe me, and lighten my obscure wit, that I may punctually rnnne thorow the narration of the Grand Sancho Pansa's Gouernment; for without thee I amdull,

ynmolded, and confused. I proceed then thus:

Sancho with all his troope came to a Towne, which had init about a thousand Inhabitants, which was one of the best the Duke had, they told him the Iland was called Barataria, eythe because the town was called Baratario, or else because he had obtained his Gouernment fo cheap. When he came to the Towngates (for it was walled) the Officers came out to welcome him. the bells rung, and all the Inhabitants made frew of a general gladuelle, and they carried him in great pompe to the high Church, to give God thankes: and straight after some ridiculous ceremonies, they deliuered him the keyes, and admitted him for perpetuall Gouernour of the Iland Barataria. Hisapparell, his beard, his fatnelle, and the shortnelle of this new Governour, made all the people admire, that knew not the liggeof the matter, and those also that knew it, which were many.

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Finally, when he came out of the Church, they carried him to the Judgement feat, and feated him in it, and the Dukes Steward told him, It is an olde custome, Sir Gouernour, in this Iland, that he that comes to take possession of this famous lland, must answer to a question that shall be asked him, that must be some what hard and intricate, by whose answere the Towne ghelleth and taketh the pulle of their new Gouernours capacity, and accordingly, is either glad, or forry at his comming.

Whillt the Steward faid this to Sancho, he was looking you certaine great Letters that were written upon the wall ouer-against his fear, and because he himselfe could not reade, hee asked what painting that was in the wall? It was answered him: Sir, the day is fet downe there in which your Honor rocke poffession of this Iland, and the Epitaph faies thus, This day, such a day of the Moneth and Yeere, Signior Don Sancho Panfa tooke pofsession of this Iland, long may be enioy it. And whom call they Don Sancho Pan(a, faid Sancho? Your Honor (quoth the Steward:) for no other Pansa hath come into this Iland, but he that is feated in that feat. Well, marke you, Brother, quoth Sancho, there belongs no Don to mee, neyther ever was there any in all my Linage, I am plaine Sancho, my Father was called Sancho, my Grandfather and all were Pansa's, without any additions of Dons or Donnas, and I beleeve this lland is as full of Dons, as flones: but 'tis enough, God knowes my meaning, and perhaps, if my Gouernment last but foure daies to an end, Ile weed out thele Dons, that with their multiplicity doe weary and trouble like Mosquitos. On with your question, Master Steward, Ile answer you as well as I can, let the towne be forry or not forry.

At this instant two men came into the judgement place; the one clad like a husbandman, and the other like a Taylor, hauing sheeres in his hand; the Taylor sayd, Sir Gouernor, I and this Husbandman are come before you for this cause: This honest man came yesterday to my shop, and I, sauing your reuerence, am a Taylor, and a free man, God be thanked, and shewing mee a piece of cloth, asked mee; Sir, will there bee enough heere to make me a Capouche? I measuring the cloth, answered him, Yes: hee thought as I did, and I thought true, that I would steale some of his cloth, being maliciously bent, and out of the ill opinion he had of Taylors : and hee replied againe, that I should tell if there were enough to maketwo: I smelt his drift, and told him, I; and my Gallant in his first knauish intention, went adding more Capouches, and I answered with more yes-fes, till we came to fine, and even now hee came for them, I give them him, but he will not pay me for the

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making, rather he demands that I pay him, or returne him his cloth. Is it true this (quoth Sancho) ? Yes, faid the fellow; but pray, Sir, let him shew his five Capouches that hee hath made ine. With a very good will, (quoth the Taylor:) and incontinently taking his hand from under his cloake, hee shewed fine Capouches in it, vpon each finger one, and faid; Behold heere the five Capouches that this man would have me make, and in my foule and conscience I have not a jot of cloth left, as any workeman shall judge.

All the by-standers laughed at the number of the Capouches. and the strange contention. Sancho, after a little consideration. faid; Me thinkes, in this fuit there need no delayes, but a quicke and plaine judgement; My sentence therefore is, that the Taylor lofe his labour, and the Husbandman his cloth, and that the Capouches be carried to the poore in the prison, without any

more adoe.

If the sentence that passed of the Grazier bredde admiration in the by-standers, this moon'd them to laughter; but what the Governour commanded, was fulfilled: before whom, two ancient men were now presented; the one had a hollow Cane, in flead of a staffe, the other had none : hee without the staffe, faid. Sir, I lent this honest man long since, tenne Crownes in good Gold, to doe him a kindnesse: I let him alone a good while, without asking for them, because I would not put him to more trouble to repay me, then hee had to borrow them of mee; but because I saw him carelesse of the payment, I have asked him more then once or twice for my money, which hee not onely doth not returne me, but denies, and fayes, hee never received the tenne Crownes Hent him, or that if I did lend them him, he hath payd me: I have no witnesses, neyther of the lending, or of The custome the payment: I pray, Sir, will you take his Oath? and if he will in Spaine be- fiveare that hee hath payd mee, I give him an acquittance from ing, the three henceforth, and before God. What fay you to this, honest olde man with the flaffe (quoth Sancho?) Sir, I confesse that hee e crosse ouer lent them mee, and a hold downe your rodde, and since he will the red of lu- haue mee sweare, I will, that I haue payd him really and truely. The Governour held out his rod, and in the meane time, he with

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the llaffe, gaue it to the other old man to hold, whilest hee was to sweare, as if it had hindred him : so with his hand he made a croffe ouer the rod of lultice, faying, Twas true that he had lent him the ten crownes that he demanded; but that hee had truely restored them to him againe, and that his forgetting of it, made him continually demand them. Which when the Grand Gouernour faw, hee asked the Creditor what hee could fav against his Aduersary? He said, that surely his debter said true, for hee held him to be an honest man, and a good Christian, and that it might be he had forgotten, how or when he payd him, and that from henceforward hee would never demand him ought. The debtor tooke his staffe againe, and making an obey sance, was going out of the judgement place: Which when Sancho law, and that he was going without any more adoe, and feeing likewife the others patience, hee nodded with his head on his breft, and clapt the Index of his right hand, vpon his note & eye-browes, and a pretty while was as it were confidering, and by and by lifted up his head, and commanded that the olde man with the staffe should be brought to him: and Sancho seeing him, said, Honest man, give me that staffe; for I have vie for it. With a very good will, quoth the oldeman; heere tis, Sir, and gaue it him. Sancho tooke it, and giving it to the other olde man, fayd, Goe on Gods name, now you are payd. I Sir, faid the old man? why, can this Cane be worth ten crownes? Yes, faid the Gouernour, or elfe I am the veriest block-head in the world : and now you shall see whether I have a braine or no to governe a vyhole kingdome: fo hee commanded that before them all the Cane should be broken, which was done, and in the midst of it, they found the ten crownes.

All of them admired at this, and held their Gouernour for a fecond Salomon. They asked him, how hee gathered that the ten crownes was in the Cane? He answered, That because hee saw the old man that was to sweare, give his Adversary the staffe whilest he tooke his oath, and that hee swore he had given him the money truely and really; and that when he had ended his oath, he demanded his staffe of him againe, it came into his imagination, that within it the money was hidden: whereby it may

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be collected, that although many Godernours are starke Asses, yet sometimes it pleaseth God to direct them in their ludgements; for besides, hee had heard the Vicar of his parish tell of such an accident as this, and that he had a special memory, for if it were not for forgetting all he desired to remember, there were not such a memory in the whole Iland.

At last one of the old men ashamed, and the other payd his money, they departed, and those that were present, were associated, and he that wrote downe Sancho's words, deeds, and behaulour, could not resolve, whether he should set him downe, A

foole or a wife-man.

As foone as this fute was ended, there came a woman into the place of judgement, laying hold strongly on a man clad to see to, like a rich Grazier, who came crying aloud, and faying, Iustice, Lord Gouernour, Justice, and if I have it not on earth, I will seeke it in heaven. Sweet Governour, this wicked man met me on the high way, and hath abused my body, as if it had beene an vnwashed ragge; and, vnhappy that I am, he hath got ten that, that I have kept these three and twenty yeeres, defending it from Moores and Christians, from home-bred ones and strangers; I have beene as hard as a Corke-tree, and keprmy felfe as entire as the Salamander in the fire, or as the wooll amongst the Briars, and this man must come now with a yyasht hand and handle mee. This is to be tried yet (quoth Sancho) whether this gallants hands be washt or no; and turning to the fellow, he faid, What answer you to yonder womans complaint? who all in a fright answered: Sir (quoth he) I am a poor Grazier, and deale in fwine, and this morning I went (with pardon be it spoken) from this towne to sell soure hogges, and the tallage and other fees cost me little lesse then they were worth: as I went homeward, by the way I met with this good Matron, & the Dewill the Author of all mischiefe, yoak'd vs together : I gaue her fufficient pay, but the not fatisfied, lay d hold on me, and would not let me goe till fice had brought mee hither : fhe fayes that I forced her, and I fweare the lies, and this is true every iot of it. Then the Gouernour asked him, if he had any mony about him? who answered him, Yes; that he had in a lethern purse in his bofome,

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fome, some twenty Crownes in filuer. He commanded him to take it out, & to deliuer it iust as it was to the plaintife; which he did trembling: the woman receiv'd it, and making a thousand Moorish ducks to the company, & praying to God for the Gouernors life and health, that was so charitable to poore Orphans & Maidens, she went out fro the place of Judgement, laying fast hold with both her hands on the purle, though first she looked whether twere filuer within or no. She was scarce gone, when Sancho faid to the Grazier, that had teares standing in his eyes, & his heart going after his purse; Honell fellow, run after yonder woman, and take her purse from her whether she will or no, and bring it me hither. He spoke notto a soole or a dease man, for straight he parted like lightning, and went to perform what was commanded him. All that were present were in suspence, & expectation of the end of that suite, and a little after, both man and woman returned together, more fallned and clung together then formerly, the with her coat vp, and her purse in her lappe, and he striuing to get it from her, which was not possible, she did so resist, crying out and saying, Justice of God & the world: looke you, Sir Gouernour, marke the little shame or feare of this desperate man, that in the middest of a congregation, and in the midst of a street, would take away my purse that you commanded him to give me.

And hath he got it, said the Gouernor? Got it (said she?) I had rather lose my life then the purse. I were a pretty childe y faith then; you must set other manner of Coltes upon mee then this poore nasty sneake-up: Pincers, hammers, beetles, scraping tooles, shall not get it out of my clawes, out of my Lyons pawes; they shall rather get one halfe of my soule out of my fleshe Shee sayes right (quoth the fellow) I yeeld to her, I have no more power, I confesse my force is not sufficient to take it away.

Then said the Gouernour to the woman; You, honesty, Virago, give me that purse hither: which sheedid: and the Gouernor restored it against to the man, & said to the forcible woman, but not forced, Do you heare, sisterif you had shewed but halfe your valor & breath to defend your body, that you did for your purse, Herenles his force could not have forced you: get you gon

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nis bofome, with a Pox; come not into this Iland, nor in fixe Leagues round about it, on paine of two hundreth lashes: get you gone straight (I fay) make-bate, shameletle coozener: the woman was affrighted, and away the went like a theepe-biter, and melancholy, and the Gouernour faid to the man, Honest fellow, get you homeon Gods name with your money, and henceforward if you meane not to lose it, pray have no minde to yoake with any body. The man as clownishly ashe could thanked him, and went his way: the by-standers admired afresh at the judgement, and sentences of their new Gouernour. All which noted by his Chroniclift, was straight written to the Duke, that with much desire expected it. And leave we honest Sancho here: for his Master hastens vs now, that was all in a hurly-burly with Altisidora's Musick.

CHAP. XLVI.

Of the fearefull Low-Bell-Cally horrour, that Don Quixon received in Processe of his Love by the enamoured Altisidora.

TEeleft the Grand Don Quixote enveloped in the imaginations, which the Musicke of the enamoured Damozell Altifidora had caused in him: to bedhee went with them, and as if they had beene Fleas; they gaue him no rest or quiet, and to these were added those of his torne Store kings: but as time is swift, and no stumbling blocke will stay him, he went on horse-backe on the houres, and the morning came on speedily. Which when Don Quixote faw, hee left his foft bed, and nothing lazie, put on his Chamoized apparelland his Bootes, to hide the hole of his Stockings; he call his Scarlet Mantle vpon him, and put on his head his hunters Cap of green Veluet, laced with filuer Lace, his Belt he hung at his shoulder, with his trusty cutting Blade, hee layd hold on a Rosary which he vsed still to carry with him; and with goodly representation and gate he went towards an out-roome, where the Duke and Duchefle were ready dreft, and as it were expecting him : and as

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he was to passe rhorow a Gallery, Alussidera and the other Damozell her friend, were greedily expecting him: And as soone as Alussidera saw him, shee fained a swounding; and her friend got her into her lappe, and in all halle went to vulace her.

Don Quixote that faw it, comming neere them, faid, Now I

know from whence these fits proceed.

I know not from whence (faid her friend) for Altifidora is the healthiest Damozell in all this house, and I never perceived so much as a sigh from her, since I have knowne her: a mitchiese on all Knights Errant in the world, if all be so vngratefull: pray Signior Don Quivote, get you gone; for as long as you are here,

this poore Wench will not come to her selfe.

To which said Don Quixote, Get me, Mistris, a Lute into my Chamber soone at night, and Ile comfort this afflicted Damozell as well as I can: for in amarous beginnings plaine dealing is the most approoued remedy; so he went away, because they that passed by, should not note or observe him: he was no sooner gone, when the dissinayed Alisidora comming to her selfe, said to her copanion, By all meanes let him have the Lute: for vindoubtedly Don Quixote will give vs Musicke, and being his, it cannot bee bad.

Straight they went to let the Duchesse know what passed, and of the Lute that Don Quixote required: and she iocund about measure, plotted with the Duke and her Damozels, to play a tick with him that should be more pleasant then hurtful, and so with much longing they expected till it should be night, which came on speedily as the day had done, we'n the Dukes passed in sauoury discourse with Don Quixote: and that day the Duchesse indeed dispatcht a Page of hers, that in the wood acted the enchanted Dulcinea's part, to Teresa Pansa, with her Husband Sancho's Letter, and with the bundle of stuffe that he had lest to be sent her, charging him to bring her a true Relation of all that he passed with her.

This done, and it growing towards eleven of the clocke at night, Don Quixote found a Vyoll in his Chamber: hee tuned it, opened the window, and heard people walke in the Garden,

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Duke and in : and as and having runne over the frets of the Violl, and ordering it as well as he could, he spit and cleared his brest, and straight with a voyce somewhat hoarceish, though tuneable, he sung the ensuing Romant, which the same day he had composed.

a These verses & the former of Altisidora, are made to bee scuruy on purpose by the Author, fitting the occassions and the subjects, so he obserues neyther verse nor rime.

² The powerfull force of Loue Oft doth unhindge the soule, Taking for his Instrument Euer carelesse Idlenesse.

To we to sow and worke, And to be ever occupied, Is the onely Antidote Gainst the poyson of Loues griefes.

Damzels that live retir'd, with defire of marriage, Honesty their portion is, And the Trumpet of their praise.

They that Knights Errant be, They that in Court doe line Court the loofer fort of maides, And the honest make their mines:

Some Loues are of the East, Loues that are held with Oastesses, That straight set in the Wests End when the parting is.

The Loue that new come is, Comes to day, to morrow parts,

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Neuer leaves the Images, In the foules imprinted well.

Picture upon picture drawne, Shewes not well, may leaues no draught; Where a former beauty is, Second needs must lose the tricke.

Painted, Dulcinea, I,
Del Toboso, so well haue
In smooth Tablet of my soule,
That ther's nought can blot her out.

Constancie in Louers is The part most to be esseem'd; For which love doth miracles, And doth raise vs vp alost.

Here Don Quixote ended his Song, which was hearkened to by the Duke, Duchelle, Altisidora, and almost all the folke of the Castle; when suddenly from the toppe of an open Turrer, there fell heavily downe vpon Don Quixotes window, by the letting downe of a Cord, a great facke of Cats with little Lowbels tyed at their tayles, the noise of which was so great, and the mewing of the Cats, that although the Dukes were the inuenters of the Iest, yet they themselves were even affrighted, & Don Quixote was timorous and amazed : and fuch was his ill lucke, that two or three of the Cats got in at the window of his Cabbin, and leaping vp and downe on every fide, it feem'd to him that there were a Region of Diuels in his Chamber: they put out the Candles that were burning there, and now they fought how to get out: the rifing and falling of the cord, at which the Low-bels were hanged, ceased not; and the most of the people in the Castle, that knew not the certaintie of the bufinelle, were aftonisht.

Don Quixote got him on his legges, and laying hold on his fword, began to thrust and slash at the window, crying out aloud: Auant, ve wicked Enchanters, auant, yee haggish scum: for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your wioked plots cannot prevaile, or have any power: and turning to the Cats that were in his Chamber, hee strucke many blowes at them; they got to the Iron window, and there got out: but one of them that faw himselfe so baited with Don Quixotes flashes, leapt upon his face, and with his nayles and teeth, layd hold on his nose with the pawe. Don Quixote roared out as lowd as hee could. Which when the Duke and Ducheffe heard, and confidering what it might bee, they ranne yp in all halte to his Chamber, and opening it with a Malter Key, they found the poore Knight striuing with all his might, to vnroote the Cat from his face: they called for lights, and faw the vnequal Combate: The Duke came to part the fray, and Don Quixou cryed alowd, Let him alone, leave mee hand to hand with this Diuell, this Witch, this Enchanter: for Ile make him know the difference betwixt me and him; and who Don Quixote de la Manchais: but the Cat carelelle of these threats, purred and held fast.

But at length the Duke voloosed him, and flung him out of the window. Don Quixotes face was sisted oner, and his now was not very found; yet hee was very angry, that they would not let him finish the battell, that was so long drawne out betwixt him, and that cursed Enchanter. They made some oyle of Aparice to be brought, and Altistidora her selse with her faire hands bound up the wounds; and laying to the cloathes, she told him in his eare, All these mis-haps befall thee, slinty Knight, for the sinne of thy hard-hearted obstinacy: and God grant that Sanebo thy Squire may forget to whip himselfe, that thy beloued Dulcinea may still be enchanted, neither maiss thou enjoy her, or come to her bed, at least whilst I live, that adore thee.

To all this Don Quixote answered not a word; but fetchta deepe figh, and straight layd him downe on his bed, thanking the Dukes for their courtesse; not for that he was afraid of that

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Cattish-Low-Belly Enchanting crue: but that hee was perswaded of their goodwils to come to retire him.

The Dukes left him to his rest, and went away forrowfull for the ill successe of the iest; for they thought that Aduenture would not have lighted so heavily on Don Quixote, which cost him sive dayes retirement and keeping his bed, where another Aduenture befell him more pleasing then the former, which the Historian will not recount yet, because of repayring to Sancho Pansa, that was very carefull and conceited in his Gournment.

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CHAP. XLVII. How Sancho demeaned himselfe in his Government.

He Story tels vs, that Sancho from the Iudgement Seat was carried to a fumptuous Palace, where, in a great and spacious Hall was spred a Royall and plentifull Table: the winde-Musick played, and source Pages came into minister water to him, which he vsed with much state: the winde-Instruments ceased, and Sancho sate him downe at the vpper end of the Table, because there was no other seate, nor no other Napkin layd but that.

At his elbow there stood a certaine Personage, that after shewed to be a Physician, with a Whale-bone rod in his hand: then they tooke off a rich white Towell, which couered many forts of fruits, and a great varietie of seuerall dishes of meates: One that served to be a kinde of Student, said grace; and a Page put a laced Bib vnder Saneho's chinne: and another that playd the Carners part, set a dish of fruit before him: but he had no sooner eaten a bit, when he with the rod touching the dish, it was very suddenly taken from before him: but the Carner set another dish of meate before him. Saneho would have tasted of its but before he could touch it, he with the rodde was at it, and a Page set it away with as much celeritie as the fruit: which,

when

when Sancho saw, he began to be in suspence, and beholding all

Onely to be that were by, asked if that meat were to be eaten like a your chil-

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fwallowed.

To which, he with the Rod made answere, It must bee eaten, Sir Gouernor (quoth he) according to the vie & cultome of Go. uernours in other Ilands. I, Sir, am a Physician, and am stipended in this Iland to bee so to the Gouernours of it : and I am much more carefull of their health, then of mine own; studying night & day, and weighing the complexion of the Gouernour, that I may hit the better vpon the curing him, when soeuet hee falls sicke : and the principall thing I doe; is, to be present with him at meates, and to let him eate what I thinke fit for him, and to take away, what I imagine may doe him hurt, or bee naught for his stomake: and therefore I now commanded the dishof Fruit to be taken away, because it is too moyst; and the other dish, becauseit was too hote, and had much spice, that proudked thirst; and he that drinkes much, killes and consumes his humidum radicale, wherein life confilts. So that (quoth Sanche) von dish of Partridges there rosted, and in my opinion well sea foned, will doe me no hurt at all.

To which (faid the Physician) You shall not eate of them,

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Sir, as long as I live.

Why so (quoth Sancho?) the Physician answered, Because Hypocrates our Master, North-starre and light of Physick, sayes in an Aphorisme of his: Omnis saturationala, Perdicis antem pessima: the meaning is: All surfect is ill, but that of a Partridge is worst of all.

If it be so (quoth Sancho) pray see, Master Doctor, which of all these dishes will be most holesome for me, and doe mee least hurr, and let me eate of that, without banging of it with your Rod: for in good sadnesse, I tell you plaine, I am ready to dre with hunger; and to deny me my victuals, in spight of Master Doctor, let him say what he will, is rather to take away my his, then to increase it.

You say true, Sir Gouernour (quoth the Physician) and therefore my opinion is, that you touch not those boyld Conies, nor that Veale, for it is watrish meate: if it were roalled or pow-

dred? but twere much about one. Then (quoth Sancho) that great dish that stands fuming there before me, me thinkes 'tis an bolla Podrida, and by reason of the diversities of things it hath b A pot of all in it, I cannot but meet with fomething that will doe mee good. kinde of fish Abfu, quoth the Phylician, farre be such an ill thought from vs, sod together. quoth the Phylician: there is nothing in the world that vvorfe nourisheth then an Olla Podrida, fit o: ly for your Prebends and Rectors of Colledges, or for your Country marriages: Let your Gouernours Tables be without them, and let them be furnished with all prime dainties and quaintneffe: And the reason is, because alwaies, and wheresoeuer, and by whomsoeuer, your simple medicines are in more request then your compounds; because in simples there can be no error, in compounds there are many, altring the quantity of things of which they are compoked, but that that I know is fit for the Gouernour to cat at prefent, to preserve his health, and corroborate it, is, some hundred of little hollow Wafers, and some pretty slice or two of Quince Mermelad, that may fettle his stomacke, and help his digettion.

When Sancho heard this, heeleaned himselfe to the backe of his chaire, and by fits now and then looked at the Physician, and with a graue voyce, asked him his name, and where he had stu-

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To which he answered, My name, Sir Gouernor, is Doctor Pedro Rezio de Agnero, I was borne in a Towne called Tirte a sura, which is betweene Caraguel and Almodonar del Campo, vpon the right hand, and I tooke my degree of Doctor in the Vniuersity of Osuna. To which (quoth Sancho) all enslamed with choller; Well, Master Doctor Pedro Rezio of Agnero, borne at Tirte a sura, a towne on the right hand as we goe from Caraguel to Almodonar del Campo, Graduated in Osuna, get you strait out of my sight, or I vow by the Sunne, sle get me a cudgell, and with bangs begin with you, and so forward, till I leaue not a Physician in all the Iland, at least such as I know to bee ignorant; for your wise, prudent, & discreet Physicians, I will hug them, and honor them as Diume persons. I say againe, Pedro Rezio, get you gone, or else sle take the chaire I sir vpon, and dash it vpon your head, and let me be called in question for it,

when I give vp my Office; for I can discharge my selfe, by saying that I did God service to kill such a Physician, the commonwealths hang-man; and let me eat, or else take your Government againe; for an Office that will not afford a man his victuals, is not worth two Beanes.

The Doctor was in an vprore to see the Gouernor so cholerike, & would have gone out of the Hall, but that at that instant a posting-horne sounded in the street, and the Caruer peeping out of the window, turned backe, saying; A Post is come from my Lord the Duke, that brings some important dispatch. The Post came straight in, sweating and amazed, and drawing a Packet out of his bosome, he delivered it to the Gouernor. Sanche gaue it to the Steward, and bade him read the superscription, which was this, To Don Sanche Pansa, Gouernour of the Iland Barataria, to his owne hands, or to his Secretary. Which when Sancho heard, he said, Who is here my Secretary? and one that was by, answered, I, Sir: for I can write and reade, for I ama Biscayner. With that addition, quoth Sancho, you may vvel be Secretary to the Emperour himselse; open your Packet, and let's heere the Contents.

The new-borne Secretary did so, & having viewed the Contents, said, that it was a businesse to be imparted in private. Same tho commanded those in the Presence to avoid, and onely the Steward and the Caruer to remaine, and the rest, with the Physician went out, and presently the Secretary read the Letter sol-

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I am given to vnderstand, Signior Don Sancho Pansa, that certaine enemies of mine, and of that Iland, meane one of these nights to give it a surious assault: twere fit you caused watch ward to be kept, that they take you not vnprovided: I know also by faithfull spies, that soure persons have entred there thelland disguised to kill you; for they stand much in awe of your abilities: have a care to see who comes to speake to you, and eat of nothing that shall be presented vnto you; I will be carefull to send you and, if you be in necessity, and in the rest I hope you will proceed, as is expected from your understanding. From hence, the 4 of August, at soure of the clocke in the morning. Your friend, The Duke.

Sancho was altonisht, and the standers by seemed to be no otherwise; and turning to the Steward, he said, He tell you what is fit to be done, and that presently ; Clappe mee Doctor Rezio into dungeon; for if any body kill me, it is hee, and with so vile and triviall a death as hunger : Me thinks too, faid the Carver, you should doe well to eat nothing of all this meat upon the Table; for this dinner was presented by Nunnes, and it is an olde faying, The neerer the Church, the farther from God. I grant ye so (quoth Sancho) and therefore for the present give me only a piece of bread, and some foure pound of grapes; for in them there can be no poyfon, and indeed I cannot live without ea. ting: for if we mult provide our selves for these wars that threaten vs, twere fit to be well victualled; for the guts vphold the heart, and not the heart the guts. And you, Secretary, answere my Lord the Duke, tell him that his commands shall be fulfilled most punctually : and commend mee to the Duchesse, and say that I request her, that she forget not to fend my letter by a speciall mellenger, and likewise the fardell to my wife Teresa Panfa, and in it thee shall doe mee a particular fauour, and I will bee carefull to serue her to the vttermost of my power: And by the way you may clappe in a commendation to my Malter, Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may fee I am thankefull for his bread; and you like a good Secretary, and an honest Biscayner, may in the restadde what you will, or shall thinke fitting. And take away here, and yet leave me something to eat, and let these Spies, these Murderers and Enchanters come ypon me and my Island, Ile deale with them well enough.

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And now a Page came in, faying, Heere's a Husbandman, a fuiter that would speake with your Honor in a businesse of importance (as hee sayes.) Tis a strange thing of these suiters (quoth Sanebo) Is it possible they should be so foolish as not to perceive that these be not times for them to negotiate in? belike, we that governe, wee that are Judges, are not men of stells and bloud: and is it not fit that we should ease our sclues, when necessity requires, except they thinke wee should be made of marble? Verily, and in my Conscience if my Government last, (as I have a glimmering it will not) He lay one of these sellowes

vp for it. Well, bid this honest fellow come in for this once; but see first that hee be none of the Spies, or any of my murderers: No, Sir (quoth the Page) for he is a very dull soule to see to, eyther I know little, or he hath no more harme then a piece of good bread. There's no fearing him (said the Steward) for wee all are heere.

Caruer (quoth Sancho) were it not possible, now that Dostor Rezio is not here, that I might eat a bit of some substantial meat, though twere but a crustand an Onion? To night at Supper (quoth the Caruer) your dinner shall be amended, and your Honor shall be satisfied. God grant it (quoth Sancho) and now the Husbandman came in, one of a very goodly presence, and that you might see a thousand miles off, was a good hurtlesse sould be supperfered to the first thing that he said, was, Which is my I ord the Gouernour? Who should it be (quoth the Secretary) but he that sits there in the Chayre? I humble my selfe to his Presence then (quoth the Husbandman) and kneeling on his knees, desired his hand to kitse. Sancho denied it, and commanded him to rise, and to say what he would have. The Husbandman did so, and said;

I, Sir, am a Husbandman, borne in Miguel Turra, a towne some two leagues from Cindarcal. Here's another Tirte a fuera, quoth Sancho: Say on brother, for let mee tell you, I know the place very well, and it is not farre from my towne. The business, Sir, is this, quoth the Husbandman; I by Gods bleffing,& the full confent of the Catholike Romane Church, am married, haue two fonnes that be Students; the yongest studies to be Bachelor, and the eldest to be Master. I am a Widdower, for my wife died, or to fay trulier, a wicked Physician killed her, that purged her when she was great with childe : and if it had pleafed God that she had beene delivered, and it had beene a sonne, I would have fet him to fludy to have beene Doctor, that hee might not have envied his brothers, the Bachelor and Master. So that (quoth Sancho) if your wife had not beene dead, or if they had not killed her, you had not now beene a Widdower? No, Sir, by no meanes (quoth the Husbandman.) We are much the neerer (quoth Sancho:) forward, brother, tis time to fleepe, haue you any more to fay? I fay (quoth the Husbandman)that

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my fonne that was to be the Bachelor, fell in love in the fame town with a Maiden, called (lara Perlerina, daughter to Andrew Perlerina a rich Farmer: & this name of Perlerina's comes not to them by any off-spring or discent, but that all of this raceand name are Palsignste, and to better the name, they were called Perlerina's; and indeed, the maide is as faire as an Orientall Pearle: and looking vpon her right side, she is like a slower in the field, but on her lest, otherwise; for there shee vvants an eye, that slew out of her head vvith the small pockes: and though shee have many holes lest still in her face, many say that love her vvell, that those are not holes,

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Shee is so cleanely, that because shee vvill not bewray her face, shee weares her nose (as you would say) tucked vp, as if it sledde from her mouth, and for all that, it becomes her passing vvell; for shee hath a vvide mouth: and vvere it not that she vvanted tenne or twelue teeth and her grinders, shee might passe, and set a marke for the vvell-sauouredst to come to. For her lippes I say nothing, for they are so thinne and delicate, that if they did vse to reele lippes, they might make a skeine of hers: but because they are of a more different colour then vve see ordinarily in lippes, they are miraculous; for they are Iaspered vvith blue and greene, and Berengena-coloured, and vnder correction, Sir Gouernour, since I paint out the parts of her that I meane to make my daughter so exactly, it is a signe I loue her, and that I doe not dislike her.

Paint what you will (quoth Sancho) for I recreate my selfe with the painting: and if I had dined, there were no better dish

offruit to me then your picture.

I humbly thanke you, fir, for that (quoth the Husbandman:) but time will come that I may be thankefull, if I be not now, and if I should paint out to you her gentlenesse, and the height of her body, 'twould admire you: but that cannot be, for she is crooked, her knees and her mouth meet, and for all that 'cis well seene, that if shee could stand vpright, shee would touch the roose with her head, and long ere this, shee would have

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giuen her hand to my sonne to be his spouse, but that shee cannot stretch it out, tis so knotted and crumpled vp; for all that her goodnesse and good shape appears in her long and guttured nailes.

Tis very well (quoth Sancho) and make account, Brother, that now you have painted her from head to foot. What would you now? come to the matter without fetches, or lanes, or digreffions, or additions. I would defire you (quoth the Hufbandman) to give me a Letter of favour to my brother by marriage, her father; to defire him to confent that this mariage may goe forward, fince our fortunes be equall and our births; forto fay true, Sir Governour, my fonne is possessed with the Devill, and there's not a day passet, but the wicked spirits torment him, and once falling in the fire, hath made his face as wrinkled as a piece of parchment, and his eyes are somewhat bleered and running, and hee is as soft conditioned as an Angell; for if it were not for buffeting of himselfe now and then, he were a very Saint.

Will you any thing elfe, honest friend, quoth Sancho? One thing more (quoth he) but that I dare not tell it; but let it out, it shall not rotte in my brest, speed how it will. I desire, Sir, that you would give me three hundred, or sixe hundred Dukats to helpe my Bachelors portion, I meane to helpe him to furnish his house, for they will live by themselves, without being sub-

icct to the impertinencies of fathers in Lawes.

Will you have any thing else (quoth Sancho?) and be not abashed or ashamed to tell it. No truly (quoth the Husbandman:) and he had scarce sayd this, when the Gouernor rising vp, layd hold on the chayre that he sate on, saying; I vow to you, goodman splay-foot, vnmannerly clown, if you go not strait & hide your selfe out of my presence, Ilebreake your head vvith this chayre here, ye whoor-son Rascall, the Deuils painter: comment thou at this time of day to aske mee sixe hundred Ducats? and where have I them, stinkard? and if I had them, why should I give them thee, sottish knave? What a poxe care I for Mignel Turra, or all the linage of the Perserinas? Get thee out of my sight, or I sweare by my Lord the Dukes life, that Ile doe as I

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have faid, Thou art not of Mignel Turra, but some crafty knaue, fent from hell to tempt me : Tell me, desperate man! 'tis not yet a day and a halfe fince I came to the Gouernment: how wouldit thou have mee have fixe hundreth Ducats? The Caruer made signes to the Husbandman, to get him out of the Hall; who did so like a sheepe-byter, and to see to very fearefull, lest the Gouernour should execute his choller on him: for the cunning knaue very wel knew what belonged to his part: but leaue we Sancho to his choller, and peace be in the Quire, and returne we to Don Quixote; for we left his face bound up, and dreffed for his Cattish wounds, of which hee was not found in eight daies: in one of which this befel him, that Cid Hamete promifeth to recount with all the punctualitie, & truth that he viually doth in the most trivial matters of this History.

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CHAP. XL VIII.

What hapned to Don Quixote with Donna Rodriguez, the Duchesses Waiting-Woman; with other successes, worthy to bee written, and had in eternall remembrance-

Heill-wounded Don Quixote was exceeding musty and melancholy, with his face bound vp, and scarred not by the hand of God, but by the nayles of a Cat (misfortunes annexed to Knight Errantry) fixe dayes past ere hee came abroad: in one of which, in a night, when he was awake and vvatching, thinking vpon his mis-haps, and his being perfecuted by Altisidora, he perceived that somebody opened his Chamber doore with a Key; and straight he imagined that the inamored Damozell came to fet vpon his honestie, and to put him to the hazzard of forgoing his loyaltie due to his Millris Dulcinea del Toboso. No said he, beleeving in his imagination, & this fo lowd that he might easily bee heard) no beauty in the world shall make mee leave her that is graved and stamped in the midst of my heart, and in my innermost entrailes: be thou,

Miltris mine, either transformed into an Onion-like husbandwoman, or into a Nimph of the Golden Tagus, weauing webs made of filke and gold twist: be thou in Merlins power, or in Montesino's his, where ere they will have thee: for wheresoener thou art, thou art mine; and wheresoener I am, I will be thine His speech ended, and the doore opened both together.

Vp he stood vpon the bed, wrapped from head to foot in a quilt of yellow Sattin, a woollen cap vpon his head, his face and Mustachos bound vp: his face for his scratches; his Mustachos, because they should not dismay or fall downe: in which posture, hee lookt like the strangest apparition, that can bee ima-

gined.

He nayled his very eyes vpon the doore: and whereas hee thought to have seene the vanquished and pittifull Altisidera enter, he saw that it was a most reverend Matron, with a long white gathered Stole, so long that it did cover and bemantleher from head to foot: betwixt her left hand singers she had halfea Candle lighted, and with her right hand shee shaddowed her selfe, to keepe the light from her eyes, which were hid with a great payre of spectacles: she came treading softly, and moving her feet gently.

Don Opicote from his Watch-towre beheld her: and when he saw her furniture, and noted her silence, hee thought it had beene some Hagge or Magician, which came in that shapeto doe him some shrewd turne; and hee beganne apace to blesse

himselfe.

The Vision came somewhat neerer: but being in the midstof the Chamber, she listed up her eyes, and saw with what haste Don Quixote was crossing himselfe: and if he were afraid to see such a shape, she was no lesse affrighted with his: for seeing him so lanke, and yellow in the quist, and with the bends that dis sigured him, she cryed out, saying, Iesus, What's this? and with the sodaine fright, the Candle dropt out of her hand, and being in the darke, she turned her back to be gone; but for seare shumbled upon her Coats, and had a found fall.

Don Quixote timorous, began to fay, I conjure thee, Apparition! Or what so ere thou art, to tell me who thou art, and what

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thou wilt haue with me: If thou bee'st a soule in Purgatory, tell me, and I will doe what I am able for thee: for I ama Catholike Christian, and loue to doe good to all the world: for, for this cause I tooke vpon me the order of Knight Errant, which I professe (whose practice extends even to doe good to the soules in Purgatorie.) The broken Matron that heard her selfe thus conjured, by her seare ghessed at Don Quixete, and with a low and pitifull voice she answered him, Signior Don Quixete, (if you be he I meane) I am no Apparition, nor Vision, nor soule of Purgatory, as you have thought: but Donna Rodriguez, my Lady the Duchelles honour'd Matron, that come to you vith a case of necessitie of those that you visually give redresses.

Telline, Donna Rodriguez, quoth Don Quixote, come you happely about some piece of brokage? For let me tell you, if you doe, ther's no good to bee done with mee for any body; thankes to the peerclesse beauty of my Mistris Duleinea del Tobofo. So that let me tell you, Donna Rodriguez, fetting afide allamorous mellages, you may goe light your Candle againe. and returne, and impart what you will command mee, and any thing you please, excepting I say, all kinde of inciting nicities. I Sir, mellages from any body? You know not me, yfaith: I am not so stale yet, that I should fall to those trifles: for God bee praised, I have life and flesh, and all my teeth and my grinders in my mouth, except some few, that the Catarres which are so common in this countrey of Aragon, have vsurped on: but flay a little, Sir, Ile goe out and light my Candle, and Ile come in an instant, and relate my griefes to you, as to the redretser of all fuch like in the world : and so without staying for an answere, she left the roomes where Don Quixote remained stil and pensatime expecting her: but straight, a thousand imaginations came into his minde touching this new Aduenture, and he thought it would be very ill done, or worse imagined, to endanger the breach of his vowed loyaltie to his Mistris, and said to himselfe, Who knowes whether the Diuell, that is so subtill and craftie, may deceive me now with this Matron? which hee hath not beeneable to doe with Emprelles, Queenes, Duchelles, Marqueifes : and I have heard fay often by many well experienced

men,

men, that he will rather make a man sinne with a soule, then a saire one: and who knowes whether this privacie, this opportunitie and silence, may not awake my desires now sleeping? and that now in my old age I may sail, where I never stumbled in such like chances? it is better sty, then try the combate: but sure I am out of my wits, since I talke thus idlely; and sure it is not possible, that a white-stoled lanke-spectacled Matron should moove or stirre vp a lassivious thought in the vngodliest brest in the world: Is there any Matron in the world that hath soft slesh? Is there any that is not soolish, nice and coy? Auant then, you Matronly troopes, vnprositable for mans

delight.

How well did that Lady, of whom it was observed that she had two Matrons Statue-wayes of wood, with their spectacles and Pin-pillowes at the end of her Seare of State, as if they had been at vyorke? and those Statues serued as well to authorize her roome, as if they had beene reall Matrons. And this faidhe flung from the bed to have shut the doore, and not have let Mi stris Rodriguez come in : but as he was going to doe it, she was come back with her Candle lighted of white Waxe: and when the faw Don Quixote neere her, wrapped in his Quilt, his Bends, his woollen Cap, and a thicke cloth about his neck, she began to feare againe: and stepping two or three steppes backward, she asked, Am I fafe, Sir Knight? For I hold it not a very honest figne that you are vp from your bed. Twere fit I asked that question of you, quoth Don Quixote; and therefore let met know, whether I shal be free from rauishing? By whom, quoth The? By you (faid Don Quixote) for neither am I of Marble, or you of Brasse; neither is it now ten a clocke at day time, but mid-night and fomething more, as I thinke: and wee arein 1 more secretand close couch, then the Caue, in which the bold Traiterous Aneas enjoyed the faire and pitying Dido: but give me your hand, Mistris, and He have no other affurance, the mine owne continencie and warineffe: and in faying this, he killed her right hand, and she layd hold of his, which shee gaut him with the fame folemnitie.

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Here Cid Hamete makes a Parenthesis, and earnestly protelleth,

testeth, he would have given the best Coat he had, to have seene them both goe so joyned and linked from the Chamber doore to the bed.

In fine, Don Quixote vvent to his bed, and Donna Rodrionez fate downe in a Chaire a pretty vvay from it, without ta-

king off her spectacles, or setting downe the Candle.

Don Quixote crowded vp together, and couer'd himselfe all ouer, leaving nothing but his face vncouered: fo both of them being quiet : the first that broke off their silence, was Don Quixote, faying, Now, Mistris Rodriguez, you may vnrip your felfe, and dif-maw all that you have in your troubled heart, and grieued entrailes, which shall be heard by my chaste eares, and relieued with my pious vvorkes.

I beleeue no leife, said the Matron: for from your gentle and pleasing presence, there could not bee but a Christian an-

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Thus then it is; Signior Don Quixote, that though you fee me fee in this Chaire, and in the midst of the Kingdome of Amegon, in the habit of a poore and way-beaten Matron; I was borne in the a Affarias and Kingdome of Oniedo, and of a li- a Abarren mage allied to the best of that Prouince: but my hard fortune, Mountainous and my fathers lauishing, that grew to be a Begger before his countrey in time (God knoweshow) brought me to the Court at Madrid, Spaine, like our Wales. where very quietly, and to avoid other inconveniencies, my friends plac't mee to serue as a Chamber-maid to a worthy Lady : and though I fay it, that for white-worke, hemming and stitching, I was never yet put downe in all my life. My friends left me at service, and returned homeward, and not long after went (in likelihood) to heaven, for they were wonderfull good Catholike Christians: thus was I an Orphan, and stinted to the miserable wages, and hard allowance, that at Court is given to fuch kinde of fervants : and at that time (I not giving any occasion thereto) a Squire of the house fell in loue with me, somewhat an elderly man, bigge-bearded, and personable, and aboue all, as good a Gentleman as the King: for hee was of the mountaines; we kept not our loues so close; but that they came to my Ladies eares: who without any more a-

doe,

doe, with full confent of our holy Mother the Catholike Romane Church, caused vs to be married, by which Matrimony to end my good fortune, if I had any; I had a Daughter, if I had any, I say it was ended, not that I dyed of childbed, for I miscarried not: but that my Husband not long after dyed of a fright he had, and had I time now to tell you of it, 'twould admire you: and with this, she began to weepe most tenderly, and said, Pardon me, Signior Don Quinote, for I cannot do with all; as often as I remember my vnfortunate husband, the tears trickle downe my eyes. Lord God! and how stately he would carry my Lady behinde him, vpon a lusty blacke Mule, as black as leat: for then they yied no Coaches nor hand-Chaires, as now (they say they doe) and then Gentlewomen rode behind their Squires: and I cannot but tell you this Tale, that you may see the punctualnesse and good maners of my Husband.

As he was going in at Saint Iaques his street in Madrid, which was somewhat narrow, a Judge of the Court, with two Sergeants before him, was comming out: and as soone as my honest Squire saw him, he turned his Mules reines, making shew as if he would waite vpon him: My Lady that rode behinde, asked him softly, What do'st thou, knaue? Do'st not see that Iam heere? The Judge very mannerly layd hold on his reine, and said, Keepe your way, Sir: for it were fitter for me to wait vpon my Lady, Casida: for that was my Ladies name. Yet still my Husband was earnest with his Cap in his hand, and would have waited on the Judge: which when my Lady saw, full of wrath and anger, she pulled out a great Pin; or rather, as I beleeue, a little Bodkin out of her Estoises, and thrust him into the rump; insomuch, that my Husband cryed out, and wriggling his body, my Lady and he came to the ground together.

Two of her Lackayes came to raise her; and the Judge and the Sergeants likewise: the gate of Gnadalaxara wasinan vp

rore, I meane the idle people vp and downe there.

My Lady was faine to walke on foot, and my Husband got him to a Barbers house, saying, that he was runne quite thorow and thorow. This manner lines to 6 my Husbands, was brund a pand downe; insonuch, that the very Boyes in the streets

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mocked him: fo that for this, and because too he was somewhat pore-blind, my Lady the Duchesse turned him away: for griefe of which, I verily believe, he dyed, and I remained Widow, and succourlesse, with a childe to boote, that went on in increa-

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Finally, for as much as I had the report of an excellent Seamstretle, my Ladie the Duchetle that was newly married to my Lord the Duke, would needs bring mee with her here to this Kingdome of Aragon together with my Daughter; where in Proceile of time shee grew vp, and with her all the prettinesse that could be: she sings like a Larke: she danceth in company as quick as thought, and alone, like a callaway, the writes & reads like a Schoolemaster, and casts account like a Vsurer : for her deanlines, I fay nothing, the water that runnes is not cleaner: and she is now (if I forget not) about sixteen eyeeres old, fine moneths, and three dayes, one or two more or letle. In fine, a rich Farmers sonne fell in loue with my daughter, one that liueth in one of my Lord the Dukes Villages, not farre from hence: in effect I know not how: but they met, and vnder colour of marriage, he mocked my Daughter, and will not keepe his promise, and though the Duke know it: for I have complained to him often of it, and befeeched him, to command the yong Farmer to marry my Daughter: but he hath a trades-mans eares, and will not heare mee: the reason is, because the coozening knaues father is rich, and lends him money, and lets him haue credit every foote to goe on with his juggling, and will by no meanes discontent or trouble him.

I befeech you, Sir, therefore, to take vpon you the redressing of this wrong, either by intreaties, or by force; since as all the world saves, you were borne to right wrongs, and protect the needie; Consider that my Daughter is an Orphan; consider her gentlenesse, her youth, and all the good parts that I have told you of: For in my soule & conscience, an ongstall the Damozels that my Lady hath, there is none worthy to vnty eher shoo: and one of them they call Alustora, which is the lustiest and gallantest, in comparison of my daughter is no body. For let me tell you, Sir, All is not gold that glisters: for this Alustora is

more

more bold, then beauteous; more gamesome, then retired: besides, she is not very sound: for she hatha certain breath that annoyes, and you cannot endure her to stand by you a moment; and my Ladie the Duchesse too; but Mum: they say walls have eares.

What ayles my Ladie Duchesse: by your life, Mistris Rodriouez? quoth Don Quixote, By that, said shee, I cannot but an-

fwere you with all truth.

Doe you marke, Sir, quoth she, that beauty of my Ladies, that smoothnesse of her face, that is like a polisht sword, those two cheekes of Milke and Vermillion, in one of which she hath the Sunne, in the other the Moone, and that state with which she goes, trampling and despissing the ground, as if shee went dealing of health vp and downe? Know, Sir, that first shee may thanke God for it: and next, two issues that she hath in both he legs, at which all the ill humour is let out, of which Physician say she is full.

Saint Mary, quoth Don Quixote, and is it possible that my Ladie the Duchesse hath such out-lets? I should not have beleeved it if bare-foot Fryers had told me so: but since Donna Rodriguez tels me, it is so: but from such issues, and such places, no ill humour, but liquid Amber is distilled. I now verily beleeve, that this making of issues is a thing very necessarie.

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Scarce had Don Quixote ended this speech, when at one pluck the Chamber doore was opened; and with the sodaine fright Donna Rodriguez Candle fell out of her hand, and the roome was as darke as Pitch, straight the Matron felt that they laid hands upon her throat so hard, that they gaue her no time was as darke as Pitch, straight the Matron felt that they laid hands upon her throat so hard, that they gaue her no time was yawle: and one of them very quickly lifting up her Coats, with assipper (in likelihood) began to give her so many ierkes, that twas pitte: and though Don Quixote had some compassion on her, yet he slirred not from his bed, and knew nor what might be the matter: quiet was he, and sslent, searing less the whipping task & tawing might light upon him, & his feare was not needlesse: for when the silent executioners, had less the Matron well curried (who durst not cry out) they came to Don Quixote, and unwap-

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vnwrapping him from the Sheet and the Otilt, they pinched him so hard and so often, that hee could but goe to buffets to defend himselfe: and all this patsed in admirable silence; the combate lasted some halfe an houre; the apparitions vanished; Donna Rodriguez tucked up her Coats, and bewailing her mishap, got her out sof the doore, not speaking a word to Don Dinxote; who, heavy and all to bee pinched, sad and pensative, remained alone; where we will leave him desirous to know, who was the perverse Enchanter, that had so dress him: but that shall be told in due time. For Sancho Pansa calls vs, and the Decorum of this Historie.

CHAP. XLIX.

What hapned to Sancho in walking the Round in his I land.

With the knauish Husbandman-painter: who, instructed by the Steward, and the Steward by the Duke; all made sport with Sancho: but he held them all tacke, though a Foole, a Dullard, and a blocke; and said to those about him, and to Doctor Pedro Rezio: for as soone as hee had ended the secret of the Dukes Letter, he came into the Hall againe.

Certainely (faid he) I thinke now, Iudges and Gouernours had need bee made of Braile, that they may have no feeling of the importunities of fuiters, that would that at all hours and all times they should give them audience, and dispatch them, intending onely their businesse; let them have never so much of their owne: and if the poore Iudge heare them not, or dispatch them not; either because he cannot, or because they come not in a sit time to have audience; straight they back bite and curse him, gnaw his bones, and vnbury his ancestors. Oh foolish Suter and idle, make not such haste: stay for a sit season and conjuncture to negotiate in, come not at dinner time, or bed time: for Iudges are stell and bloud, and must satisfie nature, except

it be I, that give my felfe nothing to eate, thankes to Master Doctor Pedro Rezio Titte a fuera here present, that would have me die for hunger, and yet Hands in it, that this death is life such a life God grant him and all of his profession: I meane such ill Physicians; for the good deserve Lawrell and Palme.

All that knew Sancho, admired him, when they heard him speake so elegantly, and knew not to what they should attribute it, except it were that Offices and great charges doe eyther sea.

You the vnderstanding, or altogether dull it.

Finally, the Doctor Pedro Rezio Agnero de Tirte a fuera, promised him he should sup that night, though he exceeded all

Hypocrates his Aphorismes.

With this the Gouernour was well pleased, and very greedily expected the comming of the night and supper-time, and though time (as he thought) stood still, not mouing a iot from his place, yet at length it came, so longed for by him; and het had to supper a cold mince-meat of Beese and Onions, vith a Calues foot some-what stale, and sell to as contentedly, as if they had given him a God-wit of Milan, or a Pheasant of Rome, or Veale of Sorrentum, or Partridges of Moron, or Geese of Linaxos: and in the midst of his Supper, he turned to the Dostor and said, Looke ye, Master Doctor, hence-forward never care to give me dainties, or exquisite meates to eat; for you will pluck my stomacke quite off the hindges, which is vsed onely to Goa, Beese and Bacon, Porke and Turneps, and Onions: and if you come to mee with your Court-dishes, they make my stomacke squeamish, and many times I loath vm.

Caruer, let it be your care to prouide me a good Olla pedrida, and the more podrida it is, the better, and more fauourie; and in your Olla's you may boile and ballast in what you will, so it be victuals, and I will be mindfull of you, and make you amends one day: and let no man play the foole with me, for eyther we are, or wee are not. Let's bee merry and wise when the Sunne shines, he shines upon all: Ile Gouerne this Iland without looking my due, or taking Bribes; and therefore let all the world be watchfull, and looke to their bolt, for I giue um to understand, there's rods in pisse for them; and if they put mee to it,

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they shall see wonders: I, I, couer your selues with hony, and

you shall see the flies will eat you.

Truly, Sir Gouernour, quoth the Caruer, you have reason in all you speake; and let mee promise you in the behalfe of all the llanders of this Iland, that they will ferue you with all diligence, loue, and good will: for the sweet and milde kinde of Gouerning that hitherto in the beginning you have yfed, makes them neyther doe nor speake ought that may redound to your contempt.

I beleeue it, quoth Sancho, and they were very Affes if they did or thought otherwise; and therefore let me say againe, Let there be a care had for the maintenance of my Person and Dapples, which is very important, and to the matter: And fo when tistime to walke the Round, let vs goe; for my purpose is, to dense this Iland from all kinde of filth, from vagamunds, lazy, and masteriesse persons : for know, friends, that slothfull, and idle people in a Common-wealth, are the same that Drones in Hiues, that eat the hony which the labouring Bees make. I purpose to cherish the husbandman, & to grant the Gendemen their preeminencies, to reward the vertuous, & aboue Il, to have Religion in reverence, & to honor religious persons.

What thinke ye of this, friends? Say I ought? or doe I talke idlely? So well Sir, faid the Steward, that I wonder to fee that a man so without learning as you, (for I thinke you cannot skill of a letter) should speake such sentences and instructions, so contrary to what was expected from your wit by all that fent you, and by all vs that came with you. Every day we fee nouelties in the world, iests turn'd to earnest, and those that mocke.

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Well, it was night, and the Gouernour supped, with Master Doctor Rezio's licence. They made ready to walke the Round. the Steward, the Secretary, and Caruer went with him, and the Chroniclist, that was carefull to keepe a Register of his actions, together with Constables and Notaries; so many, that they might well make a reasonable squadron. Sancho went in the midlt of them with his rod of Iustice, which was the only chiefe fight: and when they had walkt some few streets of the town,

they heard a noyfe of flashing, thither they made, and found that they were two men onely that were together by the eares: who feeing the Iustice comming, stood still, and the one of them faid;

Here for God and the King, shall I be suffered to be robbed in the midft of a towne? and that the midft of the streets be made the high way?

Softly, honest friend, (quoth Sancho) and tell me what's the

reason of this fray, for I am the Gouernour.

The other, his contrary, faid, Sir Gouernour, Ile tell you briefly the matter. You shall understand Sir, that this Gentleman euen now at a Gaming-house here ouer the way, got a thousand Ryalls, (God knowes by what trickes) and I being present, judged many a doubtfull calt on his fide, contrary to what my conscience told me; he came away a winner, and when I thought he would have given mee a Piltolet at least for recompence, ac-

A Barato figni- cording to the vse and custome a of giving to men of my fashifies originally on, which sland by vpon all occasions, to order differences, and cheape, but a- to take vp quarrels; he pursed vp his mony, and got him out mongst game- of the house: I came hastily after him, yet with courteous language entreated him to give me only a matter of foure shillings. gamester by lince he knew me to be a good fellow, and that I had no other way of courte- kinde of trade or living; for my friends brought me vp to no. fic gives form thing, nor left me nothing; and this cunning skabbe, no more Thiefe then Caeu, nor leffe Cheater then b Andradilla, would this in Spaine give me but two shillings : So you may fee, Sir Gouernor, how is so frequent, shamelesse and voyd of Conscience he is. But yfaith if you had that from the not come, I would have made him vomit out his winning,& he should have knowne how many pounds he had had in the scale.

What fay you to this (quoth Sancho?) And the other answered. That true it was which his contrary had faid, that he would giue him but two shillings, because hee had often before giuen him, and they that expect what shall be given them in courtese, must be mannerly, and take any thing that is given them, in good part, without standing vpon tearmes with the winner, except they knew him to be a Cheater, and that his money was vnlawfully gotten, and that it might be seene that he for his part

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was honest, and not a theese, as the other said, there was no greater signe, then his giving so little; for your Cheaters are alwaics large Tributaries to the lookers on that know them.

He saies true, quoth the Steward, and therefore what is your

pleasure, Sir, to doe with these men?

Marry thus, quoth Sancho; you, Sir, that have wonne, honest or knaue, or indifferent, give your hackter heere presently, a hundreth Ryalls: besides, you shall disburse thirty more for the poore of the prison. And you, sir, that have neyther trade nor living, and live odly in this Iland, take your hundreth Ryals, and by to morrow get you out of the Iland, and I banish you for ten yeeres, on paine, that if you breake this order, you accomplish it in another life, by being hanged vpon a gybbet, by me, or at least, by the hangman, by my command.

The one disburfed, and the other received; this went out of the Iland, and that home to his house: and the Governour that remained said, Well, it shall cost me a fall, but I will put downe these Gaming-houses; for I have a kinde of glimpse that they are

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This at least, quoth one of the Notaries, you cannot remoue, because it belongs to a man of quality, and hee loseth a great deale more at the yeeres end then he gets by his Cards. Against other petty Gamesters you may shew your authority; for they doe more mischiefe, and conceale more abuses, then Gentlemen of qualities houses, where your famous Cheaters dare not vse their slights; and since the vice of play hath turned to so common a practice, 'tis better to suffer it in houses of fashion, then in poore mens, where they catch a poore snake, and from midnight till morning slav him quicke.

Well, Notary, (quoth Sancho) there's much to be said in this case. And now one of the Sergeants Yeomen, came with a

Youth which he had laid fast hold on, and said,

Sir, this Youth came towards vs, and as hee had a glimpse of the lustice, hee turned his backe, and began to sculd away like a Deere, a signe he is some delinquent; I ranne after him, and had it not beene that hee stumbled and fell, I had never overtaken him.

Y 2

Why ranst thou, sellow, (quoth Sancho?) To which the young man answered, Sir, to avoid the many questions that your Constables vie to aske. What trade are you of ? A Weauer, faid he. And what weaue you? Iron pegs for Lances, with your Worships good leaue. You are a pleasant companion, Sir. and you presume to play the lester: 'tis very well. And whither went you now? To take the Ayre, Sir. And where in this lland would you have taken the Ayre? Where it blowes. Good, you answer to the purpose, Youth; make account then that I am the Ayre, and that I blow a-sterne on you, and steere you to the prison. Goe to, lay hold on him, carry him for to night, lle make him fleepe without Ayre in the prison. I protest (quoth the Youth) you shall as soone make me King, as make me sleepe this night in prison. Why (quoth Sancho) have not I power to apprehend thee, and free thee when I please? For all your power, faid the Youth, you shall not make me sleepe this night in Prison. No? you shall see (quoth Sancho:) carry him present. ly where he shall see his error; and lest the layler should for a bribe befriend him, Ile lay a penalty of two thousand Crownes vpon him, if he let thee stirre a foot out of the prison. All this is needlelle, faid the Youth : the bufineffe is, All the world shall not make me fleepe this night in prison. Tell me, fiend, quoth Sanche, halt thou fome Angell to free thee, or take thy shackles off that I meane to have clapped on thee? Well, Sir, (quoth the Youth very pleasantly) let's come to reason, and to the matter. Suppose you command mee to be carried to prison, and that I have shackles and chaines put vpon me, and that I be put into a dungeon, and that there be extraordinary penalties inflicted vpon the laylor if he let me out: for all that, if I mean not to fleep, or to jovne my eye-lids together all night; Can you with all your Authority make me fleepeagainst my will?

No indeed (faid the Secretarie) the fellow is in the right: so that (quoth Sancho) your forbearing to sleepe, is onely to have your owne will, but not to contradict mine. No otherwise, Sir, (quoth she Yough) not so much so in thought.

(quoth the Youth) not so much as in thought.

Well, God bee with you, (quoth Sancho) get you home to bed, and God fend you good rell, I meane not to diffurbe you;

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but let me aduile you, that henceforward you be not so conceited with the Iustice; for you may meet with one that will clap

your wit to your noddle.

The yong man went his way, and the Gouernour went on with his Rounding, and a while after there came two Yeomen with a man in hold, and faid, Sir, heeres one that feemes to be a man, but is none, but a woman, and not ill-fauouredi, clad in a mans habit. Then they fet two or three Lanthornesto his face, and perceived a womans face, to looke to, of about fixteen yeers of age; her haire plaited vp with a cawle of gold & greene like, asfaire as a thousand Pearles: they beheld her all ouer, and faw that she had on her a paire of Carnation silke stockins, & white Taffita garters fringed with gold, & embroidered with pearle; her long preeches were of cloth of gold, and the ground worke greene, with a loofe Catlocke or Ierkin of the same, opened on both sides, under which she had also a Doublet of cloth of gold, the ground white : her shooes were white mens shooes, she had no fword, but a very faire hatched dagger, with many rings vpon her fingers.

Finalie, thee pleafed them all very well, but none of them knew her. The Inhabitants of the place faid, they could not ghelfe who she should be; and they that were the contriuers of the trickes against Sancho, were those that most seemed to admire, because that accident and chance was not purposed by them: so they were in suspence, to see what would be the issue

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Sancho was amazed at the maidens beautie, and hee askt her who she was, whither she would, and what occasion had mooued her to clad her selfe in that habit?

She, with her eyes fixt vpon the earth, most shamefac'dly an-

fwered,

Sir, I cannot tell you in publike, what concernes me so much to be kept secret: onely this let me tell you; I am no thiese nor malesactor, but an vnhappie maid, forced by some icalousies to breake the decorum due to my honestie. Which when the Steward heard, he said to Sancho; Sir, command the company aside, that this Gentlewoman may tell her tale without being abashed.

Y 3

the Gouernour gave his command, and all of them went afide, but the Steward, the Carver, and Secretary. Being thus pri-

uate, the maid proceeded, faying;

I, Sirs, am daughter to Pedro Perez Mazorca, Farmer of this townes woolls, that often vseth to goe and come to my Fathers house. There's no likelihood in this, Gentlewoman, quoth the Steward; for I know Pedro Perez verie well, and know that he hath neuer a childe, neither Male nor Female: besides, you fay he is your Father, and by and by you adde, that he vieth to goe often to your Fathers house. I thought upon that too (quoth Sancho.) Why alas (quoth she) I am so frighted, that I know not what I fay: but true it is, that I am daughter to Diego de la Liana, whom I believe, you all know. This may be (faid the Steward) for I know Diego de la Liana to be an honest and a wealthie Gentleman, and that he hatha fonne and a daughter, and fince he hath beene a widdower, there's none in this towne can fay he hath feene his daughters face; for hee keepes her fo close, that hee scarce gives the Sunne leave to looke on her : and for all that, Fame fayes the is wondrous faire.

Tis true (quoth the Maid) and I am that daughter, whether Fame lie or no, concerning my beauty; now you are satisfied, since you have beheld me; and with this she began to weep tenderly. Which when the Secretary saw, he whispered the Carner in the eare, and told him; Doubtlesse some matter of consequence hath befalne this poore Virgin, since in this habit, and at this time of night, being so well borne, she is from her home. There's no doubt of that (quoth the Carner) for her teares too

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Sancho comforted her the best he could, and bad her without feare, tell what had befalne her; for that all of them would strive

to give her remedie with all possible diligence.

The businesses, quoth she, is this: My Father hath kept me close these tenne yeeres; for so long it is since my Mother died in the house wee haue a Chappell, where Masse is sayd, and I in all this time haue seene nothing but the Sunne by day, and the Moone and starres by night: neither know I what streets, or Market-places, or Churches are, nor men, except my Father,

a Brother of mine, and Pedro Perez the former, vvho because hee vseth to come ordinarily to our house, it came into my minde to say hee vvas my father, because I would conceale the right. This keeping mee close, and denying mee to stirre not so much as to the Church, hath this good while discomforted me, and I had a desire to see the world, at least, the towne where I was borne, as thinking this longing of mine vvas not against the Decorum that Maidens of my birth ought to observe: when I heard talke of Bull-baitings, running with Reedes, and representing Comedies: I asked my Brother that is a yeere yonger then I, what kinde of things those were, and many others, vvhich I have not seene; and he told mee as well as hee could: but all vvas to enstane my desire the more to see.

Finally, to shorten my mis-fortune, I entreated my Brother, (I would I had neuer done it:) and then shee renued her teares.

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Then faid the Sreward, On, Gentlewoman, and make an end of telling vs what hath befalne you: for you hold vs all in fufpence, with your words, and your teares.

Few words haue I to say (quoth shee) but many teares to weepe: for they be the fruits of ill-placed desires.

The Maids beauty was now planted in the Caruers heart, and he held vp his Lanthorne againe, to behold her afresh; and it seemed to him, that she wept not teares, but seed-pearle, or morning dew. and he thought higher, that they were liker orientall Pearles; and his wish was, that her mis-fortune might not bee such, as the shewes of her mone and sighing might promise.

The Gouernour was mad at the Wenches flownesse and delaying her Story; and bade her, she should make an end, and hold them no longer in suspense, for that it was late, and they had much of the towne to walke. Shee betwixt broken sobs, and halfe-fetcht sighs, said, My mis-fortune is nothing else, but that I desired my Brother that he would cloath me in mans apparell, in one of his Sutes; and that some night or other he would carry me to see the towne, when my father should be assepe; hee importuned by my intreaties, condiscended to my request: and putting this Sute on me; and hee putting on another of mine, that fits him, as if it were made for him; for he hath never a haire vpon his chin, and might beetaken for a most beautifull Maid: this night fomewhat about an houre agoe, we went abroad; and rambling vp and downe, wee have gone thorowout the whole towne: and going homeward, we faw a great troope of people comming towards vs; and my Brother faid, Sifter: this is the Round, Take you to your heeles, and put wings to them, and follow me, that we be not knowne : for it will bee ill for vs and this faid, he turned his back, and began, I fay not, to runne, but to flye: I within foure or fine steppes fell downe for feare; and then came this Officer that brought me before you; where, for my vilde longing, I am shamed before so many people. So that, Gentlewoman, (qd. Sancho) no other mis-hap hath befalne you; neither was it icalousie, as you said in the beginning of your tale, that made you goe abroad? Nothing else (said shee) nor icalousies: but a defire to see the world, and which extended no furder, then to fee this townes streets; and the comming now of two other Yeomen with her Brother, confirmed this to bee true, whom one of them ouertook, when he fled from his Sifter: He had nothing on, but a rich Kirtle, and a halfe Mantle of blue Damaske, edg'd with a broad gold Lace: his head without any kinde of dreffing or adornment, then his owne lockes; which by reason of their colour and curling, seemed to bee rings of gold. Aside they went with the Gouernor, the Steward and the Caruer, and not letting his Sifter heere; they asked why hee came in that habit? And he with the fame shamefac'd bashfulnes told the same Tale that his Sifter had done: at which the ensmoured Caruer was wonderfully pleased. But the Gouernour faid to them, Truely hoe, this hath been a great childishnessein you; and you needed not fo many fighs and teares, to tell fuch a piece of foolish boldnesse: for it had beene enough if you had faid, We fuch and fuch a one, went out of our fathers house, only for curiofitie to walke vp and down the towne; and there had beenean end, without your fighing and your whining, on Gods name.

You say true, Sir, quoth the Maid:but you may think that I was

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so troubled, that I could not tell how to behave my felfe.

There's nothing lost (quoth Sancho) let's goe, and wee will leave you in your fathers house; perhaps he wil not have missed you: and from hence-forward bee not such children, nor so longing to see the world: for the honest Maid better at home with a bone broken, then a gadding: the Woman and the Hen are lost with straggling: and let me tell you too; shee that desires to see, hath a desire likewise to bee seene, and I say no more.

The Youth thanked the Gouernour for the fauour hee did them, to let them goe home; whither they went for it was not farre from thence.

Home they came, and the Youth throwing a little stone at one of the Iron windowes, straight there came a Maid-servant downe, that sate vp for them, and opened them the doore, and in they went, leaving those without as well to admire her gentlenesseand beauty; as the desire they had to see the world by night, without stirring out of the towne; but they attributed all to their stenderage.

The Caruers heart was strucke thorow; and hee purposed the next day to demand her of her Father to wise; assuring himselfe, hee would not deny her him, because hee was the Dukes seruant: Sanebo too had a certaine longing and inkling to marry the Youth with his Daughter Sanebica: and he determined to put the matter in practice betimes, as thinking that a Gouernours Daughter was sit for any Husband: and so the Round was ended for that night: and some two dayes after, his Gouernment too, with which all his designes were lopped off, and blotted out, as hereaster shall besaid.

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where is declared, who were the Enchanters, and Executioners, that whipped the Matron, pincht and scratcht Don Quixote, with the successe the Page had that carried the Letter to Teresa Pansa, Sancho's wife.

ID Hamete, the most punctuall Searcher of the every moats of this true Hillory, fayes, that when Donna Ro. I driguez went out of her Chamber, to goe to Don Quix. etes lodging, another Waiting-woman that lay with her, perceived her: and as all of them have an itch to smell after novelties, the went after to foftly, that the good Rodriguez perceived it not : and as fooneas the Waiting-woman faw her goe in to Don Quixote, that the might not be defective in the generall custome of make-bates; shee went presently to put this into the Duchelles head, and so told her that Donna Rodriguez was in Don Quixotes Chamber: the Ducheffe told the Duke, and asked his leave, that she and Altisidera might goe see what the Ma. tron would have with Don Quixote: the Duke granted, and both of them very foftly came close to Don Quixotes doore, and so neere, that they heard all that was spoken within: and when the Duchetle heard that Rodriguez had fet the Aranxnez of her springs a running in the streets, she could not suffer it, nor Alifidora neither: fo, full of rage, and greedy to reuenge, they entred the chamber fuddenly, & Stabbed Don Quixote with their nailes, and banged the Woman, as hath beene related: for affronts that are directly done against heauty, doe awaken womens choller, and enflame in thema defire of reuenge.

The Duchetle told the Duke what had passed, which made him passing merry: and the Duchetse proceeding with her intention of mirth and passine with Don Quixote, dispatch the Page that playd the Enchanted Dulcinea's part (for Sancho had forgotten it, being busied in his Gouernment) to Teresa Pansa with her Husbands Letter, and another from her selfe, and a

chaine of faire Corall for a token.

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The Story too tels vs, that the Page was very discreet and wittel, and with a desire to serve his Lords, hee went with a very good will to Sancho's towne: and before he entred into it, he saw a company of women washing in a brooke: whom he asked, if they could tell him, if there lived in that towne a woman, whose name was Teresa pansa, wife to one Sancho Pansa, Squire to a Knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha: to which question, a little Girle that was vvashing there, stood vp and said, That Teresa Pansa is my Mother, and that Sancho my Father, and that Knight our Master.

Well then, Damozell, quoth the Page, Come and bring mee to your Mother; for I bring her a Letter and a present, from

your faid Father.

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That I will with a very good will, Sir, said the Wench, that fremed to be eabout a forme fourteene yeeres of age, more or less and leaving the clothes that she was vvashing, to another companion of hers, without dressing her head, or putting on stockings and shooes, (for she was barelegged, and with her layre about her eares) she leaped before the Pages Beast he rode on, and said, Come, Sir, for our house is just as you come in at the towne, and there you shall sinde my Mother, with sorrow mough, because shee hath not heard from my Father this great while.

Well, I have so good newes for her (quoth he) that she may thanke God for it.

At length, leaping, running, and iumping, the Girle got to the towne, and before the came into the house, the cryed out aloud at the doore: Come out, mother, Teresa, Come out, come out: for here's a Gentleman hath Letters and other things from my good Father: at which noise Teresa Pansa her Mother came out, spinning a rowle of Flax, with a Russet Petti-coat, and it seemed by the shortnesse of it, that it had been cut off at the Placket; and she had Russet bodies of the same, and shee was in her smocke sleeues; she was not very old, for she lookt as if shee had been about forty: but she was strong, tough, sinowie, and raw-boned; who seeing her Daughter, and the Page a horseback, said, What's the matter, child? What Gentleman is this?

A seruant of my Lady Teresa Pansa's (quoth the Page:) so, doing and speaking, he flung himselfe from his horse, and vvith great humilitie went to prostrate himselfe before the Lady Teresa, saying, My Lady Teresa, giue mee your hands to kitse, as you are lawfull and particular Wife to my Lord Don Sancho Pansa, proper Gouernour of the Iland Barataria.

Ah good Sir, forbeare I pray doe not do fo, quoth Terefa: for I am no Court-noll, but a poore Husband-woman, a Ploughmans daughter, and wife to a Squire Errant, and not a Go-

uernour.

You are (quoth the Page) a most worthy wife, to an Archworthy Gouernour: and for proofe of what I say, I pray receive this Letter, and this token; when instantly he plucked out of his pocket a Corall string, with the lac'd Beads of gold, and put it about her neck, and said, This Letter is from the Gouernour, and another that I bring; and these Corals are from my Lady the Duchesse that sends me to you.

Teresa was amazed, and her daughter also: and the Wench said, Hang mee, if our Master Don Quixoto have not a hand in this businesse; and hee it is that hath given my Father this Government or Earledome, that he so often promised him.

You say true (quoth the Page) for for Signior Don Quixoth sake, Signior Sancho Pansa is now Gouernour of the Iland Ba-

rataria, as you shall see by this Letter.

Reade it, gentle Sir, said Teresa: for though I can spin, I cannot reade a iot; nor I neither, added Sanebica: but stay a little and Ile call one that shall; either the Vicar himselfe; or the Bachelor Samson Carasco, who will both come hittler with all their hearts to heare newes of my Father.

You need not call any body, said hee: for though I cannot spin, yet I can reade, and therefore I will reade it; so he did thorowout: which, because it was before related, it is not now set downe here: and then he drew out the Duchesses, which was as

followeth:

Friend Terefa, your Husbands good parts of his wit and honelty, mooued and obliged me, to request the Duke my Husband, to give him the Government of one of the many llands

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he hath: I have understood, that he governes like a Ier-Falcon, for which I am very glad; and consequently my Lords the Duke: for which I render heaven many thankes, in that I have not beene deceived in making choise of him for the said Government: for let mee tell, Mistris Teresa, it is a very difficult thing, to finde a good Governour in the world; and so God deale with me, as Sancho governes. I have sent you (my beloved) a string of Corall Beads, with the tens of gold, I could wish they had beene Orientall Pearles; but something is better then nothing: time will come, that we may know and converse one with another; and God knowes what will become of it.

Commend me to Sanchica your Daughter, and bid her from me, that the be in a readinelle; for I meane to marry her highly

when she least thinkes of it.

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They tell me, that in your towne there, you have goodly Acornes, I pray fend me fome two doozen of them, and I shall esleeme them much as coming from you: and write me at large,
that I may know of your health, & well-being, and if you want
ought, there is no more to be done but mouth it, & your mouth
shall have full measure, so God keepe you. From this towne.

Your louing friend, The Ducheffe.

Lord! qd. Terefa, whe she heard the Letter, What a good plain meeke-Lady'tis! God bury me with fuch Ladies, and not with your flately ones that are vsed in this towne, who think, because they are lantle-folks, the winde must not touch them: and they go fo fantastically to Church, as if they were Queenes at least, & they thinke it a difgrace to vm to looke vpon a poore Countrey Woman: But looke you, here's a good Lady, that though shee bea Duchelle, calls me friend, and vieth mee as if I were her equall : equall may I fee her with the highest Sceeplein the Mancha: and concerning her Acorns, Signior mine, I will fend her Ladyship a whole Pecke, that every body shall behold, and admire them for their bignetle: and now, Sanchica, doe thou fee that this Gentleman bee welcome: fet his Horse vp, and get fome Egges out of the Stable, and cut fome Bacon: he shall fare like a Prince, for the good newes hee hath brought vs, and his good face deserves it all: in the meane time I will goe tell my neighneighbours of this good newes, and to our father Vicar, and Malter Nicholas the Barber, who have beene, and Itill are so much thy fathers friends.

Yes marry will I (quoth Sanchiea:) but harke you: you must give mee halfe that string, for I doe not thinke my Ladie

Ducheise such a foole, that she would send it all to her.

Tis all thine, Daughter, said Terefa: but let me weare it a few

dayes about my neck: for verily, it glads me to the heart.

You will be glad (quoth the Page) when you fee the bundle that I have in my Port-mantue, which is a garment of fine cloth, which the Gouernour onely wore one day a Hunting, which he hath fent to Mistris Sanchica. Long may he live (quoth San-

chica) and he that brings it too.

Teresa went out with her chaine about her neck, and playd with her singers upon her Letters, as if they had been a Timbrest and meeting by chance with the Vicar, and Samson Carrasco, she began to dance, and to say, Ifaith now there is none poore of the kinne, we have a little Government; No, no. Now let the proudest Gentlewoman of um all meddle with mee, and He shew her a new tricke.

What madnetse is this, Teresa: Pansa, and what papers are these? No madnetse (quoth she) but these are Letters from Duchesses and Gouernours: and these I weare about my neck are fine Corals; the Ane-Maries and Pater-nosters are of beaten gold, and I am a Gouernetse.

Now God shield vs, Terefa: wee vnderstand you not, nei-

ther know vve vvhat you meane.

There you may fee (quoth Terefa) and gaue vm the Letters. The Vicar reads them that Samfon Carrafco might heare: so he and the Vicar lookt one vpon the other, wondring at vvhat they had read.

And the Bachelor asked, Who brought those Letters? Terest answered, that they should goe home with her, and they should see the Messenger; A yong Youth, as faire as a golden Pine. Apple, and that he brought her another Present twice as good.

The Vicar tooke the Corals from her neck, and beheld them againe and againe, and affuring himselfe that they vvere right,

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hebegan to wonder afresh and said; By my Coat I sweare, I know not what to fay or thinke of thefe Letters and Tokens: for on the one fide, I fee and touch the finenelle of these Corals; and on the other, that a Ducheffe fends to begge two dozen of Acornes. Come cracke me this Nutte, quoth Carrafco. Well, let vs goe fee the Bearer of this Letter, and by him vvee will be informed of these doubts that are offered. They did so. and Terefa went backe with them : they found the Page lifting alittle Barley for his Bealt, & Sanchica cutting a Rasher to a paue * Para Empeit, with Egges for the Pages dinner, whose presence and attire darte. A pretty much contented them both; and after they had courteoully fa-in Spain they luted him, and he them, Samson asked him for newes as well of vie to fry their Don Quixote as Sancho: for though they had read Sancho and Collops and the Lady Duchelles Letters, yet they were troubled, and could Egges all tonot ghelle what Sancho's Gouernment should meane, especially gether: not as of an Iland, since all or the most that were in the Mediterranean con, and then Seabelonged to his Maiesty.

To which the Page answered: That Signior Sancho Pansais fore the Au-Gouernour, tis not to be doubted, but whether it be an Iland thor calls it erno that he gouerns, I meddle not with it: tis enough that it is pauing. aplace of aboue a thousand Inhabitants. And concerning the Acornes, let me tell you: My Lady the Ducheffe is so plaine and humble, that her fending for Acornes to this Country-woman isnothing. I have knowne when she hath sent to borrow a Combe of one ofher neighbours, and let me tell you; The Ladies of Aragon, though they be as Noble, yet they stand not so much vpon their points, neither are so lofty as your Castilians,

and they are much plainer.

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Whilest they were in the middest of this discourse, Sanchica ame leaping with her lap full of Egges, and asked the Page; Tell me, Sir, doth my Father weare pained hose since his being Gowernour? I neuer marked it, quoth the Page, but fure hee doth. Oh God, quoth she, what a fight it would be, to see my Father in his linnen hose first! how say you? that ever since I was born Thaue had a defire to fee my Father in pain'd hofe. With many of these you shal see him (quoth the Page) if you live. And I protell, if his Gouernment last him but two Moneths longer, hee

we do, first Ba-Egges,&therwill be likely to weare a cap with a Beauer.

The Vicar and Bachelor perceived very well, that the Page playd the lacke with them; but the goodnesse of the Corallbeades, and the hunting fuit that Sancho fent, made all straight againe, for Terefa had thewed them the apparell, and they could not but laugh at Sanchica's delire, and molt, when Terefa faid. Master Vicar, pray will you hearken out if there be any bodie that goe toward Madrid or Toledo, that they may buy mee a Farthingale round and well made, iust in the fashion, and of the best fort, for intruth, intruth, I meane to credit my Husbands Gouernment as much as I can; and if I be angry, Ile to Court my selfe too, and have my Coach as well as the best: for she that hath a Gouernour to her Husband, may very well have it, and maintaine it.

And why not Mother (quoth Sanchica?) and the sooner the better, though those that see mee set with my Mother in the Coach should fay, Looke ye on Mistresse Whacham, good-man Garlicke-eaters daughter, how the is fet & thretcht at eafe in the Coach, as if the were a Pope loane: but let them tread in the durt, and let me goe in my Coach:a poxe on all backe-biters; the Foxe fares best when hee is cursed. Say I well, Mother mine? Very well (quoth the) and my good Sancho foretold mee of all these biestings and many more; and thou shalt see, daughter, Ile neuer rest till I am a Countesse; for all is but to begin well, and (as I have often heard thy good father fay, who is likewife the father of Prouerbs,) Look not a given horse in the mouth; when a Gouernment is given thee, take it; when an Earledome, gripe 4 Hil, hif, as it; and when they a hill, hill, to thee with a reward, take it vp. No, no, be careleffe, and answer not good fortune when shee calling a dog, knocks at your dores. And what care I (quoth Sanchica) what hee fay that fees mee stately and Maiesticall? there's a dogge ina doublet, and fuch like.

if it were the to giue him mate, . we have

> When the Vicar heard all this, he faid, I cannot believe but all the stocke of the Pansa's were borne with a bushell of Prouerbs in their bellies, I never faw any of them that did not scatter vm at all times, and upon all occasions. You fay true (quoth the Page) for Signior Sancho the Gouernour speakes them every

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foot: and though many of them be nothing to the purpose, yet they delight, and my Lady the Duchesse, and the Duke do much celebrate them. That still you should affirme, Sir, that this of Sanebo's Gouernment is true, & that there can be any Duchesse in the world that sends him Presents, and writes to him; for we, although we see them, and have read the Letters, yet we cannot believe it; and weethinke that this is one of Don Onixote our Countriman his inventions, who thinkes that all are by way of Enchantment: So that I am about to desire to feele and touch you, to see whether you becamayrie Ambassador, or a man of sless had all oud.

Sir, (quoth the Page) all I know of my selfe, is, that I am a real Ambatsador, and that Signior Sancho Pansa is an effective Governour, and that my Lords the Duke and Duchetse may give, and have given the said Government; and I have heard say, that the said Sancho Pansa demeanes himselfe most robustiously in it. If in this there beany Enchantment, you may dispute itamongst your selves, for I know no more, by an oath I shall sweare, which is, By the life of my Parents, who are alive, and I

loue them very well.

It may very well be, quoth the Bachelor, but dubitat Augustimus. Doubt it whose will (quoth the Page) I have told you thetruth, which shall alwaies prevaile about lyes, as the oyle about the water: and if not operitus credite & non verbis, one of you goe with mee, and you shall see with your eyes what you will not beleeve with your eares. That iourney will I go, quoth Sanchica: you shall carry me, Sir, at your horses crupper, and lie goe with a very good will to see my Father. Governours Daughters (quoth he) must not travell alone, but accompanied with Carroches and horse-Litters, and good store of servants. Marry (quoth Sancha) I can goe as well youn a young Asse-Colt, as youn a Coach; you have a daintie piece of mee no doubt.

Peace wench, said Terefa, thou knowest not what thou siess; and this Gentleman is in the right; the times are altered: When thy Father was Sancho, then mightst thou be Sancho; but now he is Gouernour, Madain; and I know not whether I have

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faid ought. Mistrelle Teresa sayes more then shee is aware of. (quoth the Page) and now pray let me dine, and be quickly dif. patcht, for I mult returne this afternoone. Then, quoth the Vicar, you shall doe penance with me to day, for Mittrelle Terefa hath more good will then good cheere to welcome fo good a ghest. The Page refused, but for his better fare; he was forced to accept of the kindnesse; and the Vicar carried him the more willingly, that hee might have time to aske at ley fure after Don Quinote's exploits. The Bachelor offered Terefa to write the answers of her Letters, but shee would not that hee should deale in her affaires; for the held him to be a scoffer : and so the gaue a little rowle of bread, and a couple of egges to a little Monke that could write, who wrote her two Letters, one for her Husband, and the other for the Duchesse, framed by her owne pate, and are not the world in all this grand History, 25 you may fee hereafter.

CHAP. LL.

Of Sancho's proceeding in his Gouernment, with other fuecesses, as good as Touch.

He day appeared after the Gouernors Rounding night, in which the Caruer flept not a whit, being bufied in thinking upon the face, feature, and beauty of the diffiguifed Damozell: and the Steward spent the remainder of it, in writing to his Lords, Sancho Panfa's words and actions, both which he equally admired; for both were mixt with certaine appearances of Discreet and Foole.

The Gouernour in fine was gotten vp, and by Doctor Pedia Rezio's appointment, hee broke his fast with a little Conserue, and some two or three spoonfulls of cold water, which Sancha would willingly haue changed for a piece of bread, and a bunch of grapes; but seeing there was no remedy, hee passed it ouer, though with much griefe of mind, & wearines of stomack: for Pedra Rezio made him believe, that few dishes, and those deli-

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cate, did quicken the wit, which was the onely thing for perfons that bore Rule, and weighty Offices; where they must benefit themselves, not onely with corporall force, but strength of winderstanding too.

With this Sophistry Sancho was almost started, so that in secret he cursed the Gouernment, and also him that gaue it him; but yet, with his hunger and his Conserue, he sate in judgement that day, and the first thing that came before him, was a doubt that a stranger proposed vnto him, the Steward and the rest of

the fraternity being present, and it was this:

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Sir, a maine River divided two parts of one Lordship (I pray marke, for it is a case of great importance, and somewhat difficult) I say then, that you this River there was a Bridge, and at the end of it a Gallowes, and a kinde of Judgement Hall, in which there were ordinarily foure Judges, that judged according to the Law that the owner of the River, Bridge, & Lordship had established, which was this: If any one be to passe from one fide of this Bridge to the other, hee mult first sweare whither he goes, and what his businesse is if he sweare true, let him paile; if hee lye, let him be hanged vponthe gallowes that hewes there without remission. This Law being divulged, and the rigorous condition of it, many passed by, and presently by their oathes it was feene whether they faid true, and the Judges let them paffe freely. It fell out that they tooke one mans oath, who swore and said, that he went to be hanged upon that gallowes, and for nothing elfe.

The Judges were at a stand, and said, If we let this man passe, helyed in his oath, and according to the Law hee ought to die; and if we hang him, he swore he went to die voon the gallows, and hauing sworne truly, by the same Law he ought to be swee. It is now, Sir Gouernor, demanded of you, what should be done with this man, for the Judges are doubtfull and in suspence; and hauing had notice of your quicke and cleuated understanding, they sent me to you, to desire you on their behalfs to give your

opinion in this intricate and doubtfull case.

To which (quoth Sancho:) Truely these Iudges that send you to me might have saued a labour; for I am one that have as

much wit as a Setting-dog: but how soeuer, repeat me you the businesse once againe, that I may vinderstand it, and perhaps I may hit the marke.

The Demandant repeated againe, and againe, what hee had faid before; and Sancho faid, In my opinion it is inflantly re-

folued, as thus:

The man sweares, that he goes to dye vpon the gallowes: and if he die so, he swore true; and so by the Law deserues to passe free: and yet if he be not hanged, he swore false; and by the same Law he ought to be hanged. Tis instant Master Gouernor hath said, quoth the Messenger; and concerning the vnderstanding the case, there is no more to be required or doubted. I say then (quoth Sancho) that they let that part of the man passe that spoke truth, and that which told a lye; let them hang it, and so the condition of the Law shall be litterally accomplished.

Why, Sir, faid the Demandant, then the man must be divided into two parts, lying and true; and if he be divided, he must needs die, and so there is nothing of the Law fulfilled, and it is

expresly needfull that the Law be kept.

Come hither, honest fellow (quoth Sancho) either I ama very Leeke, or this Passenger you speake of, hath the same reason to die, as to liue and passe the bridge; for if the truth saue him, the lye condemnes him equally: which being so as it is, I amos opinion, that you tell the ludges that sent you to me, That since the reasons to saue or condemne him, be in one ranke, that they let him passe freely; for it is ever more praise-worthy to doe good, then to doe ill; and this would I give vnder my hand, is I could write: and in this case I have not spoken from my selfe, but I remember one precept amongst many others, that my Master Don Onixote gave me the night before I came to be Governous, which was; That when Iustice might be any thing doubtfull, I should leave, and apply my selfe to pitty: and it hath pleased God I should remember it in this case, which hath false out pat.

Tis right, quoth the Steward: and fure, Lieurgus Law-giver to the Lacedemonians, could not have given a better fentence then that which the Grand Saneho Panfa hath given. And now this Mornings audience may end, and I will give order that the

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Governour may dine plentifully. That I defire (quoth Sancho) and let's have faire play: Let mee dine, and then let Cases and

Doubts raine vpon me, and Ile snuffe them apace.

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The Steward was as good as his word, holding it to be a matter of Conscience, to starue so discreet a Gouernour: Besides, his purpose was to make an end with him that night, performing the last iest, which he had in Commission, towards him. It hapned then, that having eaten contrary to the prescriptions and orders of the Doctor Tritesura, when the cloth was taken away, there came in a Poste with a Letter of Don Quixotes, to the Gouernour. Sancho commanded the Secretary to read it to himselfe, and that if there came no secret in it, hee should read it aloud. The Secretary did so, and sodainely running of it ouer, said, It may well be read out, for this that Don Quixote writes to you, deserves to be stamped and written in golden letters, and thus it is.

Don Quixotes Letter to Sancho Pansa, Gouernour of the Iland Barataria.

Hen I thought (friend Sancho) to have heard newes of thy negligence and folly, I heard it of thy discretion; for which I gaue to God particular thankes. I heare thou Gouernest as if thou wert a man, and that thou art a man as if thou wert a beast, such is thy humility thou vsels; yet let mee note vnto thee, that it is very necessary and convenient many times, for the Authority of a place to goe against the humility of the heart: for the adornment of the person that is in eminent Offices, must be according to their greatnesse, and not according to the measure of the meeke condition, to which he is inclined. Goe well clad, for a Stake well dressed, seemes not to be so: I say not to thee that thou weare toyes, or gawdy gay things; not that being a Judge thou goe like a Souldier, but that thou adopt thy selse with such a habit as thy place requires; so that it be handsome and neat.

To get the good will of those thou Gouernell, amongstothers, thou must doe two things: the one, to be courteous to all, which I have already told thee of; and the other, to fee that there be plenty of sustenance; for there is nothing that doth more weary the hearts of the poore, then hunger and dearth.

Make not many Statute-Lawes, and those thou dost make, see they be good, but chiefly that they be observed and kept, for Statutes not kept, are the same as if they were not made; and doe rather shew that the Prince had Wisedome and Authority to make them, then valour to see that they should be kept: and Lawes that onely threaten, and are not executed, become like the beame, King of frogs, that at first scarred them, but in time they despised, and gat up on the top of it.

Be a Father of Vertue, but a father-in-law of Vice.

Be not alwaies cruell, nor alwaies mercifull, choose a meane betwixt these two extremes, for this is a point of discretion.

Visit the Prisons, the Shambles, and the Markets; for in such places, the Gouernours presence is of much importance.

Comfort the prisoners that hope to be quickly dispatch'd. Be a Bull-begger to the Butchers, and a scarre-Crow to the

Huckster-women for the same reason.

Shew not thy selfe (though perhaps thou art, which yet I belieue not) Couetous, or a Whoore-monger, or a Glutton; for when the town, and those that converse with thee, know which way thou art inclined, there they will set upon thee, till they cast thee downe head-long.

View and review, passe and repasse thine eyes over the Instructions I gave thee in writing, before thou wentest from hence to thy Government, and thou shalt see, how thou findest in them, if thou observe them, an allowance to helpe thee to be are & passe over the troubles that are incident to Governors.

Write to thy Lords, and shew thy selfe thankefull: for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins that is: and hee that is thankefull to those that have done him good, gives a testimony that he will be so to God too, that hath done him so much good, and daily doth continue it.

My Lady Duchelle dispatcht a Messenger a purpose with thy apparel: and another Present to thy wife Teresa Pansa; euc-

ry minute we expect an answer.

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I have beene somewhat ill at ease of late with a certaine Catbusinesse that hapned to me not very good for my nose, but 'twas nothing: for if there be Enchanters that misuse me, others there be that defend me. Let me know if the Steward that is with thee, had any hand in Trisaldis actions, as thou suspected standlet me heare likewise of all that befals thee, since the way is so short; besides, I think to leave this idle life ere long, for I was not borne to it.

Heere is a businesse at present, that I beleeue will bring mee in disgrace with these Nobles: but though it much concerne me, I care not: for indeede I had rather comply with my profession, then with their wils, according to the saying; Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas. I write thee this Latine, because I thinke since thy being Gouernour thou hast learnt to vnderstand it. And so farewell, God keep thee and send that no man pitte thee.

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Thy friend,

Don Quixote de la Mancha.

it, applauded it for a very discreet one: and presently Sancho rose from the Table, and calling the Secretarie, lockt him to him in his lodging Chamber, and without more delay, meant to answere his Master Don Quixote: and therefore he bade the Secretarie, without adding or diminishing ought, to write what he would have him; which he did: and the Letter in answere was of this ensuing tenour.

Sancho Pansa's Letter to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

MY businesse and imployments are so great, that I have not leisure either to scratch my Head, or pare my nayles, which is the reason they are so long (God help mee.)

This I say (deare Signsor mine) that you may not wonder, if Z 4

hitherto I haue not giuen you notice of my well or ill beeing at this Gouernment; in which I am now more hungry, then when you and I trauelled in the Woods, and Wildernetle.

My Lord the Duke wrot me the other day, by way of aduice, that there were certaine Spies entred the Iland, to kill me: but hitherto, I have discovered none but a certaine Doctor, who is entertained in this Town, to kill as many Governors as come to it: and his name is Doctor Pedro Rezio, born in Tinea fuera: that you may see what a name this is for me to feare left he kill mee.

This aforesaid Doctor sayes of himselfe, that hee cures not infirmities when they are in present being, but preuents them before they come: and the Medicines hee vieth, are dyet vpon dyet, till he makes a man nothing but bare bones; as if leanenesse

were not a greater sicknetse then a Calenture.

Finally, he hath even starved mee, and I am ready to dye for anger: for when I thought to have comen to this Iland to eate good warmethings, and to drinke coole, and to recreate my body in Holland sheetes, and Feather-beds; I am forced to deepenance, as if I were an Hermite: and because I doe it vinwillingly, I beseeve at the vipshot the Divell will have me.

Hitherto haue I neither had my due, nor taken bribe, and I know not the reason: for heere they tell mee, that the Gouernours that vie to come to this Iland; before they come, they of the towne either give or lend them a good summe of money: and this is the ordinarie custome, not onely in this Towne, but

in many others also

Last night as I walked the Round, I met with a faire Maidin mansapparell; and a Brother of hers in womans: my Caruerfell in loue with the Wench, and purposed to take her to Wise, aske sayes; and I have chosen the Youth for my sonne in law: and to day both of vs will put our desires in practice with the Father of them both, which is one Diego de la Lana, a Gentleman and an old Christian, as much as you would desire. I visit the Market places (as you aduised mee) and yesterday found a Huckster, that sold new Hazel Nuts, and it was prooued against her, that she had mingled the new, with a bushell of old, that were rotten and without kernels; I judged them all to be given

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to the Hospitall boyes, that could very well distinguish them; and gaue sentence on her, that shee should not come into the Market place in sisteenedayes after: 'twas told me, that I did most valourously; all I can tell you's, that it is the common report in this towne, that there is no worse people in the world then these women of the Market places: for all of them are impudent, shamelesse, & vngodly; and I beleeue it to be so, by those that I haue seene in other townes: That my Ladie the Duchesse hath written to my Wife Teresa Pansa, and sent her atoken, as you say, it pleaseth me very well, and I will endeuour at fit time to shew my selfethankefull: I pray doe you kitse her hands on my behalfe, and tell her, her kindnesse is not ill bestowed, as shall after appeare.

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I would not that you should have any thwart-reckonings of dif-taste with those Lords: for if you be displeased with them, its plaine it must needs redound to my dammage, and 'twere white that, since you adule mee not to be withinkefull, you should be so to them that have shewed you so much kindnesse, and by whom you have been so well welcomed in their Castle.

That of your Car-businesses, I understand not; but I suppose tis some of those ill feates, that the wicked Enchanters are wont to vie toward you; I shall know of you; when we meet. I would thine have sent you something from hence, but I know not what except it were some little Canes to make squirts; which with Bladders too they make very curiously in this place; but if my Office last, Ile get something worth the sending.

If my wife Terefa Panfa write to mee, pay the Portage, and fendure the Iberier: for I have a wonderfull defire to know of the Estate of my house, my wise and children: and so God keep you from ill-minded Enchanters, and deliver mee well and peaceably from this Government; for I doubt it, and thinke to lay my bones here, according as the Dostor Pedro Rezio handles me.

Your Worships Seruant,

Sancho Panfathe Gouernour.

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The Secretarie made vp the Letter, and prefently dispatche the Post; and so Sancho's Tormentors iovning together, gaue order how they might dispatch him from the Gouernment. And that afternoone Sancho passed, in setting downe orders for the well-gouerning the Hand he imagined to be so: and he ordained there should bee no Hucksters for the Commonwealths prouisions; and likewise that they might have Wines brought in from whencesoever they would; onely with this Prouiso, to tell the place from whence they came, to put prices to them according to their value, and goodnes: and whosoever put water to any wine, or chang'd the name of it, should die for it: he moderated the prices of all kinde of cloathing, especially of shooes, as thinking Leather was sold with much exorbitancie.

He made a taxation for servants wages, who went on va-

brideled for their profit.

He set grieuous penalties vpon such as should sing bawdie

or ribaldry fongs either by night or day.

He ordained likewise, that no blind-man should sing miracles in Verse, except they brought Authenticall testimonies of the truth of them: for he thought, that the most they sung, were false, and prejudiciall to the true.

He created also a Constable for the poore, not that should perfecute, but examine them, to know if they were so: for vuder colour of fained maimeneile, and false sores, the hands are

Theeues, and health is a Drunkard.

In conclusion, he ordered things so well, that to this day they are fam'd and kept in that place, and are called, The Ordinances of the Grand Governour, Sanebo Pansa.

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CHAP. LII.

The Aduenture of the second Afflicted or straight ned Matron, alias Donna Rodriguez.

ID Hamete tels vs, that Don Quixote being recovered of his scratches, he thought the life he led in that Caltle, was much against the order of Knighthood he profest : so he determined to crave leave of the Dukes to part towards Saragoza, whose Justs drew neere, where hee thought to gaine the Armourthat vieth to bee obtained in them. And being one day at the Table with the Dukes, and beginning to put his intention in execution, and to aske leave : Behold, vnlookt for, two women came in at the great Hall doore, clad (as it after appeared) in mourning from head to foot : and one of them comming to Don Quixote, the fell downe all along at his feet with her mouth fowed to them; and she groaned so forrowfulfully, and so profoundly, that she put all that beheld her into a great confusion: and though the Dukes thought it was some tricke their servants would put vpon Don Quixote; notwithstanding, seeing with what earnestnesse the woman sighed, groaned and wept, they were a little doubtfull and in suspence, till Don Quixote in great compassion raised her from the ground, and made her discouer her selse, and take her Mantle from her blubber'd face. She did so, and appeared to be (what could not beimagined) Donna Rodriguez the Waiting-woman of the house: and the other in mourning was her wronged Daughter, abused by a rich Farmers sonne. All were in admiration that knew her, especially the Dukes: for though they knew her to be foolish, and of a good mould that way; yet not to bee so neere mad.

Finally, Donna Rodriguez turning to the Lords, she said, May it please your Excellencies, to give mee leave to impart a thing to this Knight: for it behooves me to come out of a businesse, into which the boldnesse of a wicked Raskall hath thrust me.

The Duke faid, he gave her leave, and that the should impart what the would to Signior Don Quixote. She directing her voice and her gesture to Don Quixote, said, Some dayes fince, valorous Knight, I related to you the wrong and trecherie that a wicked Farmer hath done to my beloued Daughter. the vnfortunate one heere now present; and you promised me to vndertake for her to right this wrong that hath beene done her : and now it hath come to my notice, that you meane to part from this Castle, in quest of your Aduentures (God send them) and therefore my request is, that before you scowre the wayes, you would defie this vntamed Rusticke, and make him marry my Daughter, according to the promise he gaue her before he coupled with her: For to thinke that my Lord the Duke will doe me justice, is to seeke Peares from the Elme, for the reafon that I have plainely told you; and fo God give you much health, and forfake not vs.

To these reasons, Don Quixote answered with great gravity

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Good Matron, temper your teares, and faue your fighs, and I will engage my felfe to right your Daughter; for whom it had beene much better, not to have beene so easie of beleeuing her Louers promises, which for the most part are light in making, but heavy in accomplishing: and therefore with my Lord the Dukes leave, I will presently part in search of this vingodly yong man, and finde and challenge him, and kill him, if he deny to accomplish his promise. For the chiefe ayme of my prosession is, to pardon the humble, and to chastize the proud; I meane, to succour the wretched, and to destroy the cruell.

You need not (quoth the Duke) be at the paines of seeking the Clowne, of whom the good Matron complaines; neither need you aske me leave to desie him, 'tis enough, that I know you have done it; and let it be my charge to give him notice that he accept the challenge, and come to my Castle to answere for himselfe, where safe lists shall be set up for you both, observing the conditions that in such Ass ought to bee observed; and both your Justices equally, according as Princes are obliged so doe, that grant sargie combate; to those that fight within

their Dominions. Why, with this fecuritie and your Greatnelles licence (quoth Don Quixote) here I say that for this once I renounce my Gentry, and doe equalize my selfe to the meanenesse of the Ossender: and so qualifie him to combate with me: and so though he be absent, I challenge and defie him, for that hee did ill to defraude this poore creature that was a Maid, and now by his villany is none, and that hee shall either sulfill his word he gaue her to marry her, or die in the demand.

And straight plucking off his Glove, he cast it into the midst of the Hall, and the Duke tooke it vp, saying, That hee (as had beene said) in his Vassals name accepted the challenge, and appointed the prefixt time sixe dayes after, and the Lists to be in the Court of that Cassle, and the vivall Armes of Knights, as Lance and Shield, and laced Armour, with all other pieces, without deceit, advantage, or superstition, seene and allowed by the Judges of the Lists: but first of all its requisite, that this honest Matron, and this ill Maid commit the right of their cause into Signior Don Quixote do la Mancha's hands: for otherwise there will be nothing done; neither will the said challenge be put in execution.

I doe (quoth the Matron) and I too (faid the Daughter, all

blubber'd and shamefac'd) and in ill taking.

This agreement being made, and the Dukes imagining what was to be done in the bulinesse, the mourners went their wayes, and the Duchesse commanded they should be vied not as their feruants, but like Lady-Aduenturers, that came to their house to aske instice, and served as strangers, to the wonderment of other feruants that knew not, what would become of the madnesse and leuity of *Donna Rodriguez*, and her Errant Daughter.

Whilst they were in this businesse, to adde more mirth to the Feast, and to end the Comedy: behold where the Page comes in, that carried the Letter and tokens to Teresa Pansa; whose arrivall much pleased the Dukes, desirous to know what befold him in his voyage, and asking him, The Page answered, that he could not tell them in publike, nor in few words; but that their Excellencies would be pleased to reserve it for a private time, and that in the meanetime, they would entertain the meanetime.

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selves with those Letters; and taking them out, he gave two to the Duchesse, the superscription of the one was, to my Lady Duchesse, I know not whence: and the other, To my Husband Sancho Panso, Governour of the Iland Barataria, whom God prosper longer then me.

The Ducheile could not be quiet, till she had read her Letter; so opening it, and reading it to her selfe, & seeing that she might reade it aloud, shee did so, that the Duke and the by-standers

might heare it, as followeth.

Terefa Panfa's Letter to the Ducheffe.

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Ady mine : Your Greatnesses Letter you wrote me, did much content mee, for I did very much defire it: Your string of Corals was very good; and my Husbands hunting fuite comes not short of it: That your Honour hath made my Consort Gouernour, all this Towne rejoyceth at it, though there is none that will believe it: especially, the Vicar, Ma. fter Nicholas the Barber, and Samson Carasco the Bachelor: but all is one to mee, fo it bee true, as it is; let each one fay what hee will: but if you goe to the truth, had it not beene for the Corall and the Sute I should not have beleeved it neither: for all in this Townehold my Husband for a very Leeke; and taking him from his governing a Flocke of Goats, they cannot imagine for what government else hee should bee good: God make him fo, and direct him as hee fees best; for his children have need of it. I, Lady of my life; am determined with your Worships good leave, to make vse of this good fortune in my house; and to goe to the Court to stretch my selfe in Coach, to make a thousand envious persons blinde that looke after me. And therefore I requelt your Excellencie to command my Husband to fend me some stocke of money to purpose, be cause I heare, the Court-expences are great, that a loase is worth fixe-pence; and a pound of Mutton five-pence, that tis wonderfull: and that if he meane not that, I shall goe, hee let mee know in time: for my feet are dancing till I be logging upon the way; for my friends and neighbours tellme, that if I and my daugh-

ter goe glistering and pompously in the Court, my Husband will be knowne by me more then I by him; for that of necessity. many will-aske, What Gentlewomen are these in the Coach? Then a fernant of mine answers, The Wife and Daughter of Sancho Panfa, Gouernour of the Iland Barataria; and by this meanes, Sanchoshall be knowne, and I shall be esteemed, a and a A Phrase vto Rome for all. I am as forry, as forrow may be, that this yeere fed by her to we have gathered no Acornes, for all that I fend your Highnetle no purpofe, halfe a pecke, which I culled out, and went to the mountaine on but tis a viuall purpole, and they were the biggelt I could finde. I could have thing in Spain purpole, and they were the biggett I could finde. I could hate among ill h-wished they had beene as big as Eastritch Egges. Let not your uers to cry, a Pompolity forget to write tome, and lle haue a care to answer Rema per todo, and aduize you of my health, and all that patieth here where I there to get remaine; praying to God to preserve your Greatnesse, and forget absolution for not me; my daughter Sancha and my sonne kille your hands, their villanies She that defires more to fee, then to write to your Honour,

Your Scruant, Terefa Panfa.

Great was the content that all received to heare Teresa Pansa's Letter, principally of the Dukes; and the Duchesse asked Don Daixote's advice, if it were fit to open the Letter that came for the Governour, which shee imagined was most exquisite. Don Daixote said, that to pleasure them, he would open it: which he did, and saw the Contents, which were these.

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Terefa Panfa's Letter, to her Husband Sancho.

I Received thy Letter, my Sancho of my soule, and I promise Land sweare to thee, as I am a Catholike Christian, there wanted not two singers breadth of making me mad for ioy; looke you Brother, when I came to heare that thou arta Governour, I thought I should have falme downe dead with gladnesse; for thou knowest that its vsually said, That sodaine ioy as soon kils as excessive griefe. The water ran downe thy daughter Sanchica's eies, without perceiving of it, with pure content. The suite thou sentess me I had before me, and the Corals my Lady

the Ducheile sent, and the Letters in my hands, and the bearer of them present, and for all this I beleeved and thought that all I faw or felt, was a dreame: For who could thinke that a Goatheard should come to be a Gouernour of Hands? & thou knowest, friend, that my Mother was vied to fay, That twas needfull to live long, to fee much. This I fay, because I thinke to fee more, if I live longer; for I hope I shall not have done, till I see thee a Farmer or Customer, which are Offices, that though the Deuill carry away him that dischargeth them badly, yet in the end good store of coyne goes thorow their hands. My Lady the Duchelle will let thee know what a desire I have to go to the Court, consider of it, and let mee know thy minde: and I vvill doe thee honor there, going in my Coach. The Vicar, Barber, Bachelor nor Sexton cannot believe that thou art a Governour, & fay that 'tisall juggling or Enchantment, as all thy Master Don Quixote's affaires are; and Samson sayes, he will finde thee out, and put this Gouernment out of thy noddle, and Don Quixote's madnetse out of his Cox-combe. I doe nothing but laugh a them, and looke vpon my Corall chaine, and contriue how to make my daughter a Gowne of the fuit thou sentest me. I sent my Lady the Duchetle some Acornes, I would they had beene of gold: I prethee fend me a string of Pearles, if they be yied in that Iland.

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The newes of this towne is, that Berneca married her daughter to a feuruy Painter that came to this towne to paint at randome. The Burgers of the towne willed him to paint the Kings Armes ouer the gate of the Towne Hall; hee demanded two Ducats, which they gaue him before hand: he wrought eight daies, in the end painted nothing, and faid; he could not hit vp on painting such a deale of Peelery ware: so hee returned them their money, and for all this, hee married voder the name of a good workeman: true it is, that he hath left his Pencill, and taken the Spade, and goes to the field most Gentleman-like. Pedro de Loba's sonne hath taken Orders, and shaued his head, with purpose to be a Priest. Anginas Mingo Salustos nere knew of it, and she hath put a bill against him for promising her mariage malicious tongues will not slicke to say, that she is great by him, but he denies it shiftely.

This yeere we have had no Olives, neither is there a drop of Vineger to be had in all the town. A Company of Souldiers paffed by heere, and by the way they carried three wenches from this town e with them, I will not tell thee who they are, for perhaps they will returne, and there will not want some that vill marry them for better for worse. Sanchica makes bone-lace, & gets her three-halfepence a day cleere, which she puts in a boxe with a slit, to helpe to buy her houshold-stuffe: but now that she is a Gouernours daughter, thou wilt give her a portion, that she needs not worke for it. The stone-fountain in the market-place is dried vp, a Thunder-bolt fell vpon the Pillory, there may they fall all. I expect an answer of this, and thy resolution touching my going to the Court; and so God keepe thee longer then the, or as long; for I would not leave thee in this world behinde me.

Thy Wife, Terefa Panfa.

These Letters were extolled, laughed at, esteemed and admired: and to mend the matter, the Post come that brought one from Sancho to Don Quixote, which was likewise read aloud; which brought the Gouernours madnetse in question. The Duchesse towne, who told her at large, without omitting circumstance: he gaue her the Acornes, and a Cheese too vyhich Teresa gaue him for a very good one, much better then those of Tronion; the Duchesse received it with great content, in which we will leave her, to tell the end that the Gouernment of the Grand Sancho Pansa had, the flower and Mirror of all Ilandish Gouernours.

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CHAP. LIII.

Of the troublesome end and up-shot that Sancho Pansa's Gouernment had.

O thinke that the affaires of this life should last ever in one being, is needletle; for it rather seemes otherwise: the Summer followes the Spring, after the Summer, the Fall, and the Fall, the Winter, and fo Time goes on in a continuated wheele. Onely mans life runnes to a speedy end, swifter then Time, without hope of being renued, except it be in ano-

ther life, which hath no bounds to limit it.

This faid Cid Hamete, a Mahometicall Philosopher; for many without the light of Faith, onely with a natural instinct have understood the swiftnesse and uncertainty of this life prefent, and the lasting of the eternall life which is expected. But heere the Author speakes it, for the speedinesse with which Sancho's Gouernment was ended, confumed and vindone, and vanished into a shade and smoake, who being a-bed the seventh night after so many daies of his Gouernment, not cloyed with bread or wine, but with judging and giving fentences, making Proclamations and Statutes, when Heepe, maugre and in despite of hunger, thut his eye-lids, hee heard fuch a noyfe of bells and out-cryes, as if the whole Iland had beene funke: he fate vpin his bed, and was very attentiue, hearkening if he could ghellest the cause of so great an vprore, but he was so farre from knowing it, that a novie of a world of Drums and Trumpets added to that of the bells and cries, made him more confused, & more full of feare and horror; and rifing vp, he put on a paire of flip pers for the movilnesse of the ground, and without any night gowne vpon him, or any thing like it, he went out at his chamber doore, at such time as hee faw at least twenty persons come running thorow the entries, with Torches in their hands lighted, and swords vnsheathed, crying all out aloud; Arme, Arme, Sir Gouernour, Arme; for a world of enemies are entred the Iland, and we are vindone, if your skill and valour helpe vs not.

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With this fury, noy se and vp-rore, they came where Sancho was, altonish & embeseld with what he heard & saw: and when they came to him, one of them sayd, Arme your selfe strait, Sir, if you meane not to be destroyd, and that all the lland be lost.

I arme my selfe ('quoth Sancho?) Know I any thing what belongs to Armes or Succours? twere better leave these things to my Master Don Quixote de la Mancha, hee will dispatch and put them in safety in an instant; for I (sinner that I am) vnderland nothing of this quicke feruice. Ha, Sir Gouernour, faid another, what faint-heartednetse is this? Arme your selfe, for here wee bring you Armes offensive and defensive. March to the Market-place, and be our Guide and Captaine, fince you ought (being our Gouernour) to be fo. Armemee on Gods Name (quoth Sancho.) And strait they brought him two shields, of which they had good store, and they clapt them vpon his shirt, without letting him take any other clothes; one they put before, and the other behinde, and they drew out his armes at certaine holes they had made, and bound him very well with cords, so that he was walled and boorded up straight like a spindle, not able to bend his knees, or to moue a step. In his hands they put a Lance, on which hee leant to keepe himselfe vp. When they had him thus, they bad him march, and guide them, and cheere them all; for that hee being their Lanthorne, North, and Morning starre, their matters would be well ended. How should I (wretch that I am) march, quoth Sancho? for my kneebones will not mooue, fince these boords that are so sowed to my flesh, doe hinder me: your onely way is to carry me in your armes, and to lay mea-thwart, or let me stand up at some Posterne, which I will make good, eyther with my Lance or my body. Fie, Sir, faid another, 'tis more your feare then the boords that hinder your pace; make an end for shame, and bestir your selfe; for it is late, and the enemies increase, the cries are augmented, and the danger waxeth more and more. At whose perswasions & vitupery, the poore Gouernour tried if he could mooue himselfe: so he fell to the ground, and had such a fall. that he thought he had broken himselfe to pieces; and now hee lay like a Tortoife, shut in, and conered with his shell, or like a

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Flitch of Bacon clapped betweene two boords, or like a Boate ouerturned upon a flatte; and for all his fall, those scoffers had no compassion at all on him, but rather putting out their Torches, they began to re-enforce their cryes, and to reiterate their Arme, Arme, so fast running ouer poore Sancho, giving him an infinite company of flashes upon his Shields, that if he had not withdrawne himselfe, and shrunke his head up into them, the poore Gouernour had beene in wofull plight; who being thus shrugged vp in this strait, he was in a terrible sweat and beraied, and recommended himselfe heartily to God Almighty to deliuer him from that danger. Some stumbled vpon him, others fell, and another would get vpon him for a good while, and from thence, as from a watch tower, gouerned the Army, and cried aloud, Heere on our side, heere the enemies are thickest: make this breach good, keepe that gate shut, downe with those ladders, wilde-fire balls, pitch and Rosin, and kettles of scalding Oyle: Trench the streets with beds; In fine, he named all manner of ware, instruments, and furniture of warre for the defence of a City atfaulted : and the bruised Sancho, that heard and fusfered all, faid to himselfe; Oh that it would please the Lord that this Iland were once loll, or that I were dead or delivered from this strait! Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expested, he heard this cry, Victory, Victory, the foes are vanquiflied. Ho, Sir Gouernour, rife, rife, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoyles that are taken from the enemies, by thevalour of your inuincible arme.

Raise me, quoth the grieued Sancho, with a pittifull voyce. They helpt to raise him, and being vp, hee said; Euery enemy that I have vanquished, naile him in my forehead: lle divideno spoyles of enemies, but detire some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine, that may dry vp this sweat, for I am all water. They wiped him, brought him wine, and vnbound the Shields from him: he sate vpon his bedde, and vvith the very anguish of the sodaine siight, and his toyle, hee sell into a swound; and they that playd that tricke with him, were forry it sell out so heavily: but Sancho's comming straight to himselfe,

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Hee held his peace, and without more words, began to cloath himfelfe, all buried in filence, and all beheld him, expecting what would bee the itfue of his hafty dreffing himfelfe.

Thus by little and little, he made himselfe ready, for by reafon of his wearinesse he could not doe it very fast, and so went toward the stable (all they that were there following him) and comming to Dapple, hee embraced and gaue him a louing kisse on the forehead, and not without teares in his eyes, sayd:

Come thou hither, companion mine and friend, fellow-partner of my labours and miseries; when I consorted with you, no other cares troubled me, then to mend thy furniture, and to sussain the little corps: happy then were my houres, dayes, and yeeres: but since I lest thee, and mounted on the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toyles, soure thousand vnquietnesses have entred my soule. And as hee yeas thus discoursing, he sitted on the pack-saddle, no body saying ought vnto him. Dapple being thus pack-saddled, with much adoe he got vpon him, and directing his speeches and reasons to the Steward, the Doctor and many others there present, he said,

Giue me roome, sirs, & leaue to return to my former liberty; let mee seeke my ancient life, to rise from this present death: I was not borne to be a Gouernour, nor to defend llands nor Cities from enemies that would assault them: I can tell better how to plow, to digge, to prune, and plant Vineyards, then to giue Lawes, or defend Provinces & Kingdomes; tis good sleeping in a whole skinne: I meane, tis sit that every man should exercise the Calling to which he was born: a Sickle is better in my hand, then a Gouernours Scepter. I had rather fill my selfe with a good dish of Gaspachos, then be subject to the misery of an impertinent Physician, that would kill me with hunger: I had rather solace my selfe vinder the shade of an Oakein Summer, and couer my selfe with a double sheepe-skinne in Winter quietly, then lay me downe to the subjection of a Gouernment

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in fine Holland sheets, and be clothed in Sables: fare you well Sir, and tel my Lord the Duke. Naked was I borne, naked I am, I neyther winne nor lose: I meane, I came without crosse to this Gonernment, and I goe from it without a crosse, contrary to what Gouernours of other Ilands are vsed to doe. Standout of the way, and let me go, for I must seare-cloth my selfe; for I beleeue all my ribs are bruised, I thanke the enemy that trampled

ouer me all this night.

You shall not doe so, Sir Gouernour, quoth Doctor Rezie, for I will give you a drinke good against falls and bruises, that shall straight recouer you : and touching your diet, I promise you to make amends, and you shall eat plentifully of what you list. Tis too late (quoth Sancho) lle as foon tarry as turne Turke: these ielts are not good the second time: you shall as soone get me to flay heere, or admit of any other Gouernment, (though it were presented in two platters to me) as make me flye to heauen without wings. I am of the linage of the Panfa's, and vve are all head-strong, and if once wee cry odde, odde it must be (though it be even) in spight of all the world. Heere in this stable let my Ants wings remaine that lifted me vp in the ayre, to be devoured by Martlets and other birds, and now let's goe a plaine pace on the ground: and though wee weare no pinked Spanish-leather shoos, yet we shall not want course pack-thread Sandals. Like to like, quoth the Deuill to the Collier, and leteuery man cut his measure according to his cloth, and so let mee goe, for it is late.

To which qd. the Steward, With a very good wil you should goe, though we shall be very forry to lose you: for your judgement and Christian proceeding oblige vs to desire your company: but you know, that all Gouernours are obliged, before they depart from the place which they have gouerned; to render sill an account of their place, which you ought to doe for the tenne daies you have gouerned; and so Gods peace be with you.

No man can aske any account of me, said he, but hee whom my Lord the Duke will appoint; to him I goe, and to him Ile giue a fitting account: besides, I going from hence so bare as I doe, there can be no greater signe that I have governed like an Angell.

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I protest (quoth Doctor Rezio) the Grand Sancho hath a great deale of reason, and I am of opinion that we let him goe; for the Duke will be infinitely glad to fee him. So all agreed, and let him goe, offering first to accompany him, and whatsoeuer he had need of for himselfe, or for the commodiousnetse of his Voyage.

Sancho told them, hee defired nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and halfe a Cheefe and a loafe for himfelfe; for that by reason of the shortnesse of the way, hee needed no other prouision. All of them embraced him, and he with teares embraced them, and left them altonished, as well at his discourse, as his

most resolute and discreet determination.

CHAP. LIV.

That treats of matters concerning this History, and no other.

He Duke & Ducheise were resolued that Don Quixote's Challenge that hee made against their Vasfall for the aforesaid cause, should go forward; & though the yong man were in Flanders, whither hee fled because hee would not haue Donna Rodriguez to his Mother in Law, yet they purposed to put a Gascoigne Lackey in his stead, which was called Tofilos, instructing him first very well in all that he had to doe.

Some two daies after, the Duke faid to Don Quixote, that within foure daies his contrary would be present, and present himselfe in the field like an armed Knight, and maintaine that the Damozell lied in her throat, if the affirmed that he had promised her marriage. Don Quixote was much pleased with this newes, and promised to himselfe to worke miracles in this bustnelle, and he held it to be a speciall happinelle to him, that occason was offered, wherein those Nobles might see how far the valor of his powerfull arme extended: and so with great iocundnelle and content, he expected the foure daies, which in the reckoning of his delire, seemed to him to bee soure hundred

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Ages. Let we them passe (as we let passe divers other matters) and come to the Grand Sancho, to accompany him, who betwixt mirth and mourning, upon Dapple went to seeke out his Masser, whose company pleased him more then to be Gouer-

nour of all the Ilands in the world.

It fell out fo, that he having not gone very farre from the I. land of his Gouernment (for he neuer Itood to auerre whether it were Iland, City, Village, or Towne which he gouerned) he faw that by the way he went, there came fixe Pilgrimes with their walking staues, your strangers that vse to begalmes singing, who when they came neere, befet him round, and raising their voyces all together, began to fing in their language, what Sancho could not understand, except it were one word, which plainely fignified Almes, which hee perceived they begged in their fong. And hee (as faith Cid Hamete) being very charitable, tooke halfe a Loafe, and halfe a Cheefe out of his wallet, of which he was provided, & gaue it them, telling them by fignes he had nothing else to give them: they received it very willing. ly, andfaid, Guelte, Guelte. I vnderstand you not what you would have (good people) quoth Sancho. Then one of them took a purse out of his bosome, and shewed it to Sancho, where by he understood they asked him for money; but hee putting his thumbe to his throat, and his hand vpward, gaue them to understand he had not a Denier; and spurring Dapple, he broke thorow them: and passing by, one of them looking wishly vp. on him, layd hold on him, and casting his armes about his middle, with a loud voyce, and very good Spanish, sayd, God defend me, and what doe I fee? is it possible I have my deare friend in my armes, my honest neighbour Sanche Panfa? Yes fure I have, for I neyther sleepe, nor am drunke.

Sancho wondred to heare himselfe so called by his name, and to see himselfe embraced by a Pilgrime-stranger: and after hee had beheld him a good while, without speaking a word, and with much attention, yet he could never call him to minde but

the Pilgrime seeing his suspension, said,

How now, is it possible, Brother Sancho Pansa, thou knowest not thy neighbour Ricoto the Morisco Grocer of thy towne?

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Then Sancho beheld him more earnestly, and began to remember his fauour, and finally knew him perfectly: and so without alighting from his Affe, hee cast his armes about his neck, and faid, Who the Diuell, Ricote, could know thee, in this vizardly disguize? What's the matter? who hath made such a a Franchote A word of of thee? and how darest thou returne back againe into Spaine? disgrace the where, if thou bee'lt catcht or knowne, woe beeto thee? If Spaniard vthou reueale me not, Sancho, I am fafe, quoth the Pilgrim: for feth to all frangers, but in this disguise no body will know me: Come let's goe out of chiefely to the the high-way, into yonder Elme Groue, for there my compa-French. nions meane to dine, and repose themselves, and thou shalt eate with them, for they are very good people, and there I shall have leifure to tell thee what hath befalne me, since I departed from our Towne, to obey his Maiesties Edict, which so rigorously threatened those vnfortunate ones of our Nation, as thou heard'ft.

Sanche consented, and Ricote speaking to the rest of the Pilgrims, they went to the Elme Groue that appear d:a pretty way distant from the High-way, they flung downe their Staues, and cast off their Pilgrims weeds, and so remained in Hose and Doublet : and all of them were youg, and handsome fellowes, except Ricote, who was well entred in yeeres: all of them had Wallets, which were (all to fee to) well prouided at least with incitatives that provoked to drinke two miles off.

They fate upon the ground, and making Table-clothes of the Graffe; they fet upon it, Bread, Salt, Kniues, Wal-nuts, flices of Cheese, and cleane Gammon of Bacon-bones : vvhich though they would not let themselves be gnawed, yet they for-

bade not to be fucked.

They set downe likewise a kinde of blacke meat, called Cawiary, made of Fishes Egges; a great Alarum to the bottle, there wanted no Oliues, though they were dry without any Pickle; vet fauoury, and made vp a dish: but that which most flourisht in the field of that banquet was; sixe bottles of Wine, which each of them drew out of his Wallets; even honest Ricote too, who had transformed himselfe from a Morisco into a Germane, or Dutch-man; hee drew out his, that for quan-21113

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title might compare with the whole fiue.

Thus they beganne to eate with great content; and very leifurely, reliating every bit which they tooke vpon a knives point, and very little of every thing: and straight all of them together would lift their armes and bottles vp into the ayre, putting their own mouthes to the Bottles mouthes, their eyes nailed in heaven, as if they had shot at it: and in this fashion moving their heads from one side to the other, signes of their good liking of the Wine, they remained a good while, straining the entrailes of the Vessels in their stomacks.

2 Cum fueris Rome, & e. Sancho marked all, and was grieued at nothing; rather to fulfill the Prouerbe, that he very well knew, ² When thou goest to Rome, &c. hee desired the Bottle of Ricote, and so tooke his ayme as well as the rest, and with no lesse desight then they: thus the Bottles suffered themselues to be hoisted on end source times: but it was not possible the fift; for they were now as soakt and dry as a Matteresse, which made their joy hitherto shewne, now very muddy: now and then one of them would take Sancho by the right hand, and say, Spaniard & Dutchman all one, bon compaguo. And Sancho answered: Bon compagno, b into a di: and with that dischargeth such a laughter as lasted a long houre; not remembring as then ought that had befalne him in his Gouernment; for cares are wont to have little Iurisdiction vpon leisure and idlenesse, whilest men are eating and drinking.

Finally, the ending of their Wine, was the beginning of a drowlinesse that seyzed vpon them all, so they even fell to sleepe where they set; only Ricote and Sancho watched it out, for they had eaten more, and drunke lesses Sancho watched it out, for they had eaten more, and drunke lesses Sancho apart, they sate at the foote of a Beech, leaving the Pilgrims buried in sweet sleepe, and Ricote without stumbling a iot into his Moriso tongue, in pure Castillian language, vetered to him this en-

fuing Discourse.

Thou well knowell, O Sanebo Panfa, friend and neighbour mine, how the Proclamation and Edict that his Maielly commanded to be published against those of my Nation, put vs all into a feare and fright, at least me it did: and mee thought, that before the time that was limited vs for our departure from

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I prouided therefore (in my judgement wifely) as he which knowes that by such a time the house he lives in shall bee taken from him, and so provides himselfe another against hee is to change: I prouided, I say, to leaue our towne, all alone without my Family, and to feeke some place whither I might commodioully carry them, and not in such a hurry as the rest that went, For I well faw, and so did all our graver fort, that those Proclamations were not onely threats, as some said: but true lawes to be put in execution at their due time : and I was enforced to be leeue this truth; because I knew the villanous, but foolish attempts of our Nation : fuch, as me thought, it was a divine inspiration that moued his Maiestie, to put so braue a resolution in effect : not because were were all faulty; for some there were firme and true Christians: but they were so few, they could not be opposed to those that were otherwise: and it was not fit to nourish a Serpent in his bosome, and to have enemies within doores.

Finally, we were justly punished with the penalty of Banishment, which seemed to some soft and sweet; but to vs the terriblest that could be inflicted: wheresoeuer wee are, we weepe to thinke on Spaine: for indeed heere we were borne, and it is our natural Countrey; weeno where finde the entertainment that our missfortune desires, and in Barbary, and all parts of Africa, where we thought to have been received, entertained, and cherished; there it is where wee are most offended, and missused: we knew not our happinesse till we lost it, and the desire we all have to returne to Spaine is so great, that the most part of such (which are many) who speake the language, as I doe, returne hither againe, and leave their Wives and Children there forsaken: so great is the love they beare their Countrey, and now I know and finde by experience that the saying is true, Sweet is the love of ones Countrey.

I went (as I say) out of our towne, and came into France, and though there we were well entertained, yet I would see it all; and so passed into Italy, and arrived in Germany; and there I found

found we might live with more freedome; for the inhabitants doe not looke much into niceties, every one lives as he pleaseth; for in the greatest part of it, there is libertie of conscience.

There I tooke a house in a Towne neere Augusta, and so ioyned with these Pilgrims, that vsually come for Spaine; many of them euery yeere to visit the Deuotions heere, which are their Indies, and certaine gaine, they travellall the Kingdome ouer; and there is no towne from whence they goe not away with meat and drinke (as you would fay) at least & fixe pence in money; and when they have ended their Voyage, they goe away with a hundreth Crownes ouer-plus, which changed into Gold; eyther in the hollowes of their Staues, or the patches of their Weeds, or by some other slight they can, they carry out of the Kingdome, and passe into other Countreys, in spight of the Searchers of the dry Ports, where the money ought to be registred. And now, Sancho, my purpose is to carry away the Treafure that I left buried; for because it is without the Town, I may doe it without danger, and write from Valencia, to my Wife and Daughter that I know are in Argiers, and contriue how I may bring them to some Port of France, and from thence carry them into Germany, where we will expect how God will please to dispose of vs: for indeed, Sancho, I know certainely, that Ricota my Daughter, and Francisca Ricota my Wife are Catholike Christians: and though I bee not altogether so, yet I am more Christian then Moore; and my defire to God alwaies is, to open the eyes of my vnderstanding, and to let me know how I may ferue him.

And all I admire, is, that my Wife and Daughter should rather go into Barbarie, then into France, where they might have lived as Christians.

To which Sancho faid, Look you, Ricote, perhapsthey could not doe withall: for Iohn Tyopeio your wives Brother carried them: and he (belike) as he was a ranke Moore, would go where he thought best, and I can tell you more, I thinke tis in vaine for you to seeke what you left hidden: for we had newes that your Brother in law & your Wife had many Pearlstaken from them, and a great deale of gold which was not registred.

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That may very well be, Sancho, quoth Ricote: but I know they touched not my treasure. For I would not tell them where it was hidden, as fearing some mis-hap; and therefore if thou wilt come with me, Sancho, and help me to take it out and conceale it, Ilegiue thee two hundreth Crownes to the reliefe of thy necessities, for thou knowest, I know thou half many.

Were I couetous (quoth Sancho) I would yeeld to this; and were I fo, this morning I left an Office, which had I kept, I might have made my house walles of gold, and within one fixe moneths have eaten in filuer diffies: fo that partly for this, and partly not to bee a Traitour to my King, in fauouring his enemies, I will not goe with thee, though thou wouldst give mee

foure hundreth Crownes

And what Office was that thou leftelt Sancho, quoth Ricote? I left to be Gouernour of an Iland (quoth Sancho) and fuch a one, that yfaith in three Bow-shootes againe you shall scarce meet with fuch another.

And where is this Iland, faid he? Where, quoth Sancho? Why,

two Leagues off, and it is called the Iland Barataria.

Peace, Sancho, quoth Ricote: for your llands are out in the

Sea, you have no Ilands in the Terra Firma.

No, quoth Sancho? I tell you, friend, Ricote, this morning I left it; and yesterday I gouerned in it at my pleasure like a Sagittarius: but yet I left it, as thinking the Gouernours Office to

be dangerous.

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And what have you gotten by it, quoth Ricote? I have gotten (faid he) this experience, that I am not fit to gouerne ought but a Herd of Cattel, and that in those kinde of Gouernments there B no wealth gotten, but with labour, toyle, loffe of fleepe and sustenance: for in your Ilands your Governours fare very ill; especially if they have Phisicions that looke to their health.

I vnderstand thee not, Sancho, quoth Ricore: but me thinkes thou talkest withou sense: for who would give thee Ilands to governe? want therein the world more able menthen thou to be Gouernours? Peace, Sancho, and returne to thy vvits, and fee if thou wilt goe with me, as I have faid, and help me take out the Treasure that I have hidden, for it may very vvell bee

called

called a Treasure; and I will give thee sufficient to maintaine thee.

I have told thee, Ricote, quoth Sancho, that I will not : let it fuffice, I will not discover thee, and goe on thy way, on Gods name, and leave me to mine : for I know that vyhat is vyell gotten, is lost; but what is ill gotten, it and the Owner too.

I will not be too carnell with thee, faid hee: but tell mee, walt thou in our towne, when my Wife, my Daughter, and my Brother in law departed? Marry was I (quoth Sancho) and I cantell you, your Daughter shewed so beautifull, that all the Towne went out to fee her: and every one faid shee was the fairest creature in the world : shee went weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintances, and as many as came to fee her, and intreated all to recommend her to God, and this fo feelingly, that shee made mee weepe, that am no Bel-weather; and yfaith many had a good minde to have concealed her, and to take her away vpon the way: but feare of refilting the Kings commandement, made them abstaine: he that shewed himselfe most enamoured, was Don Pedro Grego. rio, that Youth, the rich heyre that you know very well; he, they fay, loued her very much, and fince the went, was never feene more in our Towne, and we all thought, hee followed to Iteale her away : but hitherto there is nothing knowne.

I alwayes suspected (quoth Ricote) that this Gentleman loud my Daughter: but being confident in Ricota's worth, it never troubled me, to know that he loued her well: for I am sure, Sancho, thou hast heard say, that Morifea women seldome or never for loue married with old Christians: and so my Daughter, who, as I beleeue, rather tended her soules health then to be married accordingly the for this rich being sollicities.

enamoured, cared little for this rich heires folliciting.

God grant it, quoth Sancho: for it would be very ill for them both: and now, Ricote, let me goe from hence, for I meane this

night to fee my Master Don Quixote.

God be with thee, Brother Sancho: for now my companions are stirring and it is time to be on our way: and straight both of them tooke leave; and Sancho gate vpon Dapple, and Recoulement on his Pilgrims Staffe; and so both departed.

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Of matters that befell Sancho by the way, and others the best in the world.

Ancho's long stay with Ricote was the cause that he reached not that day to the Dukes Castle, though hee came within halfe a League of it, where the night tooke him, somewhat darke and close: but being Summer time, it troubled him not much, and therefore hee went out of the vvay, purposing to rest till the morning: but as ill lucke would haue it, seeking a place, where he might best accommodate himselfe, hee and Dapple sell into a most darke and deepe pit, which was amongst certain ruinous buildings; and as he was falling, he recomended himselfe with all his heart to God, thinking he should not stop till hee came to Hell, but it fell out otherwise: for vyithin a little more then three fathoms length, Dapple selt ground, and he sate still vpon him without any hurt or dammage received.

He felt all his body ouer, and held in his breath, to fee if hee were found, or pierced any where: but feeing himfelfe vvell and whole, and in Catholike health, he thought hee could neuer praise God sufficiently for the fauour hee had done him: for he thought verily he had bin beaten into a thousand pieces he went likewise, groping with his hands about the walls of the pit to fee if it were possible to get out without help, but he found them all smooth, without any place to lay hold on, which grieued him very much, especially when hee heard Dapple cry out tenderly and dolefully, and no maruell: for it was not for vvan-

tonnes, he saw himselfe in a pitifull taking.

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Alas, quoth Sancho then, and what sodaine and vnthought of accidents befall men that liue in this miserable world? vvho would have supposed, that he, who yesterday saw himselfe inthronized Gouernour of an Iland, commanding servants and Vassals, should to day bee buried in a Pit, without any bodies help, without Servant or Vassal comming to succour him?

Heere

Heere I and my Affe are like to perish with hunger, if so bee that first wee die not; he with his bruise, and I with griefe and anguish: at least I shall not bee so happy, as my Master Don Quixote was, when hee descended and went downe into that enchanted Caue of Montesino's, where hee found better welcome then if he had beene at his owne house; and it seemed hee found the cloth ready layd, and his bed made: there faw hee goodly and pleasant Visions; and heere (I beleeve) I shall see nothing but Toads and Snakes: vnfortupate that I am, what is my madnetle and folly come too? My bones will bee fetcht out from hence (when it shall please heaven that I am found) white and smooth, the flesh pickt off, and my trustie Dapples with them: wherevpon peraduenture it shall bee knowne who we are, at least by those that shall take notice, that Sancho and the Alle neuer parted, nor the Alle from Sancho. Againe, I fay, Vnhappy wee! our ill fortune would not, that wee should dye in our Countrey, and amongst our friends, where though our mis-fortune had found no redrelle; yet we should not have wanted pitie, and at last gaspe we should have had our eyes clofed. Oh Companion mine and friend, how ill haue I rewarded thy honest service? Pardon me: and desire Fortune in the best manner thou canst, to deliver vs from this miserable toyle in which we are both put: and I heere promise to seta Crowne of Lawrell on thy head, that thou shalt looke like a Poet Lawreat, and I will double thy Prouender-allowance.

Thus Sancho lamented, and his Atle hearkened to him, without answering a word; such was the strait and anguish in which

the poore Scab found himselfe.

Finally, having patled over the whole night in complaints and lamentations, the day came on, with whose cleerenetseand spledor, Sancho saw that there was no maner of possibility toget out of that Well, without help, and he began to lament & make a noise to see if any body heard him : but all his crying out was asin a Defart : for in all the Countrey round about, there vvas none to hearken to him; and then Dapple lay with his mouth open and Sancho thought he had been dead : yet hee so handled the matter, that he fet him vpon his legges, and taking a piece of

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bread out of his Wallets (which had runne the same fortune with them) he gaue it his Asse, which came not amille to him; and Sancho said to him, as if hee had understood it, Sorrowes

great are leffened with meate.

By this he discouered on the one side of the Pit a great hole. wherear a man might palle thorow, crooking and flooping a little. Sanche drew to it, and squatting down, entred in, and saw that within it, was large and spacious, and he might well discerne it: for by a place that you might call the roofe, the Sun-beame entered in, that discouered it all : he saw likewise that it was enlarged by another spacious concauitie: which when he saw, he turned backe againe to his Asse, and with a stone began to pull downe the earth of the Hole, and in a little while made way for his Affe to goe out, which he did, and Sanche leading him by the Halter, went forward along the Caue, to fee if hee could finde any egreffe on the other fide; sometimes he went darkelong and without light: but neuer without feare, Lord God, faid heathis, that to me is a misfortune, were to my Master Don Quixote a famous Aduenture: he would think these profundities and Dungeons, were flowry Gardens, and Galiana's Palaces, and hee would hope to get out of this straightnesse and darknelle into some flowry field : but I vnfortunate, ill-aduised, and faint-hearted, thinke that every moment I shall fall into a deeper profunditie then this former, that will swallow mee downe-right: Tis a good ill that comes alone. In this manner, and in this imagination he thought he had gone formwhat more then halfe a League; and at last he discouered a kinde of Twylight, as if it had been day, & came in at some open place, which, feemed to open an entrance to another world.

Heere Cid Hamete Benengeli leaves him, and turnes againe to treat of Don Quixote, who, iocund and contented, expected the prefixed time, for the Combate hee was to performe with the dishonourer of Donna Rodriguez. Daughter, and thought to rectifie the wrong and vincouth turne shee had

done her.

It fell out then, that going out one morning to exercise and practise against the traunce in which ere long hee was to see

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himselfe; fetching vp Rosinante with a full Carrere, hee came close to a Caues mouth; that had he not reined him in hard, it

had been impossible but he must have falne into it.

Well, he stopt him, and fell not in: and comming somewhat neerer, without alighting, lookt into that depth, and beholding of it, heard a great noise within, and hearkening attentiuely, he might perceiue and vnderstand, that he that made it, cryed out, Ho, about there, is there any Christian that heares me? or any charitable Gentleman that will take pitie of a sinner buried aliue? of an vnhappy vngouern'd Gouernour?

Don Quixote thought hee heard Sancho Pansa's voice, at which he was in suspence & affrighted: but raising his voice as high as he could, he said, Who is below there? who is that cryes out? Who should be here? or who should cry out, they answered, but the weather-beaten Sancho Pansa Gouernour with a Pox to him, for his ill errantrie of the lland Barataria, Squire sometime to the samous Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha?

When Don Quixote heard this, his admiration was doubled, and his aftonishment increased, as thinking Sancho Pansa might be dead, and that his soule was there doing penance: and carried with this imagination, he said, I coniure thee by all I may, as I am a Catholike Christian, that thou tell mee who thou art and if thou beesta soule in penalty, tell mee what thou wik have mee doe for thee: for since my profession is to succour and help the needy of this world, it shall alwayes bee so to help and ayde the needie in another world, that cannot help themselves.

Then faid they below, Belike, you that speake to me are my Master Don Qninote de la Manchen, and by the Organ of your

voice can be no other.

Don Quixote I am, quoth he, that both ay de the living and dead in their necessities. Therefore tell mee who thou art; for thou amazest me: for if thou be Sancho Pansa my Squire, and that being dead, the Diuel have not seyzed on thee, and by Gods mercie thou be in Purgatory, our holy Mother the Catholike Romane Church hath sufficient suffrages, to deliver thee from the paine thou endurest, and I with my wealth will sollicite

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all that I can: and therefore make an end, and tell mee who thou art.

Gods me, by whose birth so ever you will, Signior Don Quixote: I sweare I am your Squire Sancho Pansa, and I never dyed in all my life; but that having left my Government for matters and causes that must be told more at leisure; over-night I sell into this Pit, where I lye and Dapple too, who will prove me to be no lyar: for he is heere with me: Will you any more? And it seemed, the Asse vnderstood what Sancho said: for at the instant, hee began to bray so lowd, that all the Caue resounded.

A famous witnesse, quoth Don Quixote, I know this Bray, as if I had brought it forth, and I heare thy voice, my Sancho: Stay, and Ile goe to the Dokes Castle that is heere hard by: and I will get some to help thee out of this Pit, into which thy sins have cast thee.

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Goe, Sir (quoth Sancho) for Gods loue, and returne quickly: for I can no longer endure to be buried heerealise, and I dye for feare. Don Quixote left him, and went to the Callle to let the Dukes know Sancho's mis-hap: at which they maruelled not a little, though they knew well enough how hee might fall in for the knowledge they had, time out of minde of that Vault: but they could not imagine how he had left his Gouernment, they knowing nothing of his comming. Finally, they caused Ropes and Cables to be sent, & with much cost and labour of people, Sancho and Dapple were drawne out of that dismalnesse to the sunes light. A Scholler saw him, and said, Thus should all bad Gouernors come out of their Gouernments, as this sinner doth out of this profound Abisme, pale dead for hunger, and (as I beleeue) without a crosse to blesse him with.

Sancho heard him, and said, 'Tis eight or ten dayes, Goodman Murmurer, since I began to gouerne the Iland; in all which Ineuer eat bread that kept me from hunger one houre; in al that time Physicians have perfecuted mee, and enemies have bruised my bones: neither have I had leisure to take bribes, or to recover my due; which being so, I deserved not (in my opinion) to come out in this manner: but man purposeth, and God disposeth: and

Bb 2

God best knowes what each man needeth: and let every man sit himselfe to the times, and no man say, lle drink no more of such a drinke: for where we thinke to fare well, there is ost ill vsage. God Almighty knowes my minde, 'tis enough, and I say no more, though I could. Be not angry, Sancho, nor vext with what thou hearest, for so thou shalt never be in quiet: come with a good conscience, let vm say what they will; for to bridle malicious tongues, is as much as to set gates in the High-way.

If a Gouernour come rich from his Gouernment, they fay he hath played the Thiefe; and if poore, that he hath been a weake

vnable Coxcombe.

I warrant you (quoth Sancho) this bout, they shall rather hold me to be a Cox-combe then a Thiefe. With this discourse they went toward the Castle hemmed in with many boyes, and other people; where the Duke and Duchesse were in certaine running Galleries, expecting Don Quixote and Sancho: who, before he would goe up to fee the Duke, would first accommodate Dapple in the Stable: for he faid he had had a maruellousill night on't at their lodging; and so straight he went vp to see his Lords, before whom vpon his knees, he faid; I, my Lords, because your Greatnesses would needs have it so, without any defert of mine, went to gouern your Iland Barataria; into which. naked I entred, and naked come I out, I neither win nor lofe, whether I gouerned well or ill, heere be witnesses present to say what they please: I have resolved Doubts; sentenced Causes, and have been ready to be starved; because Master Doctor Pedro Rezio, borne at Tirtea fuera, would have it so, that Iland and Gouernourish Physician; enemies set upon vs by night: and having put vs in great danger, they of the Iland fay that they were freed, and got the victory, by the valour of my arme; fuch health God fend them, as they tell truth herein.

In fine, I have summed up all the burdens and the cares that this governing brings with it, and finde by my account, that my shoulders cannot beare them; neither are they a weight formy ribbes, nor Arrowes for my quiver: and therefore, lest I should be cast away in my Government, I have cast it away, and since yesterday morning I lest the Iland as I sound it, with the

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I have borrowed nothing of no body, nor hoorded vp any thing: and though I thought to have made some profitable Ordinances, yet I did not, as fearing they would not be kept, which is as much as if they had never been made.

I left the Iland (as I fay) without any bodies accompanying me, but Dapple: I fell into a Pic, went forward in it, vntill this morning by the Sunnes light I got out: but not so easily; for if heaven had not provided mee my Master Don Onixote, there I had stucke till the end of the world.

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So that my Lords, Duke and Duchetle, here is Sancho Panfa your Gouernour, that hath onely learnt to know in these ten daies that he hath gouern'd, that he cares not for gouerning, not an Iland, nay were it the whole world: this presupposed, kissing your Honourshands, imitating a boyes play, that cry, Leape a Like our thou, and then let me leape: So I leape from the Gouernment, Truffe or faile, and patte againe to my Matter Don Quixotes feruice : for in fine. though with him I eate my victuals sometimes in seare, yet I have my belly full; and so that be, all's one to me, that it be with Carrets, or with Partridge. With this, Sancho ended his tedious discourse: Den Quixote fearing alwayes that he would blunder out a thousand fopperies : but seeing him end with so few, he thanked Heaven in his heart: and the Duke embraced Sancho, and faid, He was forry in his foule that he left the Gouernment fo quickly: but that he would cause some Office of lesse trouble, and more profit in his estate to be given him: the Duchesse likewise embraced him, and commanded hee should bee made much of, for he seemed to be much wearied, and to be worse entreated.

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CHAP.

CHAP. LVI.

of the unmercifull and neuer seene battel that passed betwist Don Quixote and the Lackey Tosilos, in defence of the Matron Donna Rodriguez Daughter.

He Dukes repented them not of the self that was purvpon Sancho in the Gouernment which they gaue him; especially, because that very day their Steward came, and told them very punctually all the words and actions, that Sancho both did and said in that time: and finally, so described the assault of the Isand, and so set out Sancho's seare, and his sal-

lie, that they received no small delight.

After this, the Hillory tels vs, that the day of the prefixed battaile came, and the Duke hauing oft instructed his Lackey Tosilos how he should behaue himselfe with Don Quixote to our come him, without killing or wounding him: hee gave or der that their Pikes should bee taken from their Lances, telling Don Quixote, that Christianitie (which he preferred) permitted not, that that battel should be with so much hazzard and danger of their lives: and that it was enough that he granted him free Lists in his Countrey, though it were against the Decree of the holy Gouncell, that prohibites such challenges; yet hee would not put that matter so strictly in execution.

Don Quixote bade his Excellency dispose of that businessess

he pleased, and that he would obey him in all.

The fearefull day being come, the Duke commanded that there should be a spacious Scaffold set vp in the place wherethe Judges of the Lists might stand; and the Matron & her daughter the Plaintiffes.

There repaired a world of people, from all the townes, and neighbouring Villages, to see the noueltie of that battaile, who neuer saw, nor ever heard tell of the like in that Countrey; neither the living, nor those that were dead. The first that entred the field and Lists, was, the Master of the Ceremonies, vvho measured out the ground, and passed all over it, that there

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might be no deceit, nor any hidden thing to make them flumble or fall: by and by the women entred, and fate downe in their feates, with their mantles over their eyes and brefts, with flews

of no small refenting, Don Quixote present in the Lists.

A while after, the Grand Lackey Tofilos, appear'd on one fide of the large place, accompanied with many Trumpets, and vpon a lufty Courfer, finking the very ground vnder him : his Vifor was drawn, and he was all arraied in strong and shining Armor, his horse was Frizeland, well spred, of colour flea-bitten, each fet-locke having nine and twenty pound of wooll vpon it. The valiant Combatant came, well instructed by his Malter, how he should demeane himselfe with the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, aduertized that he should by no meanes kill him, but that he should striue to shunne the first encounter, to excuse the danger of his death which was certaine, if he met him full butte. He paced ouer the place, and comming where the Matron was, he stayed a while to behold her that demanded him for her hufband. The Master of the Lists called Don Quixote, that had now presented himselfe in the place, & together with Tosslos: he spoke to the women, asking them, if they agreed that Don Quixote de la Mancha should undertake their cause. They said, I, and that they allowed of all he should in that case performe, for firm and auaileable.

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By this the Duke and Duchetle were fet in a Gallery, which looked inft to the Lifts, all which was covered with aboundance of people, that expected to fee the rigorous trance never feene.

The conditions of the Combatant was, That if Don Qnixote ouercame his Contrary, he should marry with Donna Rodriguez daughter; and that if he were ouercome, his Contendor was freed from his promise giuen, and not tyed to any satisfaction. The Master of the Ceremonies divided the Sunne betweene them, and set each of them in their places. The Drums strooke vp, and the sound of Trumpets filled the ayre, the earth shooke vnder them, and the hearts of the spectator troope, were in suspense, some fearing, others expecting the good or ill successes of this matter.

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Finally,

Finally, Don Quixote recommending himselfe heartily to God and his Mistrelle Dulcinea del Toboso, stood looking when the precise signe of the encouter shuld be given: but our Lackey was in another mind, he thought you what now I will tell you. It feemes, that as he flood looking youn his enemy, the feemed to him to be the fairest woman in the world, and the little blind boy, whom yp and down the streets folke call Lone, would not lose the occasion offered, to triumph upon a Lackeyan soule, and to put it in the lift of his Trophies: and so comming to him, faire and tofily, without any body perceiving him, he clapped a flight two yards long into his left fide, and strooke his heart thorow and thorow, and he might safely doe it; for loue is inuifible, and goes in and out where he lift, no body asking him any account of his actions. Let me tell you then, that when the figne of the on-fet was given, our Lackey was transported, thinking on the beauty of her that hee had made mistrelle of his liberty, and so he tooke no notice of the Trumpets sound, as did Don Quixote, who scarce heard it, when he set spurres, and with as full speed as Rosmante would permit, went against his enemy, & his good Squire Sancho Panfa, seeing him depart, cryed out aloud, God guide thee, Creame and Flower of Knights Errant. God give thee the victory, seeing thou hast right on thy side: and though Tofilos faw Don Quixote come toward him, yet hee moued not a whit from his place, but rather aloud called the Master of the Lists, who comming to see what he would have, To filos faid,

Sir, doth not this battell confift in my marrying, or not marrying with that Gentlewoman? Yes, it was answered him. Well then (quoth the Lackey) I am scrupulous of Conscience, which would much be burthened, if this battell should proceed: And therefore I say, I yeeld my selfe vanquished, and will marry this Gentlewoman presently.

The Master of the Lists wondred at Tossos reasons; and ashe was one of those that knew of the contribing that businesse,

could not answer hima word.

Don Quixote stopped in the middest of his Careere, seeing his enemy nuct not.

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Qui. my I The Duke knew nothing why the Combat should not goe forward; but the Master of the Lists went to tel him what Tosilos said, at which he was in suspence, and extreamly cholericke.

Whilest this happened, Tofilos came where Donna Rodriguez, was, and cried aloud, Mistretse, Ile marry your daughter, and therefore will neuer striue for that with suites and contentions, which I may have peaceably, and without danger of death.

The valorous Don Quixote heard this, and fayd; Seeing'tis fo, and that I am loofed & free from my promife, let them marry on Gods name, and fince God hath given her him, S. Peter bleffe her.

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The Duke now came down into the Place, and comming to Tofilos, said; Is it true, Knight, that you yeeld your selfe vanquished, and that instigated by your timorous Conscience, you will marry that maid? I, Sir, quoth Tofilos.

He doth very well, quoth Sancho then, for that thou would? give the Mouse, give the Cat, and he will free thee from trouble.

Tofilos began now to vnlace his Helmet, and defired them to help him apace, for his spirits & his breath failed him, & he could not endure to see himselfe so long that vp in that narrow chamber. They vndid it apace, and now the Lackeyes face was plainely discovered. Which when Donna Rodrignez and her daughter taw, they cried out, saying, This is coozenage, this is coozenage: they have put Tosilos my Lord the Dukes Lackey in stead of our true husband: Iustice from God and the King, for such malice, not to say, villany.

Grieue not your selves, Ladies, quoth Don Quixote; for this is neyther malice nor villany, and if it be, the Duke is not in fault, but vilde Enchanters that persecute me: who enuying that I should get the glory of this conquest, have converted the face of your Husband into this, which you say is the Dukes Lackey: take my counsell, & in spight of the malice of my enemies, marry him, for doubtlesse it is he that you desire to have to husband.

The Duke that heard this, was ready to burst all his choller into laughter, and said; The things that happen to Signior Don Quixote are so extraordinary, that it makes me believe this is not my Lackey: but let vs vse this slight and device, let vs defer the

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marriage onely one fifteene daies, and keepe this personage that holds vs in doubt, locked vp, in which perhaps he will returne to his pristine shape; for the rancor that Enchanters beare Signior Don Quixote, will not last so long, they gaining so little by

these coozenages and transformations they vie.

O sir, quoth Sancho, these wicked Elues doe viually change one thing into another in my Masters affaires: not long since they changed a Knight he conquer'd, called The Knight of the Looking glasses, into the shape of the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, borne in our towne, and our special friend, and they turned my Mistresse Dulcinea del Toboso into a rusticke clowne: and so I imagine this Lackey will live and die so, all daies of his life.

To which (quoth Rodriguez daughter) Let him be who hee will that demands mee to wife (I thanke him) I had rather be lawfull wife to a Lackey, then a Paramour to be mocked by a Gentleman, though besides he that abused me is none.

The vpshot of all was, that Tossios should be kept vp, till they saw what became of his transformation. All cried, Dos Quixoto's was the victory, and the most were sad and melancholy, to see that the expected Combatants had not beaten one another to pieces; as boyes are sad, when the party they looke for, comes not out to be hanged, when eyther the contrary, or the Justice pardons him.

The people departed, and the Duke and the Duchesse returned, and Don Quixote with them to the Cassle, Tosses was shut vp, Donna Rodriguez and her daughter were most happy, to see that one way or other, that businesse should end in marriage,

and Tofiles hoped no lette.

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CHAP. LVII.

How Don Quixote tooke his leave of the Duke, and what befell him with the witty Wanton Altisidora, the Duchesses Damozell.

YOW it seemed good to Don Quixote, to leave the idle life hee had in the Caltle, thinking it a great wrong to his person, to be thut vp, and lazy amongst fo many delights and drinties as were offered to him as a Knight Errant by those Nobles, and he thought hee was to give a strict account to Heaven for that idlenelle & retirement, and so asked licence one day of the Dukes to depart: which they gaue him, but seemed to be very forrowfull that hee would leave them. The Ducheffe gave Sancho Panfa his wives Letters, who wept in them, and faid, Who would have thought that fuch great hopes as the newes of my Gouernment, engendred in my Wife Terefa Panfa's brelt hould ftop inthis, that I must return to my Master Don Quixote's dragged Adueures? For al that, I am glad to fee that my Terefa was like her selfe, by fending the Acorns to the Ducheffe, which if the had not fent, I being forry the had shewed her selfe vngratefull: my comfort is, that this kinde of Present could not be called a bribe; for I had my Gouernment before the fent it, and tis very fit that they who receive a benefit, though it be but in trifles, shew themselves thankefull. In effect, naked I came into the Gouernment, & naked I goe out of it, and therefore I may fay (which is no small matter) with a safe Conscience, Naked was I born, naked Lam, I newther win nor lofe. This Sancho discoursed with himselfe at the time when he was to depart, & Don Quixote going out, (having taken his leave the night before of the Dukes) one morning he presented himselfe all armed in the Castle Court, all the people of the house beheld him from the Galleries, and the Dukes too went out to fee him. Sancho was vpon his Dapple, with his Wallets, his Cloakbagge, and his Sumpter-prouision most frollike; for the Dukes Steward, he that had beene Trifaldis, gaue him a purse with two hundred

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hundred crownes in gold, to supply his wants by the way, and

yet Don Quixote knew nothing of this.

Whilest all were thus beholding him, vnlookt for, amongst other Matrons and Damozells of the Duchesses, the witty and wanton Alissidara beheld him, and with a vyofull voyce said;

Hearken, O thou wicked Knight,
Hold a little backe thy reines;
Doe not so bestirre the slanke,
Of thy most ungouern'd beast.
False, behold, thou sliest not
From a Serpent that is sterce,
No; but from a little Lambe,
Lacks not much of being a Sheepe.
Horrid Monster, th' hast abused
The most beauteous Damozell,
That Diana in hills hath seeme,
Or Venus in woods beheld.
Cruell Virenus, Aneas sugitive,
Barrabas take thee, never maist thou thrive

Thou carrieft (Ohill carrying)
In thy wicked clutching pawes,
The entrailes of an humble one,
Tender and enamoured.
Three night-caps hast thou borne hence,
And a paire of garters too,
That doe equall Marble pure,
For their smoothnesse, white and blacke.
Two thousand sighes thou bearest away,
Which, were they but fire, they might
Set on fire two thousand Troyes,
(If two thousand Troyes,

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Cruell Virenus, Aneas fugitive, Barabbas take thee, never maift thou thrive.

Of thy Squire that Sancho he,
May his entrailes be so tough,
And so hard that Dulcine.

a may not disenchanted be:
For the fault that thou hast made,
Let poore she the burden beare,
For the sust, for wrongers doe
Sometimes in my Countrey pay:
Let thy best Adventures all,
Into mis-adventures turne:
All thy pleasure to a dreame,
Firmenesse to forget fulnesse.
Cruell Virenus, Aneas fugitive,
Barabbas take thee, never maist thou thrive.

Maist thou false accounted be,
From Seuil to Marchena,
From Granada vnto Loia,
From a London to England.
Whenso ere thou plaiss at Trumpe,
At Primera, or at Saint,
Neuer maiss thou see a King,
Aces, seuens sty from thee.
If thou chance to cut thy Cornes,
Maist thou wound till bloud doe come:
Also let the stumps remaine,
If thou plucke out hollow teeth.
Cruell Virenus, Ineas sugitive,
Barabbas take thee, never maiss thou thrive.

Though these Verses were made on purpole, to be ablurd; yet fure the authoritie heere fell into the common abfurditie, that I haue knowne many of his Countreymen doe, which is, that England is in London, and

Whil'A not Vice Verfa.

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Cruell

Whil'if the grieued Altisidora thus lamented, Don Quixote beheld her, and without answering a word, turning to Sancho, he said; By thy fore-fathers lives, I conjure thee, my Sancho, that thou tell me one truth tell me happily, hast thou the three Night-caps, and the Garters that this enamoured Damozell speakes of? To which, quoth Sancho, the three Caps I have: but for your Garters, as sure as the Sea burnes.

The Duchelle wondred at Altisidora's loosenedle: for though shee held her to bee bold, witty, and wanton; yet shee neuer thought she would have proceeded so farre: and knowing no-

thing of this iest, her admiration was the greater.

The Duke meant to second the sport, and therfore said, I doe not like it well, Sir Knight; that having received this good entertainment that hath been made you in my Castle, you should presume to carry away three Night-caps at least; if it were but only my Damozels Garters, 'tis a signe of a false heart, not suteable to your Honour, and therefore restore her Garters: if not, I challenge you to a mortall combate, and lie not seare that your Eluish Enchanters will trucke or change my sace as they have done my Lackey Tossos, that was to have fought with you.

God forbid (quoth Dow Quixote) that I should vnsheathmy sword against your most Illustrious Person, from whom I have received so many favours. The Night-caps I will restore for Sancho sayes he hath them; the Garters tis impossible, for neither he nor I received them: and if this your Damozell will looke into her corners, I warrant her she finds them. I, my Lord, was never Thiese, nor never thinke I shall as long as I live, if God forsake me not. This Damozell speakes (as she pleaseth) as being enamoured on what I am not faulty of: and therefore I have no reason to aske forgivenesse, neither other, nor your Excellency, whom I beseech to have a better opinion of me: and againe, I desire your Licence to bee vpon my way.

God fend you, Signior Don Quixote, quoth the Duchelle, so good a journey, that weemay alwayes heare happy newes of your braue exploits, and so God be with you: for the longer you stay, the more you increase the staines in the Damozels

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hearts that behold you: and for mine, lle punish her so, that hence forward she shall neither mis-behaue her selse in looke or action. Heare me then but a word, oh valorous Don Quixote, (quoth Altisidora) which is, that I cry thee mercy for the thest of my garters; for in my soule and conscience I have themon, and I have falne into the same carelessness of his, that looked for his Alle vyhen herode ypon him.

Did not I tell you, quoth Sancho, I am a fit Youth to conceale thefts? for had I beene fo, I had in two bouts fit occasions

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mozels hearts Don Quixote inclined his head, and made an obey fance to the Dukes and by-standers, and turning Rosinantes reines, Sancho following him on Dapple, he went out of the Castle, taking his way towards Saragosa.

CHAP. LVIII.

Of Aduentures that came so thicke and three-fold on Don Quixote, that they gave no respit one to the other.

Hen Don Quixote saw himselfe in open field, free and vn-cumbred from Altistidora's wooing, hee thought himselfe in his Center, and that his spirits were renued, to prosecute his new project of Chiualrie; and

turning to Sancho, faid;

Liberty, Sancho, is one of the preciousest gifts that heaven hath given men, the treasure that the earth encloseth, and the Sea hides, cannot be equalized to it. Life ought to be hazarded, as well for liberty, as for a mans honor; and by the contrary, Captuity is the greatest end that can be sail men. This I tell thee, Sancho, because thou hall well observed the cheere and plenty vece have had in the Castle we left. Well, in the middest of those savenum banquets, and those drinkes cooled with snow, me thought I was strained with hunger; for I enjoyed nothing with the liberty I should have done, had it beene mine owne; for the obligations of recompencing benefits and favours received.

ued, are tyes that curbe a free minde. Happy that man, to whom heaven hath given a piece of bread, without obligation to thank

any else, but heaven alone.

For all that (quoth Sanebo) tis not fit for vs to be vnthankfull for two hundred Crowns that we have received in gold, which the Dukes Steward gave mein a purse, which I carry as a comforting Cordiall next my heart for what may fall out; for wee shall not alwaies finde Castles where we shall be much made on; sometimes wee shall meete with Inns, where wee shall bee cudgelled.

In these and such like discourses went the Errants on, Knight and Squire, when they saw (having gone about halfe a league) when the grasses are medow, some dozen men, with their cloakes spred at dinner, clad like husbandmen; somewhat neere them, they had, as it were, white sheetes, with which they covered something underneath; they were set up-right, & stretcht

at length, and put a pretty distance one from another.

Don Quixote came to those that were cating, and saluting them first courteously, he asked them what was under that linnen? One of themanswered him, Sir, under this linnen there be certaine Images of Embossed worke in wood, which must serue in a shew we make in our village: we carry them couered, that they may not be fullied, and on our shoulders, that they be not broken. If you please (quoth Don Quixote) I should be glad to fee them; for Images carried to charily, doubtleffe are good ones. Good (quoth one) if they be not, let their price speake, for there is none of them but cost fifty Ducats; and that you may fee tis true, pray flay, and you shall fee it with your eyes: and rifing , hee left his dinner, and went to vncouer the first !mage, which shewed to be Saint George on horsebacke, with winding Serpent at his teet, and his I ance runne thorow the throat of it, with the fiercenetie he vieth to be painted with : all the Images feemed to be of pure gold. And Don Quixote feeing it, faid, This Knight was one of the best Errants that the divine Warre-fare had, his name was Saint George, and he was a vyonderfull defender of Damozels. Let's fee this next. The man difcovered it, and it seemed to be Saint Martin on Horse-backe,

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that divided his cloake with the poore man, and Don Quixote no fooner faw it, but he said, This Knight also was one of our Christian Adventurers, and I believe he was more liberall then valiant, as thou mails see, Sancho, by his dividing his cloake, and giving the poore man halfe, and doubtlesse it was then Winter; for had it beene Summer, he would have given him all, hee was so charitable.

Not so, quoth Sancho, but he stucke to the Prouerb, To give

and to have, doth a braine crave.

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Don Quixote laughed, and defired them to take away another piece of linnen, under which was the Image of the Patrone of Spaine on Horse-backe, his sword bloudied, trampling on Moores, and treading on heads: and Don Quixote seeing it, said, I marry, Sir, heere's a Knight indeed, one of Christs Squadrons, this is called Don Saint Diego, Moore-killer, one of the valiantell Saints and Knights in the world, then, or in heaven now. Then they discovered another piece, which shewed Saint Paul his falling from his horse, with al the circumstances vsually painted in the Table of his Conversion: when he saw him so lively. as if you would fay, Christ were then speaking to him, & Paul answering, he said, This was the greatest enemy that the Church of God had in a long time, and the greatest Defender that ever it shall have, a Knight Errant in his life-time, and a quiet Saint in his death, a restlesse labourer in the Vineyard of the Lord, a Doctor of Nations, whose schoole was Heauen, and Christ himselfe his Reader and Instructer. Now there were no more Images:and fo Don Quixote commanded them to cover them again. and faid to those that carried them, I hold it for a propitious figne, Brethren, to have seene what I have seene: for those Saints & Knights were of my profession, which is, to exercise Armes: onely the difference betweene them and me is, that they were Saints, and fought Divinely ; I ama finner, and fight humanely. They conquer'd heaven by force of their Armes (for heaven fuffers force) and hitherto I know not what I conquer by the force of my sufferings: but if my Dulcinea del Toboso be once free from hers, my Fortune bettering it selfe, and my judgement repaired, perhaps I might take a better course then I doe.

Cc

God grant, and Sinne be deafe, quoth Sancho, strait.

The men wondred as well at Don Quixotes shape, as his discourse, and vnderstood not one halfe, what it meant. They ended their dinner, and got vp their Images, and taking leaue of Don Quixote, they went on their way. Sancho admired afresh, as if he had neuer knowne his Master, at his knowledge, thinking there was no History in the world, or Accident, that he had not ciphered vpon his nayle, and nailed in his memory, & said, Truely (Master mine) if this that hath befalne vs to day may be called an Aduenture, it hath beene one of the most delicious sweetest, that in all our peregrination hath befalnevs; for wee are come out of it, without blowes or affrightment, or laying hands to our swords, or without beating the earth with our bodies, or being hungry: God be thanked that he hath let me see this vvith these eves of mine.

Thou fayest well, Sancho, (quoth Don Quizote) but thou must know, the times are not alwaies alike, nor run on in one faflion, and that which the vulgar commonly calls Bodings, which are not grounded vpon any naturall reason, ought to bee held, and reputed, and judged by a wife man for good lucke. One of your Wizards rifeth in a morning, goes out of his house, meetes with a Frier of the bleffed Order of S. Francis, and as if he had met with a Griffin, turnes his backe, and runs home againe. Tother Mendoza, hee spils the falt on the Table, and thrait hath a melancholy sprinkled all ouer his heart, as if Nature were bound to shew fignes of ensuing mis-chances, with things of so small moment as the aforesaid: The discreet Christians ought not to stand upon points, or to looke into the doings of heaven. Scipio comes into Africa, and leaping on shore, he stumbles; his Souldiers hold it for an ill figne: but he embracing the ground, faid, Thou canst not flye from me, Africa, for I have fast hold on thee in mine Armes. So that Sanche, the meeting with these Images hath beene a most happy successe to me.

I believe you (quoth Sancho) and pray tell me the cause why we Spaniards cry, Saint Iaques, and shut Spaine? is Spaine operatioe, so that it needed be shut? or what ceremony is this?

Thouart most simple, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, & looke;

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This Grand Knight with the red Crotfe, God hath given him to Spaine for a Patron and Protector, especially in the hard conflicts that the Moores and we had together; and therefore they invoke and call on him as their Protector in all their battels they give, and many times they have visibly seene him in them, overthrowing, trampling, destroying & killing Agaren Squadrons. Many examples could I produce to confirme this, out of the true

Spanish Histories.

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Sancho changed his discourse, and said to his Master, Sir, I do wonder at the looseneise of Altisidora, the Duchesses Damozell; that same sellow called Loue, hath brauely wounded and runne her thorow; they say he is a little blinde boy, that though he be bleare-eyed, or to fay truer, blinde; takes the least heart for his mark, & hits it, and pierceth it with his Flight from one fide to the other. I have also heard say, that in the modelty & warinetse of Damozels, his amorous arrows are headletse & dull: but in this Altifidora, it seemes they are rather whetted, then dull Looke you, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, Loue hath no respect or limit in his dealing, and hath the same condition with Death, that as well fets upon the high Palaces of Kings, as the low Cottages of Shepheards, and when hee takes entire pollellion of a foule, the first thing he does, is to banish shame, without which, Altisidora declared her desires, that rather engendred in my breft confusion then pitty.

Notable cruelty, (quoth Sancho) vnheard-of thanklesnesse! I know for my part, that the least amorous reason of hers, would have humbled and made me her valsall; ah whoore-son, what a heart of marble, entrailes of brasse, and soule of rough-cast had you? but I cannot imagine what this Damozell saw in you, that should so vanquish her? what Gallantry? what courage? what conceit? what countenance? which of these alone, or all together enamoured her? for truly, truly, I behold you many times from head to foot, and I see more in you to affright, then to enamour: and having also heard say, that beauty is the first and principall part that doth enamour, you having none, I know not on what

the poore foule was enamoured.

Marke, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) there be two kindes

of beauty, one of the minde, the other of the body; that of the minde doth march, and is seene in the understanding, in honestly, in good proceeding, in liberality, in being well-bredde: and all these qualities are untamed, and may be in an ill-sauoured man; and when the choyce is set upon this beauty, and not upon that of the body, it causeth loue with more force and aduantage. I see, Sancho, that I am not louely, and yet I know too I am not deformed, and it is enough for an honest man, if he be not a monster, to be beloued, so I have the portions of the minde I have told thee of.

In these reasons and discourses they went, entring in ata wood that was out of the way, and fodainely, before they were aware, Don Quixote found himselfe entangled in nets of greene thread, that were fet from one tree to another; and not imagining what it might be, he faid to Sancho, Mee thinkes, Sancho, this Aduenture of these Nets is one of the strangest that may be imagined; hang me, if the Enchanters that perfecute me, meane not to intangle me in them, and to stop my way, in revenge of the rigour I have vsed toward Altisidora. Well, let them know that these Nets, were they of hardest Diamonds, as they are of green thred; or stronger then that the lealous god of the Black-Smiths entangled Venus and Mars with, I would breake it, as if it were bull-rushes or yarne: and striuing to get forward, suddenly two most beautifull Shepheardelles comming from out the Thicket, appear'd before him, two, at least, attired like Shepheardeffes, onely their loofe Jackets & Coats were of fine cloth of gold, I say, their Kirtles were of Tissue; their haires hung loofe ouer their shoulders, that for golden, might compare with the Sunne-beames: they were crowned with two Garlands wouen with greene Bayes, and red-Flower gentle : their ages feemed to be not vnder fifteene, nor palt eighteene.

This was a fight that aftonish Sancho, suspended Don Duixote, made the Sunne stop in his Careere to behold them, and held all the source in maruellous silence. In fine, the first that spake, was one of the Shepheardesses, that said to Don Quixote, Hold, Gentlemen, and breake not our Nets, that are spred there not to your hurt, but for our recreation; and be-

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In a village fome two leagues hence, where there are many Gentlemen of quality, and rich; amongst many acquaintances and kindred it was agreed, that the wives, sonnes and daughters. neighbours, friends and kinsfolke, thould ioyne to make merry in this place, which is one of the pleasantest heere round about, forming as it were amongst vs, a new and Pastorall Arcadia, clothing the maides like Shepheardelles, and the young men like Shepheards: two Eglogues we have studied, one of the famous Poet Garsilasso, and the other of that most excellent Poet Camoes in his own Mother Portugall Tongue, which hitherto we have not repeated. Yesterday was the first day we came hither, wee haue our Tents, called Field-Tents, pitched amongst these trees, close by the brinke of a goodly running brooke, which fructifies all these medowes : last night wee did spread our nets on these trees, to catch the poore birds, that being allured with our call, should fall into them. If you please, Sir, to be our ghest, you shall be entertained liberally and courteously; for now into this place comes neyther forrow nor melancholy. With this The was filent and faid no more.

To which Don Quixote answered; Truly, (fairest Lady)
Astaon was not more associated in suspence, when on the sodaine hee saw Diana bathing her selfe in the sountaine, then I
have beene in beholding your beauty: I commend the manner
of your pastime, and thanke you for your kinde offers, and if I
may serve you, so I may be sure you will be obeyed, you may
command me; for my profession is this, to shew my self thankfull, and a doer of good to all forts of people, especially of the
ranke that your person shewes you to be; and if those Nets, as
they take vp but a little piece of ground, should take vp the
whole world, I would seeke out new worlds to passe thorow,
rather then breake them: and that you may give credit to this
my exaggeration, behold, at least he that promiseth you this, is
Don Quixote de la Mancha, if haply this name hath come to
your hearing.

Ah fiveet friend (quoth the other Shephearde! le) what good C c 3 lucke is this? See'st thou this Gentleman before vs? Well, let me tell thee, he is the valiantest, the most enamoured, and the most courteous in the world, if the History lye not and deceive vs, which is in print, of his famous exploits which I have read: I hold a wager this honest fellow heere with him is, what-call ye him? Sancho Pansa his Squire, that hath no fellow for his mirth.

'Tis true (quoth Sancho) I am that merry fellow, and that Squire you speake of, and this Gentleman is my Master, the very

selfe-same Don Quixote aforesaid and Historified.

Ah, quoth the other, let vs intreat him, friend, to stay vvith vs, for our friends and kindred will be infinitely glad of it, and I have heard tell as well as thou, of his worth and wit; and aboue all, they say of him, that he is the firmest and loyallest A-mourist that is knowne, and that his Mistresse is one Dulcinea del Toboso, that beares the prize from all the beauties in Spaine.

With instreason she doth, quoth Don Quixore, if so be your matchlesse beauties put it not in controversie: Weary not your selves, Ladies, in detaining me; for the precise tyes of my proses-

fion will let merelt no where.

By this there came a brother of one of the Shepheardesses, where the foure were as braue & gallant as they: they told him, that he which was with them, was the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and the other *Sancho* his Squire, of whom he had

notice, as having read his History.

The gallant Shepheard faluted him, desiring him to come with him to their Tents. Don Quixote was forced to consent, which he did. And now the Nets were drawne, and filled with divers little birds, who deceived with the color of them, fell into the danger they shun'd: there met in that place above thirty perfors, all gallantly clad like Shepheards & Shepheardes in the same was, and his Squire; at which they were not a little contented; for they had notice of him by his history: they came to the Tents, and found the Tables covered, rich, aboundant, and neate: they honour'd Don Quixote with the chiefe seate; all of them beheld him, and admit'd to see him.

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Finally, the cloth beeing taken away, Don Quinote very grauely lifted vp his voice, and faid, Amongst the greatest sins there are committed (though some say Pride) yet I say, ingratitude is one, holding my felfe to the viuall faying, That Hell is full of the vngratefull. This sinne, as much as possible I could, I have fought to avoid ever fince I had reason: and if I cannot repay one good turne with another, in stead of that, my desires are not wanting, and when they suffice not, I publish them: for hee that acknowledgeth and publisheth good turnes received, would also recompence them with others, if he could: for, for the most part, they that receive, are inferiour to those that give, and so God is above all; because hee is giver above all, and the gifts of men cannot be equall to Gods for the infinite difference betwixt them: and this straightnesse & barenes doth in some measure supply a thankefulnesse; I therefore beeing thankefull for the kindnesse I have heere received, and not able to correspond in the same proportion, containing my selfe in the narrow limits of my ability, offer what I may and what I haue from my Haruelt : and therefore I fay, that I will for two long dayes maintaine in midst of the Kings high-way toward Saragofa, that these Ladyes, counterfet Shepheardelses heere present, are the fairest and most courteous Damozels in the world, excepting onely the peereletle Dulcinea del Tobolo fole Miltris of my thoughts, with peace be it spoken to as many both hees and shees as heare me.

Which when Sancbo heard, that had attentiuely listened, crying out, he said, Is it possible there can bee any body in the world, that dares say or sweare that this Master of mine is mad? Pray speake: You Gentlemen Shepheards, is there any Countrey Vicar, be he neuer so wise, or neuer so good a Scholler, that can say what my Master hath said? or is there any Knight Errant, let him be neuer so much fam'd for his valour, that can offer what my Master hath heere offered?

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Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and all enflamed and cholericke, said, Is it possible, O Sancho, that there is any body in the world that will say, Thou art not a Coxcombe, lined with the same, and hemmed with I know not what malice or knauery?

Who bids thee meddle with my matters, in sifting out, whether I be wise or a iolt-head? Peace and not a word, but saddle Rosmante, if he be visiaddled, and let's put my offer in executions for with the institute that I have on my side, thou maist presume, as many as I meet withall, are vanquished: and so with great fury, and in a terrible huffe hee rose from his Chayre, leaving all the by-standers in admiration, and in doubt whether they should hold him madde, or wise. Finally, they perswaded him, he should not thrust himselfe into such an engagement: for they acknowledged his thankfull goodwill, and that there needed no new demonstrations to know his valourous minde: for his exploits mentioned in his History were sufficient.

For all that, Don Quixote proceeded in his purpose, and mounted on Rosinante, buckling his shield to him, and taking his Launce, he got to the high-way, not farre from the greene Meddow. Sancho followed him vpon Dapple, with all the Pastorall slocke, desirous to see what might be the issue of that

arrogant, and neuer feene offer.

Don Quixote being (as I have faid) vpon the way, he wounded the ayre with these words: Oh you Passengers, and way-faring Knights, Squires on foot, or on horseback, that either now passe this way, or are to passe in these two ensuing dayes, know, that Don Quixote de la Mancha, Knight Errant, is here ready to maintaine, that setting the beauty of the Mistris of my soule aside, Dulcinea del Toboso, the Nymphs that inhabit these Meddowes and Groues, are the fairest that may be: and he that is of a contrarie opinion, let him come; for heere I expect him.

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Twice he repeated these selfe-same words, and twice they were not heard by any Aduenturer: but his good lucke that directed his affaires better and better, so ordained, that a pretty while after, they might see a troope of horse-men vpon the way, and many of them with Lances in their hands, all of them going in a heape together, and apace: they that were with Don Quixose, as soone as euer they saw them, turn'd their backs, and got farre enough out of the way: for they knew if they stayed, they might be in some danger, onely Don Quixose with an vindaunted heart stood still; and Sancho Pansa warded himselse vith Rosinante's buttocks.

The troope of the Lances came on, and one that was formoit cryed out alowed to Don Quixote, laying, Out of the way, madman: for these Buls will beate thee to pieces.

Goe to, ye skoundrels, quoth Don Quivete, your Buls shall not preuaile with me, though they were the fiercest that Xarama hath feeding on his Bankes: Confesse, ye Elues, all in one, that what I have proclaimed heere, is a truth, or esse come and combate with me.

The Heards-man had no leifure to answere, nor Don Onixole to get out of the way, though he would: and so the troope of wilde Buls, together with the tame Kine, and the multitude of Heards-men, and others, that carried them to bee kept vp in a towne, where they were the next day to bee baited, trainpled ouer Don Quixote, Sancho, Rosinante and Dapple, tumbling them all downe vpon the ground.

Sancho was bruised, Don Quixote astonisht, Dapple banged, and Rosinante not very Catholike: but in fine all of them gate vp, and Don Quixote in all haste, sometimes stumbling, otherwhiles falling, began to runne after the whole Herd, crying alowd, Hold, Stay, ye Eluish crue; for one onely Knight expects you, who is not of that minde or opinion of those that say, To a slying enemy a siluer bridge. But the hasty runners stayed neuer a whit the more for this; nor made any reckoning of his threats more then of last yeeres clouds.

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hey aunvith The Don Quixote being weary stayed him. So, fuller of anger then reuenge, he sate in the way, expecting when Sancho, Rossnante, and Dapple should arrive. At length they came, and Master and man gat vp; and without leave taking of the sained or counterset Arcadia, with more shame then delight, they went onward their way.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIX.

of an extraordinarie accident that befell Don Quixote, which may be held for an Aduenture.

The dust and wearinesse that Don Quixote and Sancho received from the vomannerly Buls, was recompenced with a cleere and running Fountaine, which they found in a coole Groue, on whose Margen leaving Rossante and Dapple loose without a bridle or Halter, the two way-beaten, Master and Man sate downe. Sancho repaired to the Cup-boord of his Wallets, and tooke out of them that which he called his sawce, and rensed his mouth: Don Quixote washt his face, with which refreshing his faint spirits, recovered breath.

Don Quixote ate nothing for pure griefe, neither durst Sameho touch any meate before him for pure mannerlinesse, and expected his Master should first bee his Taster: but seeing him carried on with his imaginations, not remembring to put a bit in his mouth, he neuer asked him: and ouer-running all kinde of manners, hee began to barrell ypall the Bread and Checke

that was before him in his flomacke.

Eate, friend Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, hold life together; for thou halt more need then I, and leaue mee to dye by the hands of my forrowes, and the force of my mis-fortunes. I was borne, Sancho, to liue dying, and thou, to dye eating: and that thou mailt fee I tell thee true; confider me printed in Hillories, famous in Armes, well nurtured in mine Actions, respectedly Princes, courted by Damozels:now at the end of all, when I hoped for Bayes, Triumphs and Crownes layd vp and merical by my famous exploits: this morning I haue feene my felfe trampled on and kicked, and bruised with the feet of base vacleane Beasts: the consideration of this duls my teeth, make flow my grinders, and benummes my hands, and altogether bere: ues me of my appetite; so that I thinke I shall dye vyith inunger, the cruellest of all deaths.

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So that, quoth Saneho (not leaving his fast chewing) you will not allow of that Proucrbe that sayes, Let Martha dye, so shee dye not empty: at least, I will not be cause of my death. I meane rather to doe as the Shoomaker doth, that stretcheth the Leather with his teeth, till he makes it reach as he list; Iledraw out my lifeby eating, till it come to the end that Heauen hath allotted it: and know, Sir, there is no greater madnesse in the world, then to despaire as you doe: and beleeue me, and after you have eaten, rest your selfe a little vpon the Downe-beds of this greene grasse, and you shall see, that when you wake, you shall sinde your selfe somewhat lightned.

Don Quixote tooke his counfell, taking his reasons to be rather Philosophicall, then senselesse, and said, If thou, O Sancho, wouldest doe, what I shall now tell thee for me, my lightsomenesse would be certaine, and my sorrowes not so great; which is, that whil'st I (obeying thy counsell) sleepe, thou goe out of the way a little, and with Rosinantes reines, turning thy sless to the ayre, give thy selfe three or source hundred lashes upon account of the three thousand, and so many that thou art to give for the disenchanting Dulcinea, which is no small pitie, that that poore Lady should be enchanted by thy carelesselse and negligence.

There is much to be faid in this businesse (quoth Sancho) let's both sleepe now, and God will prouide afterward: Know, Sir, that this whipping in cold bloud, is a cruell thing, especially, if it light vpon a weake body and worse fed; let my Lady Dulemen have patience, for when she least thinkes of it, shee shall see me a very sieue with lashes, and till death all is life, I meane, I live with a desire to sulfill my promise.

Don Quixote giving him thankes, ate fomething, and Sancho a great deale, leaving the two continuall friends and companions, Rosinante and Dapple to their liberum arbitrium, disorderly feeding upon the pasture that was plentifull in that Meddow.

They awaked somewhat late, and up they got againe, and went on their way, making haste to come to an Inne, which seemed to be about a League off: I say an Inne; for Den Quivote

called it so, contrary to his ordinary custom of calling all Innes Callies. Well, to it they come, they asked mine Oalt, if there were any lodging. Hee answered, Yes, with all the commodiousnelle and prouision that they might have in the Towne of Saragosa.

They alighted, and Sancho retired with his Sumptry into a Chamber of which the Oast gaue him the Key: the Beasts hee carried to the Stable, and gaue them their stint, and so went to see what Don Quixote (who sate by vpon a Bench) would comand him, giving God particular thankes, that that Inne had not ap-

peared to him a Cassle.

Supper time came on: fo to their resting place they got.

Sancho asked mine Oast what he had for Supper? To which
quoth he, Your mouth shall have measure, aske what you will?

a for from the Birds of the ayre, to the Poultry of the earth, and
the sishes of the Sea, that Inne was provided.

Not so much, quoth Sancho, for so we may have a couple of rosted Chickens, 'twill be enough: for my Master is weake sto-

mackt, and eates little, and I am no very greedy-gut.

Mine Oast answered him, he had no Chickens, for the Kites had deuoured them. Why then let's haue a tender Pullet rosted, quoth he. A Pullet? My father as soone: trust me, trust mee, I sent aboue fiftie yesterday to the Citie to sell: saving Pullets aske what you will.

Why then, quoth Sancho, you want no Veale, or Kid? We have none in the house now, faid my Oast, for it is all spent; but

by next weeke we shall have to spare.

The matter is mended (quoth Sancho.) I hold a wager all

these wants are supplide with Egges and Bacon.

Affuredly (quoth mine Oast) here's fine doings with my ghest; I have told him, we have neither Pullet nor Hens, and yet he would have Egges. Run, if you will, to other dainties, and

leave these gluttonnies.

Refolue vs (Body of me, quoth Sancho) and tell me what we shall have, and leave you your running, mine Oast. The Oast 4aid, The very truth is, I have two Neats-feet, like Calues feet; or two Calues-feet, like Neats-feet, they are fod with their Peak,

A good Character, of a lying beggarly vaineglorious Spanish Oast in generall.

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Bacon, and Onyons: and just at this instant cry, Come eate me, Come eate me.

For mine I marke them henceforward, quoth Sancho, and let no man touch them; for Ile pay more for them then any body elfe, and there could have beene no better meat for mee in the world.

No man shall touch them, said mine Oast: for other ghests I have out of pure Gentilitie, bring their Cooke, Cater, and Butler with them. If it goe by gentle (quoth Sancho) none more gentle then my Master: but his Calling permits no Larders or Butteries: we clap vs down in the midst of a field, and fil our selues with Acornsand Medlars.

This dicourse passed betweene Sancho and the Oast, without Sancho's answering him, who asked what Calling his Massers was of. Supper was ready, Don Quixoto went to his Chamber, mine Oast brought the pot of meat instant in another the him faire & well down to supper: it seemed that in another Chamber next Don Quixotos, divided only by a thin Lath-wall, hee might heare one say, By your life, Signior Don Isonimo, whilst supper is to come in, let vs reade another Chapter in the second part of Don Quixoto.

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Don Quixoto searce heard himselfe named, when vp he stood, & watchfully game eare to their discourse concerning him, & he heard that the aforesaid Don Ieronimo answered, Signior Don Iohn, why should we reade these soppenies? he that hath read the first part of Don Quixote, it is impossible he should take any pleasure in reading the second.

For all that, quoth Don lohn, 'twere good reading it: for there is no booke so ill, that hath not some good thing in it.

That which molt displeaseth me in this is, that he makes Don Quixote dis-enamoured of Dulcinea dol Toboso.

Which when Don Quixote heard, full of wrath and despight helifted vp his voice, saying, Whosoeuer saith Don Quixote de la Mancha hath forgotten, or can forget Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know with equall Armes, that hee is farre from the truth: for the peereletse Dulcinea del Toboso cannot be forgotten; neither can forget fulnes be contained in Don Quixote,

his Scutchion is Loyaltie, his profession sweetly to keepe it,

without doing it any violence.

Who is that answeres vs, said they in the next roome? Who should it be (quoth Sancho) but Don Quixote himselfe, that will make good all he hath faid, or as much as he shall fay? for a good

Pay-master cares not for his pawnes.

Scarce had Sancho said this, whe the two Gentlemen came in at the Chamber doore: for they seemed no lesse to them: & one of them casting his Armes about Don Quixotes neck, faid, neither can your presence belye your name, or your name credit your presence. Doubtlesse you, Sir, are the right Don Quixote de la Mancha, North-Starre, and Morning-Starre of Knight-errantrie, in spight of him that hath vsurped your name, and annihilated your exploits, as the Author of this Booke, I heere deliver, hath done: and giving him the booke that his companion had, Don Quixote took it , and without answering a word, began to turne the leaves, and a while after returned it, faying, In this lia This the Au- tle that I have seene, I have found three things in this a Author worthy of reprehension.

thor of this Booke brings in by way of inuectiue aa fecond part was publish. ed.

The first is, some words I haue read in his Prologue.

The second, that his language is Arragonian : for sometime gainst an Ara- he writes without Articles: and the third which doth most congonian Schol- firme his ignorance, is, That he erres and strayes from the truth ler, that wrote in the chiefelt of the Hiltory : for here he fayes that Sanch of Don Quix Panfa my Squires wifes name was Mary Quiterrez, which is ore, before this not fo : but the is called Terefa Panfa : and therfore he that erre in so maine a matter, it may well be feared, he will erre in all the rest of the History.

To this Sancho faid, Prettily done indeed of the Historian; he knowes very well fure what belongs to our affaires, fince he cals my wife Terefa Panfa, Mary Gutierrez. Pray take the book againe, Sir, and see whether I be there, and whether hee haw chang'd my name. By your speech, friend, quoth Don leron mo, you should be Sancho Pansa Signior Don Quixotes Squite

I am (quoth Sancho) and I am proud of it.

Well, in faith (faid the Gentleman) this modern Author doth not treat of you so neatly, as your Person makes shew for: It

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paints you out for a Glutton, an Ideot, and nothing witty, and farre different from the Sancho that is described in the first part of your Masters History.

God forgine him (faid Sancho:) he should have left me in my corner, and not remembred me; for, Euery man in his ability,

and Tis good fleeping in a whole skinne.

The two Gentlemen entreated Don Quixote to goe to their chamber, and Sup with them; for they knew well, that in that Inne he found not things fitting to his person.

Don Quixoto, who was ever courteous, condificended to their requelts, and supped with them: Sancho remained with his fleshpot sole Lord and Governour. Sancho sate at the upper end of the Table, and with him the Inn-keeper, that was no letse affe-

ctioned to his Neates-feete, then Sancho.

In the midit of supper, Don Iohn asked Don Quixote, vvhat newes he had of his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, whether she were married, or brought a bed, or great with childe, or being entire, vvhether (respecting her honesty and good decorum) she were mindefull of Signior Don Quixote's amorous desires? To which he answered,

Dulcinea is as entire, and my desires as firme as euer, our correspondency in the ancient barrennesse, her beauty transformed into the complexion of a base milke-wench: and straight he recounted vnto them euery tittle of her Enchantment, and vvhat had befalne him in Montesinos Caue, with the order that the sage Merlin had given for her diffenchanting, which was by San-

cho's Stripes.

Great was the delight the two Gentlemen received to heare Dow Quixote tell the strange patsages of his History, and so they wondred at his sopperies, as also his elegant manner of delivering them; here they held him to be wise, there he slipped from them by the soole: so they knew not what medium to give him, betwirt visitedome and folly.

Sancho ended his Supper: and leaving the In keeper, passed to the chamber vyhere his Master was, and entring, said, Hang me, Sirs, if the Author of this booke that your Worthips have, yould that we should eat a good meale together; pray God, as

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he calls mee Glutton, he say not that I am'a Drunkard too.

Yes marry doth he, faid Don Ieronimo; but I know not how directly, though I know his reasons doe not hang together, and are very erroneous, as I fee by Sancho's Phisiognomy here prefent. Belieue me (quoth Sancho) Sancho and Don Quixote are differing in this Hiltory, from what they are in that (id Hamete Beneugels composed; for wee are, my Master valiant, discreet, and amorous: I simple and conceited; but neyther Glutton nor Drunkard.

I belieue it (faid Don Iohn) and were it possible, it should be commanded, that none should dare to treat of the Graund Don Quixote's affaires, but Cid Hamete, his first Author : as Alexander commanded that none but spelles should dare to draw

him.

Let whose will draw me (quoth Don Quixote:) but let him not abuse me; for oft times patience falls, when injuries ouerload. None, quoth Don John, can be done Signior Don Quixete, that he will not be revenged of, if he ward it not with the shield of his patience, which in my opinion is strong and great.

In these and other discourses, they passed a great part of the night, and though Don John would, that Don Quixote should have read more in the booke, to fee what it did descant on, yet he could not preuaile with him, faying, He made account he had read it, and concluded it to be but an idle Pamphlet, & that he would not (if it should come to the Authors knowledge that he had meddled with it) he should make himselfe merry to think he had read it; for our thoughts must not be busied in filthy and obscene things, much letse our eyes.

They asked him, whither he purposed his voyage? Heeanswered, to Saragosa, to be at the Justs in Harnesse, that vsetok

there veerely.

Don lohn told him, that there was one thing in that new Hiflory, which was, that he should be at a Running at the Ringin that City, as short of Invention, as poore in Mottos, but molt poore in Liueries, and rich in nothing but simplicities.

For this matter onely, quoth Don Quixote, I will not fet foot in Saragofa: and therefore the world shall fee what a lyar this

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the Don Quixote he speakes of.

You shall doe very well, quoth Don Ieronimo; for there bee other Iusts in Barselona, where Signior Don Quixote may shew his valour. So I meane to doe (quoth Don Quixote) and therefore let me take leaue of you (for it is time) to goe to bed, and so hold mee in the ranke of your greatest friends and Seruitors. And me too, quoth Sancho, for it may be I shall be good for somewhat.

With this they tooke leave, and Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving Don Iohn and Don Ieronimo in admiration, to fee what a medley he had made with his differetion and madnetse; and they verily believed, that these were the right Don Quixote and Sancho, and not they whom the Aragonian

Author described.

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Don Quixote rose earely, and knocking vpon the thinne wall of the other chamber, hee tooke leave of those guests: Sanche payed the Oast royally, but aduised him, hee should eyther lesse praise the provision of his Inne, or have it better provided.

CHAP. LX.

what happened to Don Quixote, going so Barfelona.

He morning was coole, and the day promised no lesse, when Don Quixote lest the Inne, informing himselse first, which was the ready way to Barselona, vvithout comming to Saragosa: such was the desire he had to proue the new Historian a lyar, who they said, dispraised himso much. It fell out so, that in six edaies there fell out nothing worth writing to him; at the end of which, he was be-nighted, going out of his way, in a Thicket of Oakes or Corke trees; for in this Cid Hamete is not so punctuall, as in other matters he vseth to be.

The Mafter and man alighted from their beafts, and fetting
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themselues at the trees rootes: Sancho that had had his beauer that day, entred roundly the gates of sleepe; but Don Quixote, whom imaginations kept awake much more then hunger, could not ioyn his eyes, but rather was busying his thoughts in a thousand seuerall places: Sometimes hee thought he tound himselse in Montesino's Caue, and that he saw Dulcinea, converted into a Country wench, leape vpon her Asse-Colt: Now the sage Merlins words rang in his eares, repeating vnto him the conditions that were to be observed for her dissendanting: hee was starke madde to see Sancho's lazinesse, and want of Charity; for, as he thought, he had onely given himselse sine stripes, a pooreand vnequall number to those behinde, and he was so griev'd and enraged with this, that he framed this discourse to himselse:

If Alexander the Great did cut the Gordian knot, saying; Cutting and vindoing is all one, and yet for all that, was Lord of all Asia; no otherwise may it happen in the distenchanting of Dulcinea, if I should whip Sancho, volens notens; for if the condition of this remedy be, that Sancho receive three thousand and so many ierkes, what care I whether he give them, or that another doe, since the substance is in him that gives them, come

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With this imagination he came to Saneho, having first taken Rosinante's reines, and so fitted them, that he might lash him with them, he began to vntrusse his points: The opinion is, that he had but one before, which held vp his Gally-Gascoynes. Buthe was no sooner approched, when Saneho awaked and came to himselfe, and said, Who is that? Who is it toucheth and vntrusseth me? Tis I, quoth Don Quixote, that come to supply thy defects, and to remedy my troubles; I come to whip thee, Saneho, and to discharge the debt in part thou standes obliged in. Ducinea perisheth, thou livest carelessy, I dye desiring; and there fore vntrusse thy selfe willingly, for I have a minde in these Defarts to give thee at least two thousand lashes.

Not so, quoth Sancho, pray be quiet: and if not, I protest, deafe men shall heare vs: the stripes in which I engaged my selfe must be voluntary, and notenfore'd, and at this time I have no mainde to whip my selfe; tis enough that I give you my word

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There's no leauing of it to thy courtesie, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) for thou art hard hearted, and though a Clowne, yet tender of slesh; and so he contended and stroue to value him: which when Sancho Pansa saw, he slood to it, and setting vpon his Master, closed with him, and tripping vp his heeles, cast him vpon his backe on the ground, hee put his right knee vpon his brest, and with his hands held his, so that hee neyther let him stirre nor breathe.

Don Quixote cryed out, Hownow, Traitor, rebellest thou against thy natural Lord & Master? presumest thou against him that feedes thee? I neyther make King, nor depose King (quoth Sancho) I onely helpe my selfe that am mine owne Lord: promise me you, Sir, that you will be quiet, and not meddle vitth whipping of me now, and lie set you loose and free; and if not, here thou diest, Traitor, enemy to Donna Sancha. Don Quixote promised him, and swore by the life of his thoughts, hee would not touch so much as a haire of his head, and that hee would leave his whipping himselse, to his owne free-will and choise when he would.

Sancho gate vp, and went a pretty way from him, and going to leane to another tree, he perceived something touch him vpon the head, and lifting up his hands, hee lighted on two feet of a man, with hose and shooes on; he quak'd for feare, and went to another tree, and the like befell him: fo he cried out, calling to Don Quixote to helpe him. Don Quixote did so, and asking him what had befalne him? and why he was afraid? Sancho anfwered, That all those Trees were full of mens feet and legges. Don Quixote felt them, and fell strait into the account of what they might be, and faid to Sancho, Thou needelt not feare; for these feet and legges thou feelest and seest not, doubtlesse are of some free-booters and robbers in troopes, that are hanged in these trees; for here the Iustice hangs them by twenty & thirty ataclap, by which I understand that I am neere Barcelona : and true it was as he supposed They lifted up their eyes, and to see to, the free-booters bodies hung as if they had beene clusters

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vpon those trees: and by this it waxed day; and if the dead men feared them, no lesse were they in tribulation with the sight of at least forty liue Sbanditi, who hemmed them in vpon a sodain, bidding them in the Catalan tongue, they should be quiet, and stand till their Captaine came.

Don Quixote was on foot, his horse vnbridled, his Lance fet vp against a tree, finally, voyd of all defence, and therefore he deemed it best to crosse his hands, and hold downe his head, referuing himselfe for a better occasion and consuncture.

The theeues came to flea Dapple, and began to leave him nothing he had, eyther in his Wallets or Cloke-bag; and it fell out wel for Sancho, for the Dukes Crownes were in a hollow girdle girt to him, and those likewise that he brought from home with him, and for all that, those good fellowes would have vveeded and searched him to the very entrailes, if their Captaine had not come in the Interim, who seemed to bee about thirty yeeres of age, strongly made, and somewhat of a tall stature; his looke was folemne, and his complexion swarthy: he vvas mounted upon a powerfull Horse, with his steele coaton, and foure Petronels (called in that Country Pedrenales) which hee wore two at each fide : and now his Squires (for fo they call those that are in that vocation) came to make spoyle of Sancho: he commanded them they should not, and he was strait obeyed, and so the girdle escaped: he wondred to see a Launce reared up on a tree, a shield on the ground, and Don Quinotearmed and pensatiue, with the saddest melancholiest visage, that fadnetse it selfe could frame. He came to him, saying, Be not sad, honest man; for you have not false into the hands of any cruell Ofiris, but into Roque Guinarts, that have more compassion then cruelty in them.

My fadnesse int, quoth Don Quixote, to have falne into thy power, oh valorous Roque (whose Fame is boundlesse) but that my carelesses was such, that thy Souldiers have caught me without bridle, I being obliged (according to the order of Knight Errantry, which I professe, to keepe watch and ward, and at all houres to be my owne Centinell; for let me tell thee, Grand Roque, if they had taken mee on Horse-backe with my

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Lance and Shield, they should not easily have made me yeeld; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, he, of whose exploits all the world is full. Strait Roque Guinart perceived, that Don Quixote's infirmity proceeded rather of madnetle then Valour, and though hee had fometimes heard tell of him, yet hee never could beleeve his deedes to be true, neither could he be perswaded that fuch a humour should reigne in any mans heart, and hee was wonderfully glad to have met with him, to fee by experience, what he had heard say of him, and therefore he said, Valorous Knight, vexe not your felfe, neyther take this fortune of yours to be similter; for it may be, that in these stumbling blocks your crooked lot may be straightned, for heaven doth vsually raise up those that fall, and enrich the poore by strange and vn-

feene waies (by men not imagined.)

Don Quixote was about to have rendred him thankes, when as they perceived a noyse behind them, as if there had beene fome troope of horse, but there was but one onely, vpon which there came with full speed, a Youth to see to, about some twenty yeeres of age, clad in greene Damaske; his Hose and loose Ierkin were layd on with gold lace, with a Hatturned vp from his band, with close fit boots, fword & dagger gilt, and a little birding-Peece in his hand, & two Piltols at his fides. Roque turned his head to the noyle, and faw this beautifull shape, who comming neere him, faid, In qualt of thee I came, oh valorous Roque, to finde in thee, if not redrette, at least some lightsomenelle in this my misfortune: And to hold thee no longer in fufpence, because I know thou knowest mee not, I will tell thee who I am; that is, Claudia Ieronima, daughter to Simon Forte thy fingular friend, & onely enemy to Clanquel Torellas, who is also thine, as being one of thy contrary faction; and thou knowest that this Torellas hath a fonne, called Don Vincente Torellas, or at least was so called, not two houres since. Hee then, to shorten my vnfortunate tale, I will tell thee in few words what hath befalne me : He faw me, courted me, I gaue eare to him, & my Father vnwitting of it, I affectionated my selfe to him; for there is no woman, be the never fo retired or looked to, but the hath time enough to put in execution and effect her hafty longing.

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Finally, he promised me marriage, and I gaue him my word to be his, to no more patted really : Yelterday I came to know. that, forgetfull of his obligation, he contracted to another, and that this morning he went to be married; a newes that troubled my braine, and made an end of my patience: and by reason my Father was not at home, I had opportunity to put my selfe in this apparell thou feelt, and making speed with this horse, I o. uertooke Don Vincente about a league from hence, and without making any complaint, or hearing his discharge, I discharged this Peece, and to boot, these Pistols, and I beleeve I sent two bullets into his body, making way, thorow which, my honor enwrapped in his bloud, might fally out : therefore I left him to his servants, who nor durst, nor could put themselves in his defence. I came to feeke thee, that thou mightelt help to passe me into France, where I have kindred, with whom I may live; and withall, to defire thee to defend my Father, that the number of Don Vincentes friends take not a cruell reuenge vpon him.

Roque wondring at the gallantry, brauery, handfornenesse fuccette of the faire Claudia, said, Come, Gentlewoman, and let vs goe see if your enemy be dead, and afterward what shall be

most fitting to be done.

Don Quixote, that hearkened attentively to all that Claudia faid, and Roque Guinart answered, said, No man need take pains to defend this Lady; let it be my charge: Give me my horseand my Armes, and expect me here, and I will goe seek this Knight, and alive or dead, will make him accomplish his promise to so great a beauty.

No man doubt it, quoth Saucho; for my Master hath a very good hand to be a marriage-maker; and not long since he forced another to marry, that denied his promise to a maid; and had it not beene that Enchanters persecuted him, and changed the true shape into the shape of a Lackey, by this time the said maid had

beene none.

Roque, that attended more to Claudia's succeife, then the reasons of Master or man, understood them not; and so commanding his Squires, they should restore to Sameboall they had taken from Dapple, and commanding them likewise to retire

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where he lodged the night before, hee went straight with all speed with Claudia, to find the wounded or dead Don Vincente.

To the place they came, where Claudia met him, where they found nothing but late shed bloud: but looking round about them, they discouered some people vpon the side of a Hill: and they thought, as true it was, that that was Don Vincente, whom his servants carried alive, or dead; to cure, or give him buriall: they hasted to overtake them, which they easily might doe, the others going but softly. They found Don Vincente in his servants Armes, whom hee entreated with a weake and weary voice to let him dyethere: for the griefe of his wounds would not suffer him to goe any further.

Clandia and Roque flung themselves from their Horses, to him they came, the servants feared Roques presence; and Clandia was troubled to see Don Vincente: and so betwixt milde and mercilesse, she came to him, and laying hold of his hands, shee said, If thou hadst given me these according to our agreement, thou hadst neuer comne to this extremitie: The wounded Gentleman opened his halfe-shut eyes, and knowing Clandia, said, I well perceive, faire and deceived Mistris, that thou art shee that halt slaine me: a punishment not deserved, nor due to my desires, in which, nor in any action of mine, I never knew how

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Then belike, 'tis false, that thou went'st this morning to bee

married to Leonora, the rich Baluasho's daughter.

No verily, said Don Umcente, my ill fortune brought thee that newes, that being iealous thou shouldest bereaue me of my life: which since I leaue it in thy hands, and embrace thee, I thinke my selfe most happy: and to assure thee that this is true, take my hand, and if thou wilt receive me for thy Husband; for I have no other satisfaction to give thee for the wrong thou thinkest I have done thee.

Clandia wrung his hand, and her felfe was wrung to the very heart; fo that vpon Don Vincente's bloud and breft, she fell into a swound, and he into a mortall Paroxisme. Roque was in a maze, and knew not what to do. The servants went to fetch water to sling in their faces, & brought it, with which they bathed them.

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Claudia revived againe : but Don Vincente neuer from his

Paroxisme, with which he ended his life.

Which when Claudia faw, out of doubt, that her Husband was dead, shee burst the Ayre with her sight, and wounded Heauen with her complaints: she tore her hayre, and gaue it to the winde: with her owne hands she dis-figured her face, with all the shewes of dolour and feeling, that might bee imagined from a grieued heart.

Oh cruell and inconfiderate Woman (faid shee) how easily wast thou moued to put so cruell a designe in execution? Oh rauing force of Icalousie, to what desperate ends dost thou bring those that harbour thee in their bress? Oh my Spouse, whose vnhappy fortune, for being my Pledge, hath brought

from bed to buriall.

Such and so sad were the complaints of Claudia, that even from Roques eyes drew tears, not yied to shed them ypon any occasion: the servants howled, and Claudia every stitch-while swouned, and the whole circuit lookt like a field of sorrow, and

a place of mis-fortune.

Finally, Roque Guinart gaue order to Don Vincentes feruants, to carry his body to his Fathers towne, that was neere there, to giue him Buriall. Claudia told Roque, shewould goe to a Monaltery, where an Aunt of hers was Abbesse, where she meant to end her dayes, accompanied with a better and an eternall Spouse.

Rogue commended her good intention, and offered to accompany her whither the would, and to defend her Father, from her kindred, and from all the world that would hurt him.

Claudia would by no meanes accept of his company, and thanking him the best she could for his offer, she tooke leave of him weeping. Don Vincentes servants bore away his body, and Roque returned to his people: and this was the end of Claudia Ieronima's love: but no marvell if icalousic contriued the plot of her lamentable Story.

Roque Guinarte found his Squires where he had willed them to be ; and Don Quixote amongst them you Rosinante, making a large discourse to them, in which he perswaded them to leave

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that kinde of life, dangerous as well for their foules, as bodies: but the molt of them being Gascoignes, a wilde and viruly people, Don Quixotes discourse prevailed nothing with them.

When Roque was come, he asked Sancho, if they had reflored his implements to him, and the Prize which his Souldiers had taken from Dapple. Sancho answered, Yes, onely that he wanted three Night-caps, that were worth three Cities. What say you fellow? Quoth one of them: I hauethern, and they were not worth eighteene pence.

Tis true (said Don Quixote) but my Squire esteemes themin what he hath said, for the parties sake that gave them me.

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Roque Guinart (traight commanded they should be restored, and commanding his people to stand round, he willed them to set before them, all the apparell, Iewels, and money, and all that since their last sharing they had robbed: and casting up the account briefely, returning that that was not to be re-parted, reducing it into mony, he divided it amongst alhis copany, so legally, and wifely, that he neither added nor diminished, from an equal

distributiue iustice.

This done, and all contented, satisfied, and payd, Roque said to Don Quixote, If I should not bee thus punctuall with these sellowes, there were no living with them: To which said Sancho, By what I have heere seene, Iustice is so good, that it is sit and necessary, even amongst theeves themselves.

One of the Squires heard him, and lifted up the snap-haunce of his Peece, with which he had opened his Mazer, if Roque Gninare had not cryed out to bid him hold.

Sancho was amazed, and purposed not to vnsow his lips, as long as he was in that company.

Now there came one or more of the Squires, that were put in Centinell, upon the wayes, to see who passed by, and to give notice to their Chiefe, what passed; who said, Sir, not sar hence, by the way that goes to Barcelona: there comes a great Troope of people. To which quoth Rogue, Hast thou markt whether they bee of those that seekevs, or those wee seeke? Of the latter, said the Squire.

VVell, get you out all quoth Roque, and bring vm me hither ftraight,

straight, and let not a man scape. They did so, and Don Quixote and Roque, and Sancho stay'd, and expected to see what the Squires brought: and in the Interim, Roque said to Don Quixote, Our life will seeme to be a strange kinde of one to Signior Don Quixotes strange Aduentures, strange succeiles, and dangerous all; and I should not wonder that it appeare so. For I confesse truely to you, there is no kinde of life more vinquiet, nor more full of search than ours. I have false into it by I know not what desires of revenge, that have power to trouble the most quiet hearts.

I am naturally compassionate, and well-minded: but as I haue said, the desire of reuenging a wrong done me, doth so dash this good inclination in me, that I perseuere in this estate, maugre my best iudgement: and as one horrour brings on another, and one sinne: so my reuenges haue beene so linked together, that I not onely vindergoe mine owne, but also other mens: but God is pleased, that though I see my selfe in the midst of this Labyrinth of Consussions, I despayre not to come to a safe harbour.

Den Quixete admired to heare from Roque such good & sound reasons: for he thought, that amongst those of this profession of robbing, killing, and high-way-laying, there could bee none so

well spoken, and answered him:

Signior Roque, the beginning of health consists, in knowing the infirmity & that the sick made willing to take the medicines that the Physician ordaines. You are sicke: you know your griefe and heauen; or (to say truer) God who is our Physician, will apply medicines that may cure you, which doe heale by degrees, but not suddenly, and by miracle: besides, sinners that haue knowledge, are neerer amendment then those that are without it: and since you, by your discourse haue shew'd your discretion, there is no more to be done: but bee of good courage, and despayre not of the recovering your sick conscience; and if you will saue a labour, and facilitate the way of your sluation; come with me, and I will teach you to be a Knight Errant, and how you shall vindergoe so many labours, and mis adventures, that taking them by way of penance, you shall climbe Heauen in an instant.

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Roga him Roque laughed at Don Quixotes counfaile, to whom (changing their discourse) here recounted the Tragicall successe of Claudia Ieronimo: at which Sancho wept exceedingly; for the beauty, spirit, and buck-somenesse of the Wench mis-liked him not.

By this the Squires returned with their prize, bringing with them, two Gentlemen on horseback, and two Pilgrims on foot, and a Goach full of women, and some halfe doozen of servants, that on horseback and on foote, waited on them, with two Mule-men that belonged to the two Gentlemen. The Squires brought them in triumph, the conquerours and conquered, being all silent, and expecting what the Grand Roque should determine: who asked the Gentlemen, who they were, whither they would, and what money they carried: One of them answered him, Sir, Weetwo are Captaines of Spanish foot, and haue Companies in Naples, and are going to imbarke our selues in source Gallies, that we heare are bound for Silicia: wee carry with vs two or three hundreth crownes, which we think is sufficient, as being the largest treasure incident to the ordinary penary of souldiours.

Roque asked the Pilgrims the same questions, who answered him likewise, that they were to bee imbarked towards Rome, and that they carried a matter of thirty shillings betweene them both: The same he likewise desired to know of those that went in the Coach, and one of them on horseback, answered,

My Lady Donna Guiomar de Quinnones, wife to a Iudge of Naples, with a little Girle and her Maids, are they that goe in the Coach; and some fix servants of vs wait on her: and vvee carry sixe hundreth Pistolets in gold. So that (said Roque Guinnarie) we have heere in all, nine hundreth crownes, and sixty Ryals: my souldiours are about a sixtie; let vs see what comes to each mans share: for I am a bad Arithmetician.

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When the Theeues heard this, they cryed alowd, Long liue Roque Guinarte, in spight of the Cullions that seeke to destroy him.

The Captaines were afflicted, the Lady was forrowfull, and the Pilgrims were never a whit glad, to see their goods thus

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confifeated. Roque awhile held them in this suspence: but hee would no longer detaine them in this sadnesse, which he might see a gun-shoote off in their faces: and turning to the Captaines, said, Captaines, you shall doe me the kindnesses to lend mee threescore ducats: and you, Madam, sourcescore, to content my squadron that followes me: for herein consists my reuenue: and so you may passe on freely, onely with a safe-conduct that I shall give you: that if you meet with any other squadrons of mine, which are divided upon these Downes, they doe you no hurt: for my intent is not to wrong Souldiours, or any woman, especially Noble.

The Captaines infinitely extolled Roques courteous liberality for leaving them their money. The Lady would have cast her selfe out of the Coach, to kille the Grand Raques feet & hands: but he would by no meanes yeeld to it, rather asked pardon that he had presumed so farre, which was only to comply with

the obligation of his ill employment.

The Lady commanded a servant of hers, to give him straight fourescore dueats, which were allotted him : the Captaines too disburfed their fixty, and the Pilgrims tendered their pouertie: but Roque bade them be still : and turning to his people, faid, Out of these Crownes, there are to each man two due; and there remaine twenty: let the poore Pilgrims haue ten of them, and the other ten this honest Squire, that he may speake well of this Aduenture : and so bringing him necessaries to write, of which he ever went provided, hee gave them a fafe-conduct to the heads of his squadrons; and taking leave of them, let them patte free: and wondring at the noblenette of his braue and Itrange condition, holding him rather for a great Alexander, then an open robber: one of the Theenes faid in his Catalan language, This Captaine of ours were fitter to be a Frier, then 2 Robber: and if he meane henceforward to bee so liberall, let it be with his owne goods, and not with ours.

This, the wretch fooke not so softly, but Roque might ouerheare him; who catching his sword in hand, almost cloue his pate in two, saying, This is the punishment I vse to sawcy knaues: all the rest were amazed, and durst not reply a word:

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fuch was the awe in which they stood of him Roque then retired aside, and wrote a Letter to a friend of his to Barselona, adulting him how the samous Don Quixote de la Mancha was with him, that Knight Errant so notorious: and he gave him to vaderstand, that he was the most conceited vaderstanding sellow in the world: and that about some source dayes after, which was Mid-summer day, hee should have him vpon the Citie Wharse, armed at all points vpon his Horse Rossante, and his Squire likewise vpon his Asset that he should let the Niarros his friends know so much, that they might solace themselves with him: but hee could wish the Cadels his Adversaries might want the passime, that the madnes of Don Quixote, & his conceited Squire would make. Hee delivered the Letter to one of his Squires, who changing his Theeves habit, for a Countreymans, went to the Citie, and delivered it to whom it was directed.

CHAP. LXI.

What hapned to Don Quixote at his entrance into Barse-Iona, with other events more true, then witty.

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Three daies & three nights was Don Quixote with Roque, & had he bin so 300, yeeres, he should not have wated matter to make him see & admire his kind of life: one while heere they lye; another, there they dine: sometimes they sly from they know not whom; otherwhile, they wait for they know not whom.

They sleepe standing, a broken sleepe, changing from place to place: all was setting of Spies, listening of Sentinels, blowing Musker-matches, though of such shot they had but sew: most of them carrying Petronels. Roque himselfe sleept apart from the rest, not letting them know where he lodged; because the many Proclamations which the Vice-Roy of Barselona had caused to be made to take him, made him vinquiet and fearfull, and so he durst trust no body, fearing his own people would either kill or deliuer him to the Justice: a life indeed wretched, & ir kesome, at length by by-waies & crosse pathes Roque and Don Quixote got to the Wharse of Barselona, where Roque gaue Sancho the ten crownes he promised him, & so they parted with many complements on both parts.

Roque returned, and Don Quixote stayed there, expessing the day instance was on horseback: and awhile after, the face of the white Aurora, beganne to peepe thorow the Bay-windowes of the East, cheering the Hearbs and Flowers, in stead of delighting the eare, and yet at the same instant a noise of Hoboyes and Drums delighted their eares, and a noise of Morrisbells, with the Pat a pat of Horsemen running to see to out of the Citie.

Aurora now gaue the Sunne leave to rise out of the lowest

part of the East, with his face as bigge as a Buckler.

Don Quixote and Sanebo spred their eyes round about, and they might see the Sea, which till that time they had neuer seen: it seemed vnto them most large and spacious, more by farrethen the Lake of Ruydera, which they saw in the Mancha: they beheld the Gallies in the Wharfe, who clapping down their tilts, discouered themselues full of Flagges & Streamers, that waued in the winde, and kissed and swept the water: within, the Clarines, Trumpets and Hoboyes sounded, that farre and neere filled the Ayre with sweet and warlike accents: they began to mooue, and to make shew of skirmish vpon the gentle water; a world of Gallants answering them on Land, which came out of the Citie vpon goodly Horses, and braue in their Liueries.

The Souldiours of the Gallies discharged an infinitie of shot, which were answered from the walles and Forts of the Citie, and the great shot with searcfull noise cut the Ayre, which were answered with the Gallies fore-Castle Canons: the Sea was cheerefull, the Landiocund, the sky cleere, onely somewhat dimmed with the smoke of the Artillery, it seemed to insuffer and ingender a sodaine delight in all men. Sancho could not imagine how those Bulks that mooued upon the Sea could have so many feete By this, they a-shore in the rich Liveries began to runne on with their Moorish out-cryes, cuen to the very place where Don Quixote was wondring and amazed: and one of them, he who had the Letter from Roque, said to Don Quixote thus alowed, Welcome to our Citie is the Looking glasse, the Lant-horne, and North-starre of all Knight Errantry, where it is most in practice. Welcome, I say, is the Valorous Don

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Quixote de la Mancha: not the false, fictitious, or Apocryphal, that hath beene demonstrated to vs of late in false Histories; but the true, legall, and faithfull Hee, which Cid Hamete the flower of Hiltorians describes vnto vs. Don Quixote answered not a word, neyther did the Gentlemen expect hee should; but turning in and out with the rest, they wheeled about Don Quixote: who turning to Sancho, faid, These men know vs well: I lay a wager they have read our Hiltory, and that too of the Aragonians lately printed. The Gentleman that spoke to Don Quixote, came backe againe, and faid to him, Signior Don Quixote, come with vs. I befeech you; for we are all your feruants, and Roque Guinarte's deare friends. To which Don Quixote replied, If courtelies engender courtelies, then yours, Sir Knight, is daughter, or neere kindred to Roques: carry mee whither you will, for I am wholly yours, and at your feruice, if you pleafe to command me. In the like Courtly straine, the Gentleman anfwered him, & fo locking him in the midst of them, with found of Drums and Hoboyes, they carried him towards the City, where at his entrance, as ill lucke would haue it, and the boyes that are the worst of all ill, two of them, bold Cracke-ropes, came among the thrust, & one of them lifting vp Dapples taile, & the other Rosmantes, they faltned each their handfull of Nettles. The poore bealts felt the new spurs, and clapping their tailes elose, augmented their paines; so that after a thousand winces, they cast downe their Masters.

Don Quizote all abashed and disgraced, went to take this Plumage from his Coursers taile, and Sancho from Dapples. Those that guided Don Quizote, would have punished the boyes for their sawcinesse, but it was not possible; for they got themselves into the thickest of a thousand others that followed. Don Quizote and Sancho returned to their seates, and with the same applause and Musike, they came to their Guides house, which was faire & large, indeed as was fit for a Gentleman of meanes; where wee will leave him for the present, because Cid Hamete

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CHAP. LXII.

The Aduenture of the Enchanted head, with other filmflams that must be resounted.

On Quixote's Oalts name was Don Antonio Morino, a rich Gentleman and a discreet, and one that loued to be honestly and affably merry; who having Don Quixote now at home, began to invent, how, without prejudice to him, he might divulge his madnetse; for ielts ought not to be too bitter.

nor pastimes in detriment of a third person.

The first thing he did then, was to cause Don Omixere to be vnarmed, and to make him appeare in that straight Chamois apparell of his (as heretofore we have painted and described him:) so he brought him to a Bay window which looked toward one of the chiefest streets in the City, to be publikely seene by all commers, and the boyes that beheld him as if hee had beene a Monkey. They in the Liueries began a-fresh to setch Careers before him, as if for him onely, (and not to solemnize that selfiuall day) their Liueries had beene put on: and Sancho was most iocund, as thinking he had found out, he knew not how, nor which way, a new Camacho's marriage, or another house like Don Diego and Miranda's, or the Dukes Castle.

That day some of Don Antonio's friends dined vvith him, all honouring Don Quixote, and observing him as a Knight Errant with which, being most vaine-glorious, hee could scarce containe himselfe in his happinesse. Sancho's conceits were such & so many, that all the servants of the house hung upon his lippes,

and as many also as heard him.

Being at Table, Don Antonio said to Sancho, We have heard heere, honest Sancho, that thou louest Leech and roasted Olives so well, that when thou canst eat no more, thou keepest the rest in thy bosome till another time. No, Sir, tis not so, said Sancho, for I am more cleanly then so, and my Master Don Quixose here present knowes well, that we are wont both of vs to live eight daies with a handfull of Acornes or Walnuts: true it is, that

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now and then I looke not a given horse in the mouth (I meane) I eate what is given me, and make vse of the time present, and whosever hath said that I am an extraordinary eater, and not cleanely, let him know he doth me wrong; and I should proceed farther, were it not for the company heere at Table.

Truely, faid Don Quixote, the parlimony and cleanlinesse with which Sancho feedes, may be written and graued in sheetes of brasse, that it may be eternally remembred by ensuing Ages: True it is, that when he is hungry, he is somewhat rauenous, eates apace, and chawes on both sides; but for cleanlinesse, that he hath punctually observed: and when he was a Gouernour, learnt to eat most neatly; for hee would eat you Grapes, nay, Pomegranat seedes with his forke. How, quoth Don Antonio, hath Sancho beene a Gouernour? I, said Sancho, and of an Iland called Barataria: tenne daies I gouerned to my will, in them I lost my rest, and learnt to contemne all the Gouernments in the world. From thence I came slying, and fell into a pit, where I thought I should have died, from whence I escaped miraculously.

Don Quixote recounted all the particulars of Sancho's Gouernment, with which the hearers were much delighted. The cloth now taken away, and Don Antonio taking Don Quixote by the hand, carried him into a private chamber, in which there was no other kinde of furniture, but a Table that feemed to bee of Iasper, borne vp with feete of the same, vpon which there was set a Head, as if it beene of brasse, iust as your Romane Emperors are vsed to be, from the brest vpward. Don Antonio walked with Don Quixote vp and downe the chamber, and having gone a good many turnes about the Table, at last he said, Signior Don Quixote, now that I am fully perswaded no-body heares vs, and that the doore is sast, I will tell you one of the rarest Aduentures, or rather Nouelties, that can be imagined; provided, that what I tell you, shall be deposited in the vetermost privy Chambers of secress.

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That I vow, said Don Quixote: and for more safety, I will dap a Tombe-stone ouer it; for let me tell you, Signior Don Antonio (for now he knew his name) you converse with one, that Ee though

though he have eares to heare, yet he hath no tongue to tell: fo that what is in your brest, you may freely translate it into mine, and restassured, that you have flung it into the Abissu of silence.

In confidence of this promise (answered Don Antonio) I will make you admire at what you shall heare and see, and so you shall somewhat ease me of the trouble I am in, in not finding one that I may communicate my secrets with; with which, every

one is not to be trusted.

Don Quixote was in great suspence, expecting what vvould be the issue of all these circumstances; so Don Antonio taking him by the hand, he made him feele all ouer the brazen head & the Table, and Iasper feet, and then said, This head, Signior, was made by one of the greatest Enchanters or Magicians that hath beene in the world, and I beleeue, by Nation he was a Polander, and one of that famous Scotts his disciples, of whom so many wondersare related, who was heere in my house, and for a thousand Crownes I gaue him, framed me this head, that hath the property and quality to answer to any thing that it is asked in your eare: he had his trickes & deuices, his painting of Characters, his observing of Starres, lookt to every tittle, and finally brought this head to the perfection that to morrow you shall fee, for on the Fridayes still it is mute, which being this day, we must expect till to morrow; and so in the meane time you may bethink you what you will demand; for I know by experience, this head answers truly to all that is asked.

Don Quixote admired at the vertue and property of the head, and could scarce beleeue Don Antonio, but seeing how shorts time there was to the triall, he would not gain-say him, but thanked him for discouering so great a secret: So out of the roome they went: Don Antonio locked the doore after him, and they came into a Hall where the rest of the Gentlemen were: in this interim, Sancho had related to them many of the Aduentures & successes that befell his Master. That after-noone they carried Don Quixote abroad, not armed, but clad in the City garbe, with a loose coat of tawny cloth, that in that season might have made frost it selfes weat: they gave order to their servants to entertain

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Sancho, and not to let him flirre out of dores. Don Quixote rode not vpon Rosinante, but on a goodly trotting Mule, with good furniture, they put his coat vpon him, and at his backe (hee not perceiuing it) they fowed a piece of Parchment, wherein vvas written in Text letters, This is Don Quixote de la Mancha : as they began their walke, the scrowle drew all mens eyes to looke on it, and as they read, This is Don Quixote de la Mancha, hee admired to fee what a number beheld & named him, and knew him; and turning to Don Antonio that went by him, faid, Great is the Prerogative due to Knight Errantry, fince ouer all the world, it makes its Profetiors knowne and renowned; for looke you, Signior Don Antonio, euen the very boyes of this City having neuer feene mee before, know me. Tis true, Signior, quoth Don Antonio: for as fire cannot be hidden nor bounded, no more can vertue but it must be knowne; and that which is gotten by the profession of Armes, doth most flourish and triumph aboue the reft.

It hapned, that Don Quixote riding with this applause, a Caftilian that read the scrowle at his backe, raised his voyce, saying, The Deuill take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha: and art thou gotten hither without being killed with those infinite bastings thou hast borne upon thy shoulders? Thou art a madde man, and wert thou so in private, and within thy house, twere leffe enill; but thy property is, to make all that converse or treat with thee, mad-men and Coxe-combes, as may appeare by these that accompany thee: get thee home, Ideot, and looke to thy Estate, Wife, and Children, and leave these vanities that wormeate thy braines, and defile thy intellect. Brother, faid Don Antonio, follow your way, and give no counfaile to those that need it not: Signior Don Quixote is wife, and we that do accompany him, are no fooles, vertue is worthy to be honoured wherefoeuer she is, and so be gone with a poxe to you, and meddle not where you have nothing to doe. I vow (quoth the Callilian) you have reason; for to give counsaile to this man, is to strive against the streame: but for all that, it pitties me very much, that the good vnderstanding they say this blocke-head hath in all things else, should be let out at the pipe of his Knight Errantry,

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and a pox light on me (as you wish, Sir) and all my posterity, if from henceforward, though I should line to the yeeres of Methusalem, I give counsaile to any, though it be delired.

Thus the Counseller went by, and the shew went on: but the boyes, and all manner of people pressed so thicke to reade the scrowle, that Don Antonio was forced to take it off from

him, as if he had done something else.

The night came on, and they returned home, where was a Reuels of women: for Don Antonio's wife, that was well bred, mirthfull, faire, and discreet, invited other shee-friends of hers, to come to welcome her new ghelt, and to make merry with his strange madnesse. Some of them came, and they had a royall Supper, and the Reuels began about ten a clocke at night. Among these Dames, there were two of anotable waggish dispofition, and great scoffers; and though honest, yet they strained their carriage, that their trickes might the better delight without yrkfomnes; these were so eager to take Don Quixote out to dace, that they wearied not onely his body, but his minde likewise: twas a goodly fight to fee his shape, long, lanke, leane, his visage pale, the whole man flut vp in his apparell, vngracefull, and vnweildy. The Damozels wooed him as it were by stealth, and he by stealth disdained them as fast; but seeing himselfe much pressed by their courtings, he lifted up his voyce, and faid, Fugite partes adverse, and leave me, oh vnwelcome imaginations, to my quiet: Get you further off with your wishes, Ladies; for the that is the Lady of mine, the peereleffe Dulcinea del Tobolo, will have none but hers subject and conquer me: and so saying, he fate him downcin the middeft of the Hall vpon the ground, bruiled and broken with his dancing exercise. Don Antonio made him be taken up in mens armes, & carried to bed; the first that layd hold on him was Sancho, faying, In the name of God, what meant you, Mallermine, to dance? Thinke you that all that are valiant, must be dancers? and all Knights Errant, skipjacks? I fay, if you thinke fo, you are deceived; you have fome that would rather kill Gyants then fetch a caper: if you werete friske, I would faue you that labour, for I can doe it like a Ier-Falcon: but in your dancing, I cannot worke a stirch.

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With this and fuch like discourse, Sancho made the Reuellers laugh, and laid his Master to bed, laying cloaths enough on him, that hee might sweat out the cold he had taken by dancing.

The next day, Don Antonio thought fit to try the Enchanted head, and so, with Don Quixote, Sancho, and others his friends, and the two Gentlewomen that had so laboured Don Quixote in the dance, that stayd all night with Don Antonio's wise, hee locked himselfe in the roome where the head was; he told them it's property, enioyning them to silence: and hee said to them, That this was the first time in which hee meant to make proofe of the vertue of the Enchanted head, and except his two friends, no living creature else knew the tricke of that Enchantment; and if Don Antonio had not discovered it to them, they also would have false into the same admiration that the rest did; for it was not otherwise possible, the sabricke of it being so curious and

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The first that came to the Heads hearing, was Don Antonio himselfe, who spoke softly, but so, that he might be heard by all: Tell me, Head, by the vertue that is contained in thee, What thinke I of now? And the head answered (not mooning the lips, with a loud and distinct voyce, that all the by-standers might heare this reason, I judge not of thoughts. Which when they all heard, they were aftonisht, and the more, seeing neyther in all the roome, nor any where about the table, there was not any humane creature to answere. How many heere be there of vs (quoth Don Antonio againe?) And answere was made him in the fame tenor voyce: There are thou and thy wife, with two of thy hee friends, and two of her shee-friends, and a famous Knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and a Squire of his that hight Sancho Panfa. I marry, fir, heere was the wondring a-fresh, heere was every ones haire standing on end with pure horror. And Don Antonio getting him alide from the head, faid, Tis enough now for mee to know that I was not deceived by him that fold thee mee, Sage Head, Talking Head, Answering Head, Admired Head! Come another now, & ask what he wil: & as your women for the most part are halliest, & most inquilitiue, the first that came, was one of Don Antonio's wives friends,

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and her demand was this, Tell me, Head, What shall I doe to make my selfe faire? The answer was, Be honest. I have done, faid the. Stratt came her other companion, and faid, I would faine know . Head, whether my Husband loue mee or no : and the answer was, Thou shalt know by his vsage. The married woman flood by, faying; The question might have been spared: for good viage is the belt ligne of affection. Then came one of Don Antonio's friends, and asked, Who am I? The answer was, Thou knowest. I aske thee not that said the Gentleman, but whether thou know me? I doe, it was answered; Thou art Don Pedro Noris. No more, O Head, let this suffice, to make mee know thou knowestall. And so stepping aside, the other friend came and asked, Tell me, Head, What defires hath my eldelt fonne? I have told you (it was answered) that I judge not of thoughts; yet let mee tell you, your sonne desires to bury you; That (quoth the Gentleman) I know well, and daily perceive, but I have done. Don Antonio's wife came next, and faid, Head, I know not what to aske thee, I would onely faine know of thee, if I shall long enioy my deare Husband : and the answere was, Thou shale, for his health and spare diet promise him many yeeres, which many shorten by distempers.

Now came Don Quixote, and faid, Tell me, thou that answerest, Was it true, or a dreame, that (as I recount) befell mee in Montesino's Caue? shall Sancho my Squires whipping be accomplisht? shall Duleinea be disenchanted? For that of the Caue, (quoth the Answerer) there is much to be said, it partakes of all: Sancho's whipping shall be prolonged : but Dulcinea's difenchanting shall come to a reall end. I desire no more, said Don Quixote; for so Dulcinea be dis-enchanted, I make account, all

my good fortunes come vpon me at a clap.

Sancho was the last Demander, and his question years this; Head, shall I haply have another Government? shall I be free from this penurious Squires life? shall I see my Wise and Children againe? To which it was answered him: In thy house shalt thou governe; whither if thou returne, thou shalt fee thy Wife and children, and leaving thy fertice, thou shalt leave being a Squire. Very good (quoth Sancho) this I could have told

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before my selfe, and my fathers horse could have said no more. Beast, quoth Don Onixote, what answere wouldst thou have? Is it not enough, that the answeres this head gives thee, are correspondent to thy questions? Tis true, said Sancho: but I would have; knowne more.

And now the questions and answeres were ended: but not the admiration, in which all remained, but Don Antonio's friends that knew the conceit. Which Cid Hamete Benengeli vyould forthwith declare, not to hold the world in suspense, to thinke that some VVitch, or extraordinary mysterie was inclosed in the said head: and thus saith he, that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of another head, which he saw in Madrid, framed by a Caruer, caused this to be made in his house, to entertaine the simple, and make them wonder at it, and the Fabricke was in this manner:

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The table it selfe was of wood, painted and varnished ouer like Iasper, and the foot on which it stood was of the same, with source Eagles clawes standing out to vehold it the better.

The head that shewed like the Medall, or picture of a Romane Emperour, and of brasse colour, was all hollow, and so was the Table too; to which, it was so cunningly ioyned, that there was no appearance of it: the foot of the Table was likewise hollow, that answered to the brest, and neck of the head: and all this answered to another Chamber, that was vnder the roome where the head was: and thorow all this hollownesse of the foote, the table, brest and neck of the Medall, there event a Tinne pipe, made fit to them, that could not be perceived.

He that was to answere, set his mouth to the Pipe in the Chamber vnderneath, answering to this vpper roome; so that the voice ascended, and descended, as thorow a Trunk, eleerely and distinctly, and it was not possible to find the Juggling out.

A Nephew of Don Antonio's; a Scholler, a good witty and discreet Youth, was the answerer: who having notice from his Vncle, of those that were to enter the Roome, it was easie for him to answere suddenly, and punctually, to their first questions, and to the rest he answered by discreet conjectures.

Moreouer, Cid Hamete fayes, that this maruellous Engine

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lasted for some ten or twelve dayes: but when it was divulged up and downe the Citie, that Don Antonio had an Enchanted head in his house, that answered to all questions; fearing lest it should come to the notice of the waking Centinels of our Faith: having acquainted those Inquisitors with the businesse, they commanded him to make away with it, lest it should scandalize the ignorant Vulgar: but yet in Don Quixote and Sancho's opinion the head was stillenchanted, and answering: but indeed not altogether so much to Sancho's satisfaction.

The Gallants of the Citie, to please Don Antonio, and for Don Quixote's better hospitalitie, and on purpose that his madnetse might make the more generall sport, appointed a running at the Ring, about a six dayes after, which was broken off upon

an occasion that after hapned.

Don Quixote had a minde to walke round about the Citie on foot; fearing, that if he went on horsebacke, the Boyes would perfect thim: so he & Sancho, with two servants of Don Antonio's, went a walking. It hapned, that as they passed throw one street, Don Quixote looked vp, and saw written vpon a doore in great Letters, Heere are Bookes printed, which pleased him wonderously; for till then he had never seene any Presse; and he defired to know the manner of it.

In he event, with all his retinue, where hee faw in one place drawing of theetes, in another Correcting, in this Compoling, in that mending: Finally, all the Machine that is viuall in great

Preffes.

Den Quivete came to one of the Boxes, and asked vvhat they had in hand there? The Workmentold him: he wondred and passed further. To another he came, and asked one that was in it, what he vvas doing? The vvorkman answered, Sir, This Gentleman you see; (and he shewed him a good comely proper man, and somewhat ancient) hath translated an Italian Booke into Spanish; and I am composing of it heere to be printed.

What is the name of it (quoth *Don Quixotet*) To which (faid the Author) Sir, it is called *Le Bagatele*, to wit, in Spanish, The Triste: and though it beare but a meanename, yet it contains

in it many great and substantial matters.

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I vnderstand a little Italian, said Don Quixote, and dare venter vpon a Stanzo of Ariosto's: but tell me, Signior mine (not that I would examine your skill, but onely for curiositie:) have you ever found set downe in all your writing, the vvord Pinnata? Yes, often quoth the Author: and how translate you it, said Don Quixote?

How should I translate it, said the Author, but in saying, Potage-Pot? Body of me (said Don Duixote) and how forward are you in the Italian Idiome? He lay a good wager that vyhere the Italian sayes, Piaccie, you translate it, Please; and vyhere Pin, you say, more, and Sn, is abone; and Gin, beneath.

Yes indeed doe I, faid the Author: for these be their proper

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I dare sweare (quoth Don Quixote) you are not knowne to the world, which is alwayes backward in rewarding flourishing wits, and laudable industry: Oh what a company of rare abilities are lost in the world! What wits cubbed vp, what vertues contenined: but for all that, mee thinkes this translating from one language into another (except it be out of the Queenes of Tongues, Greeke and Latine) is just like looking vpon the wrong side of Arras-Hangings: that although the Pictures be seene, yet they are full of threed ends, that darken them, and they are not seene with the plainenesse & smoothnesse, argues neither wit, nor elocution, no more then doth the copying from out of one paper into another: yet I inferre not from this, that translating is not a laudable exercise: for a man may be far worse employed, and in things selfe profitable.

I except amongst Translators our two famous ones: the one, Doctor Christonal de Figneroa in his Pastor sido, and the other, Don Iohn de Xaurigni, in his Amyntas, where they haply leave it doubtfull, which is the Translation or Originall. But tell me, Sir, Print you this Booke vpon your owne charge, or sell you your licence to some Booke-binder? Vpon mine owne, said the Author, and I thinke to get a thousand crownes by it at least, with this first impression: for there will be two thousand Copies, and they will vent at three shillings apiece roundly.

You vnderstand the matter well-said Don Quixote: it seemes you know not the pallages of Printers, and the correspondencies they have betwixt one and the other: I promise you, that when you have two thousand Copieslying by you, you'le be fo troubled, as patieth; and the rather, if the booke be but a little dull, and not conceited all thorow.

Why, would you have me (quoth the Author) let a Bookesceller have my Licence, that would give me but a halfe-penny a sheete, and that thinkes he doth me a kindnes in it too? I print not my workes to get fame in the world: for I am by them vvell knowne in it, I must have profit; for without that, fame is

not worth a rush.

God send you good lucke, said Don Quixote; so he passed to another Box, where he saw some correcting a sheete of a Book, Intituled, The Light of the Soule: and in seeing it, he said, Such bookes as these (though there be many of them) ought to bee imprinted: for there be many finners, and many lights are need. full, for so many be darkned.

Hee went on, and faw them correcting another Booke; and enquiring the Title, they answered him, that it was called, The second part of the Ingenious Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, made by such a one, an Inhabitant of Torde-

fillas.

I have notice of this Book, faid Don Quixote, and in my conscience, I thought before now, it had beene burnt and turned to ashes for an idle Pamphlet: but it will not, like Hogs, a want it's Saints day is Saint Martin: for your fained Histories are so much the more Hogs fearing, good and delightfull, by how much they come neere the truth. or the likenetle of it: and the true ones are so much the better, by how much the truer; and faying thus, with some shewes of distaste, he left the Presse: and that very day Don Antonio purpoled to carry him to the Gallies, that were in the Wharfe: at which Sancho much rejoyced; for hee had never in his life feene any.

Don Antonio gaue notice to the Generall of the Gallies, that in the afternoone he would bring his ghelt, the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, to see them: of whom all the Citie by

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this time had notice. And in the next Chapter, what hapned to him, shall be declared.

CHAP. LXIII.

Of the ill chance that befell Sancho at his feeing the Gallies, with the strange Aduenture of the Morisca.

Reat were the Discourses that Don Quixote framed to himselfe, touching the answeres of the Enchanted head, but none of themsell into the Imposture, and all concluded in the promise, which he held for certaine, of the discontinent of Doleinea: there his bloud flowed within him, and he reioy ced within himselfe, beleeuing he should soone see the accomplishment of it: and Saucho, though (as hath beene said) he abhorred to be a Gouernour, yet he desired to beare sway againe, and to becobeyed: for such is the desire of rule, though it be but in iest.

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In conclusion, that afternoone Don Antonio Moreno their Oalt, with his two friends, Don Quixote and Sancho, went to the Gallies. The Generall, who had notice of their comming, as soone as they were come neere the Sea side, made all the Gallies strike their Tilt-sayles, and the Hoboyes sounded, and they lanched a Cock-boat to the water, which was all couered with rich clothes, and Cushions of crimson Veluet: and instance of the Gallies likewise did the same: and as Don Quixote mounted at the right side Ladder, all-the fry of the Slaues, as the custome is when any man'of quality enters the Gally, cryed, Hu, Hu, thu, thrise a-row.

The Generall, who was a man of qualitie, a Valencian Gentleman, gaue him his hand: & being entred, embraced him, faying, This day will I marke with a white stone, for one of the best that shall have bestane me in all my life time: having seene Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha: the time and signes that appeare in him, shewing that all the worth of a Knight Errant, is

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contained and fummed vp in him. With the like courteous phrase, reply'd Don Onixote, iocund about measure, to see himselfe so Lord-like treated withall.

They all went a-Sterne, which was very well drest vp, and they sate vpon the Railes. The Boat-Swaine got him to the fore-Castle, and gaue warning with his whistle to the Slaues,

to dis-robe themselves: which was done in an instant.

Sancho that saw so many naked men, was altonisht: and the more, when he saw them hoyst up their Tilt so speedily, that he thought all the Diuels in Hell laboured there. Sancho sate upon the Pilots seate, neere the hindermost Rower, on the right hand: who being instructed what he should doe, laid hold on Sancho: and so lifting him up, passed him to another; and the second to a third: so the whole rabble of the slaues, beginning from the right side, passed and made him vault from one seat to another so violently, that poore Sancho lost his sight; and undoubtedly beleeved, that the Fiends of hell carried him; and they gave him not over, till they had passed him over all the less side too, and then set him againe on the Sterne: so the poore soule was fore brused, and bemauled, and scarce imagined what had hapned to him.

Don Quixote, that faw this flight of Sancho's without wings, asked the Generallif those were Ceremonies, that were vsed to such as came newly into the Gallie? for if they were, that he who intended not to professe in them, liked no such passime: and he wowed to God, that if any came to lay hold on him, to make him tumble, he would kicke out his soule: and in so saying, he stood

vp, and grasped his sword.

At this instant they let downe the Tilt againe, and with a terrible noise let fall the Maine-yard, so that Sancho thought Heaven was off the Hindges, and fell vpon his head, which he crowched together, and clapped it for seare betwixt his legges. Downesse was not altogether as he should be: for hee began to quake and shrinke vp his shoulders, and grew pale. The Slaus hoisted the Maine yard with the same fury and noise that they had formerly strooke it with, and all with such silence, as if they had had neither voice nor breath. The Boate-Swaine made

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fignes to them, to weigh Anchor: & leaping toward the forecaltle, in the middelt of them, with his whip or Buls-Pizzle, he

began to fly-flap their shoulders.

When Sancho faw fuch a company of Red feet moone at once : for fuch he gheffed, the oares to be, he faid to himfelfe, I marry, heere bee things truely enchanted, and not those my Master speakes of. What have these vnhappy soules committed, that they are thus lashed 2 and how dares this fellow that goes whistling vp and downe alone, whip so many? VVell, I say,

This is Hell, or Purgatorie at least.

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Don Quixote, that faw with what attention Sancho beheld all that pailed, faid, Ah friend, Sancho, how speedily, and with how little cost might you, if you would, take off your dubler, and clap your felfe amongst these fellowes, and make an end of dif-enchanting Dulcinea? For having so many companions in misery, you would not be so sensible of paine: and besides, it might be, that the fage Merlin might take every one of these laftes, being well laid on for ten.

The Generall would have asked what lashes those were, and what different antment of Dulcinea's: when a Marriner cryed out, Momiri, makes fignes that there is a Veffell, with Oares towards the West-side of the Coast. (Which said) The Generall leapt upon the fore-Caltle, and cryed, Goe to, my Hearts, let her not scape: this Boat, that our watch-tower discouers, is some

Frigot of Argiers Pirates.

And now the three other Gallies came to their Admirall, to know what they should do. The General commanded that two of them should lanch to the Sea : and he with the other would goe betwixt Land and Land, that fo the veilell might not escape them.

The Slaves rowed hard, and so furiously draue on the Gallies, as if they had flowne: and those that lanched first into the Sea, about a two miles off discouered a Vessell, which in fight they marked to have about a fourteene or fifteene Oares, as it fell out to be true: which Veffell, when the discouered the Gallies, the put her selfe in chase; hoping by her swiftnesse to escape: but it prevailed nothing; for the Admiral Gally was one of the fwif-

tell velfels that fayled in the Sea, and so got of the other, so much, that they in the Frigot plainely faw, that they could not escape; and so the Master of her would have had them forsaken their Oares, and yeelded, for feare of offending our Generall: but fate that would have it otherwise, so disposed the matter. that as the Admirall came on so nigh, that they in the Barke might heare a cry from the Gally that they should yeeld: two Toraquis, that is, two drunken Turkes, that were in the Frigot with twelve others, discharged two Calieuers, with which they killed two Souldiours, that Itood abaft our Gally. Which when our Generall faw, he vowed not to leaue a man aliue in the veffell: and comming in great fury to grapple with her, thee efcaped vnder the Gallies Oares: the Gally paffed forward a pretty way: they in the Veffell faw themselues gone, and beganne to fet fayle, and to fly afresh, as they faw the Gally comming on them: but their industrie did them not so much good, as their prefumption, hurt: for the Admiral ouertaking them within one halfe mile, clapped his Oares on the Veffell, and so rooke her and euery man a live in her.

By this the two other Gallies came, and all foure returned to the Wharfe with their prize, wherea world of people expected ed them, defirous to fee what they brought: the Generall cast Anchor neere Land, & perceived that the Vice-Roy of the Citie was on the shore; he commanded that a Cock-boat should be lanched to bring him; and that they should strike the Maineyard, to hang presently the Master of the Frigot, and the rest of the Turkes that they had taken in her, which were about six and thirty persons; all goodly men, and most of them Turkish

frot.

The Generall asked, who was Master of the Barke? and an swere was made him by one of the Captiues in Spanish, (who appeared after to bee a run-agate Spaniard:) This Youth you see heere is our Master: and he shewed him one of the goodle est comely Youths that could be deciphered by humane imagination.

He was not to fee too, aboue twenty yeeres of age: the Generall asked, Tell me ill-aduised Dogge, what mooued thee m

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kill my Souldiers, fince thou fawest it was impossible to escape? is this the respect due to Admirals? Knowest not thou that rashnesse is not valour? Doubtfull hopes may make men bold, but not desperate.

The Matter would have repli'd, but the General could not as yet give him the hearing, by reason of his going to welcome the Viceroy aboord, who entred now the Gally with some ser-

uants of his, and others of the City.

You have had a pretty chase on't, my Lord Generall, said the Viceroy. So pretty, said the Generall, that your Excellency shall see it hanged up at the Maine-yard. How so (quoth the Viceroy?) Why, they have killed mee (said he) against all Law of Armes, reason, or custome of Warres, two of the best Souldiers I had in my Gallies, and I have sworne to hang them all, especially this youth; the Master of the Frigot and he shewed him one that had his hands bound, & the halter about his necke, expecting his death. The Viceroy beheld him, and seeing him so comely, hand some, and so humble withall, his beauty guing him in that instant, as it were, a Letter of recommendation, the Viceroy had a minde to saue him, and therefore asked;

Tell me, Master, art thou a Turke borne, or a Moore, or a

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To which the Youth answered him in his owne language, Neyther of all. Why, what art thou, quoth the Viceroy? A Christian woman, said the young man. A Woman, and a Christian in this habit, in these employments? a thing rather to bee wondred at, then beleeued. My Lords, I beseech you quoth the Youth, let my execution be a little deserted, whilest I recount my life. What heart so hard that would not be softned with that reason, at least to heare the sad and grieued Youth, to tell his story? The Generall bad him proceed, but that there was no hope for him of pardon for his notorious offence. So the Youth began in this manner: Of that linage, more vnhappy then wise, on which a Sea of missortunes in these latter times have rained, am I, borne of Moriscan Parents, and in the current of their misery, was carried by two of my Vnclesinto Barbary; it nothing auailing me to say I was a Christi-

an, as I am indeed, and not feeming fo, as many of vs ; but truly Catholike: but this truth prevailed nothing with the Officers that had charge given them to looke to our banishment, neyther would my Vncles beleeue I was a Christian, but that it was a tricke of mine to stay in my natiue Country; and so rather forcibly, then by my consent, they carried me with them. My Mother was a Christian, and my Father discreet, and so likewise I fucked the Catholike faith in my milke: I was well brought vp, & neither in my language or fashion, made shew to be a Morifca. With these vertues, my beauty (if so be I have any) increased also, and though my restraint and retirement was great, yerit was not fuch, but that a young Gentleman, called Don Gaspar Gregorie had gotten a fight of me: This Gentleman was sonne and heyre to a Knight that lived neere to our towne; hee faw me, and we had some speech; and seeing himselfe lost to me, but I not wonne by him, twere large to tell, especially fearing that as I am speaking, this halter must throttle mee : yet I say, that Don Gregorio would needs accompany mee in my banishment, and so mingling himselfe with Moriscos that came out of other places (for he vnderstood the language well) in our voyage hee got acquainted with my two Vncles that went with me; for my Father, wifely, when hee heard the Edict of our banishment, went out of our towne, and went to feeke some place in a forraine Country, where we might be entertained; and he left many pearles, precious stones, and some money in double Pistolets hidden in a secret place (which I onely know of) but he commanded me, by no means to meddle with it, if we were banish'd before his returne. I did so, and with my Vncles and others of our kindred, pailed into Barbary, and our relling-place was Argiers, I might have faid, Hell. The King there, had notice of my beauty, and likewise that I was rich, which partly fell outto be my happinelle. He fent for me, and asked me of what part of Spaine I was, and what money and iewels I brought? I told him the place, but that my iewels and monies were buried: but that they might easily be had, if I might but goe thither for them. All this I favd, hoping his owne Couctousnesse would more blinde him then my beauty.

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Whilest we were in this discourse, they told him there came one of the goodliest faire Youths with me that could be imagined. I thought presently it was Don Gregorio they meant, whose comelinelle is not to be paralell'd. It troubled mee to thinke in what danger he would be; for those barbarous Turkes do more esteeme a handsome boy, then a woman, be shee never so faire. The King commanded straight, that hee should be brought before him, that he might see him, and asked me if it were true they faid of the Youth. I told him Yes (and it seemed Heaven put it into my head) but that hee was no man, but a woman as I vvas. and I defired him he would give me leave to cloath her in her naturall habit, that her beauty might appeare to the full, and that otherwise too, she would be too shamefast before him. Hee bad me doe fo, and that on the morrow he would give order for my returne to Spaine to seeke the hidden Treasure. I spoke with Don Gaspar, and told him what danger he had been in by being aman: io I clad him like a Moorish woman, and that afternoon brought him to the Kings presence, who seeing him, admired at her beauty, and thought to referue him, & to fend him for a Prelent to the Grand Signior: & so to avoid the danger in his Serraglio of women if he put her there, he commanded her to be kept in a house of certain Moorish Gentlewome, whither he was carried. How this troubled vs both (for I cannot deny that I loue him)let them confider that have been ablent from their Loues. The King gaue order then, that I should come for Spaine in this Frigot, & that these two Turks that killed your Souldiers, shuld accompany mee, and this Renegate Spaniard, pointing to him that had first spoken, who I know is in heart a Christian, and hath a greater defire to remaine heere, then to returne into Barbarie, the rest are Moores and Turkes that onely serue for Rowers. The two couetous and infolent Turkes, not respecting the order we had, that they should fet me and this runnagate Spamiard on the first shore, in the habits of Christians (of which we were provided) would needs first scowre the coast, & take some prize, if they could, fearing that if they first should set vs on land, by some mischance we might discouer the Frigot to be vpon the coast: so that they might be taken by the Gallies, and ouernight

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we descried this wharse, and not knowing of these source Gallies, we were discovered, and this hath becaline vs that you have seene. In fine, Don Gregorio remaines in his womans habit as mongst women, in manifest danger of his destruction, and I am heere prisoner, expecting, or to say truer, fearing the losing of my life, which notwithstanding wearies me. This, Sirs, is the conclusion of my lamentable History, as true as vnfortunate: my request is, that I may die a Christian, since (as I have said) I am not guilty of that crime into which the rest of my Nation have fallen: and with this she broke off, her eyes pregnant with teares, which were accompanied with many from the standers by also.

The Viceroy, all tender and compassionate, came to her, and undid the Cord that bound the Moores faire hands. In the meanetime, whilest this Christian Morisca related her Storie. an ancient Pilgrim that entred the Gally, had his eyes fastned vpon her; and she had no sooner ended her discourse, when he call himselfe at her feet, and embracing them with interrupted words, fighes, and fobs, faid, Oh my vnfortunate daughter Ana Felix, I am Recote thy Father, that have returned to feeke thee, as not being able to live without thee; for thou art my very foule. At these words Sancho opened his eyes, and lifted yp his head (which he held downe, thinking vpon his ill-fauoured toffing in the Gally) and beholding the Pilgrim, knew himto be the same Ricote that hee met the same day hee left his Gouernment, and it appear'd she was his daughter, when being you bound, the embraced her Father, mingling her teares with his. Then faid he to the General and Viceroy, This, my Lords, is my daughter, more vnhappy in her successe, then in her name, as famous for beauty, as I for wealth. I left my Country, to finder resting-place in some strange Country, and having found one in Germany, returned in this Pilgrimes weed in company of other Germanes to feeke my daughter, and to dig out my hidden tres fure, but found not her, and the treasure I bring with me, and now by strange chance have lighted on my greatest treasure, that is, my beloued daughter: if so be our small offence, & her tears and mine together, with the integrity of your Iustice, may open the gates of mercy, shew it vs, that never had so much asa thought

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as a ught thought once to offend you, nor conspired with those of our owne linage who were justly banished. Then said Sancho, I know Ricote well, and know all is true he saith, concerning that Ana Felix is his daughter, but for other slim-slams, whether he had a good or bad intention, I intermeddle not.

The by-standers wondring all at this accident, the Generall faid, Well, your teares will not let me accomplish my you line, faire Ana Felix, as long as Heauen will give thee leave, and let those rash slaves die that committed the fault: so he commanded that the two Turkes that had killed his two Souldiers, should presently be hanged vpon the maine Yarde: but the Vice-rov defired him earnestly not to hang them, fince they had shewed more madnetle then valour. The Generall condescended, for revenge is not good in cold bloud; and straight they contriued how to get Don Gregorio free. Ricote offered two thousand Ducats hee had in Pearles and lewels towards it: Many meanes were thought on, but none so good, as that of the Renegado Spaniard that was mentioned, who offered to returne to Argiers in fome small Barke, onely with some fixe Christian Oares; for he knew where, how, and when he might dif-embarke himfelfe, & the house also where Don Gaspar was. The Generall and Viceroy were in some doubt of him, or to trust him with the Christians that should row with him. But Anna Felix vndertooke for him, and Ricote offered to ransome the Christians if they were taken. And being agreed, the Vice-roy went ashore, and Don Antonio Moreno carried the Morisca and her Father with him, the Vice-roy enjoyning him to vie them as well as possibly he might, and offered him the command of any thing in his house toward it. Such was the charity and beneuolence that the beauty of Ana Felix had infused into his brest.

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CHAP.

CHAP. LXIIII.

Of an Aduenture that most perplext Don Quixote, of any that hitherto befell him.

He History sayes, that Don Antonio Morenos wife took great delight to fee Ana Felix in her house : shee welcommed her most kindely, enamoured as well on her goodnelle, as beauty and discretion; for in all, the Morisca was exquisite, and all the City came (as if by a warning bell) to see her. Don Quixote told Don Antonio, that they tooke a vyrong course for the freeing of Don Gregorio, which was more dangerous then convenient, and that it had beene better, that he were fer on shore in Barbary with his Horse and Armes; for that he would deliuer him in spight of the whole Moorisme there, as Don Gayferos had done his Spouse Melisendra.

Looke you, Sir, faid Sancho, when he heard this, Don Gayfe. ros brought his Spoule through firme Land, and so carried her into France; but here, though wee should deliuer Don Gregorio, we have no meanes to bring him into Spaine, the Sea being be-

twixt vs and home.

There is a remedy for every thing but Death, said Don Quixote; for tis but having a Barke ready at the Sea side, and in spice

of all the world we may embarke our felues.

You doe prettily facilitate the matter, faid Sancho, but tis one thing to fay, and another to doe: and I like the Runnagate, for me thinkes he is a good honest plaine fellow. Don Antonio said, that if the Runnagate performed not the businesse, that thenthe Grand Don Quixote should palle ouer into Barbary. Sometwo daies after, the Runnagate embarkt in a little boat with fix oars on a fide, manned with lufty tall fellowes, and two daies after that, the Gallies were Eastward bound; the Generall having requelted the Viceroy, that he would be pleased to let him know the fuccesse of Don Gregorio's liberty, & likewise of Ana Felix. The Viceroy promifed to fulfill his request.

And Don Quixote going out one morning to take the ayre

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vpon the wharfe, armed at all points; for as he often yfed to fay, his Armes were his ornaments, and to skirmish his delight, and fo he was neuer without them; hee faw a Knight come toward him, armed from top to toe, carrying vpon his shield a bright shining Moone painted, who comming within distance of hearing, directing his voyce to Don Quixote aloud, faid, Famous Knight, and neuer sufficiently extolled Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the white Moone, whose renowned deeds perhaps thou halt heard of: I am come to combat with thee, and by force of Armes to make thee know and confeile, that my Miltreffe, be she whom she will, is without comparison fairer then thy Dulcinea del Toboso; which truth if thou plainly confelle, thou shalt saue thy life, and me a labour in taking it:and if thou fight, and that I vanquish thee, all the satisfaction I will haue, is, that thou forfake thy Armes, and leave feeking Aduentures, and retire thy selfe to thy home for the space of one whole yeere, where thou shalt live peaceable and quietly, without laying hand to thy fword, which befits thy estate, and also thy foules health: and if thou vanquish me, my head shall be at thy mercy, and the spoyles of my Horse and Armour shall be thine. and also the fame of my exploits shall passe from mee to thee: Consider what is best to be done, and answer me quickly, for I have onely this daies respite to dispatch this businesse.

Don Quixote was aftonisht and in suspence, as well at the Knight of the white Moone his arrogance, as the cause of it, for which he challenged him, and so with a quiet and staied demea-

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Knight of the white Moone, whose exploits hitherto I have not heard of, I dare sweare thou never sawest the samous Dulcinea; for if thou hadst, I know thou wouldst not have entred into this demand: for her sight would have confirmed, that there neyther hath beene, nor can be a beauty to be compared with hers: and therefore not to say you lye, but that you erre in your proposition, I accept of your challenge, with the aforesaid conditions; and strait, because your limited day shall not passe, and I onely except against one of your conditions, which is, that the same of your exploits passe to me, for I know not what kinde of

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ones yours be, and I am content with mine owne such as they be: begin you then your Carreere when you will, and I will doe

the like, and God and S. George.

The Viceroy had notice of this, and thought it had been some new Aduenture plotted by Don Antonio Moreno, or some other Gentleman: and so out of the City he went with Don Antonio, & many other Gentlemen that accompanied him to the wharse, iust as Don Quixote was turning Rosmantes reines to take vp as much ground as was sit for him. When the Vice-roy saw in both of them signes to encounter, he put himselfe betwiet them, & asked what was the cause of their single combat. The Knight of the white Moone answered him, that it was about a precedency in beauty, and briefly repeated what hee had formerly done to Don Quixote, together with the conditions accepted by both parties.

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The Vice-roy came to Don Antonio, and asked him in his eare, if he knew that Knight of the white Moone, or if it were fome tricke they meant to put vpon Don Quixote?

Don Antonio made answer, that he neyther knew the Knight,

or whether the Combat were in iest or earnest.

This answer made the Vice-roy doubt whether he should let them proceed to the Combar; but being perswaded that it could not be but a iest, hee removed, saying; Sir Knights, if there be no remedy but to confesse or dye, & that Signior Don Quixote be obstinate, and you Knight of the white Moone, more

fo then he, God haue merey on you, and too't.

The Knight of the white-Moone most courteously thanked the Vice-roy for the licence he gaue them, and Don Quixote too did the like; vyho heartily recommending himselfe to heaven, and his Miltris Dulcinea (as he yied ypon all such occasions) he turned about to begin his Careere, as his enemy had done, and without Trumpets sound, or of any other warlike instrument that might give them signall for the onset: they both of them set spurres to their Horses, and the Knight of the white-Moones being the swifter, met Don Quixote ere hee had ranne a quarter of his Careere so forcibly (without touching him with his Lance, for it seemed he carried it aloft on purpose) that he turned.

bled horse and man both to the ground, and Don Quixote had a terrible fall; so he got straight on the top of him; and clapping his Lances point vpon his Visor, said, You are vanquished, Knight, and a dead man, if you confesse not, according to the conditions of our combate. Don Quixote all bruised and amazed, vvithout heaving vp his Visor, as if he had spoken out of a toombe, with a faint and weake voice, said, Dulcinea del Toboso is the fairest woman in the world, and I the vnsortunatest Knight on earth; and it is not fit that my weaknes defraud this truth: thrust your Lance into me, Knight, and kill mee, since you have bereaved me of my honour. Not so trucky, quoth he of the white-Moone, let the same of my Lady Dulcinea's beauty live in her entirenesse: I am onely contented that the Grand Don Quixote retire home for a yeere, or til such time as I please, as we agreed, before we began the battell.

All this, the Vice-Roy with Don Antonio and many others standing by heard; and Don Quixote answered, that so nothing vere required of him in prejudice of his Lady Dulcinea, hee vivould accomplish all the rest, like a true and punctual

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This Confession ended, the Knight of the white-Moone turned his Horse, and making a low obeysance on horseback to the Vice-Roy, he rode a false gallop into the Citic. The Vice-roy willed *Don Antonio* to follow him, and to know by all meanes who he was.

Don Quixote was lifted vp, and they discouered his face, and found him discolour'd and in a cold sweat. Rosinante out of

pure hard handling, could not as yet stirre.

Sancho all sad and sorrowfull knew not what to doe or say, and all that had hapned, to him seemed but a dreame: and all that Machine, a matter of Enchantment: he saw his Master was vanquished, and bound not to take Armes for a yeere. Now he thought the light of his glory was eclipsed, the hopes of his late promises were vndone, and parted as smoke with winde; he feared lest Rosinante's bones vvere broken, and his Masters our of soynt: Finally, in a Chaire, which the Vice-Roy commanded to be brought, he was carried to the Citie, whither the Vice-

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Roy too returned, desirous to know who the Knight of the White-Moone was, that had left Don Quixote in so bad a taking.

CHAP: LXV.

who the Knight of the White-Moone was, with Don Gregorio's libertie, and other passages.

On Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White-Moone, and many Boyes too followed & persecuted him, til he got him to his Inne into the Gitie. Don Antonio entred, desirous to know him; and hee had his Squire to vn-arme him: he shut himselfe in a lower roome, and Don Antonio with him, who stood upon Thornes, till he knew who he was.

Hee of the White-Moone, feeing then that the Gentleman would not leave him, faid, I vvell know, Sir, wherefore you come, and to know who I am; and fince there is no reason to deny you this, I will tell you, whil'It my man is vn-arming mee, the truth without erring a iot. Know, Sir, that I am stilled the Bachelor Samfon Carrafco, and anrone of Don Quixotes town: whose wilde madnes hath mooued as many of vs as know him to compassion; & me amongst the rest most: and beleeuing that the best meanes to procure his health, is to keep him quiet, & so to have him in his own house. I thought ypon this device: and so about a three moneths fince, I met him vpon the way, calling my selfe by the name of the Knight of the Looking-glatses, with a purpose to fight with him, and vanquish him, vvithout doing him any hurt; and making this the condition of our combate, that the vanguished should be left to the discretion of the vanquither; and that which I would injoyne him (for I held him already conquered) was, that he should return home, and not abroad againe in a vyhole yeere; in which time he might harly have beene cured: but Fortune vyould have it otherwise; for ke vanguished me, and vn-horsed me, and so my project tooke

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no effect: he went on his vvay, and I returned, conquered, ashamed, and bruised with my fall, that vvas very dangerous: but for all that, I had still a desire to finde him againe, and to conquer him, as now you have seene.

And hee beeing so punctuall, in obseruing the orders of Knight Errantry, will doubtlesse keepe his promise made

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This, Sir, is all I can tell you, and I befeech you conceale me from *Don Quixote*, that my defires may take effect; and that the man who hath otherwise a good understanding, may recover it if his madnesse leave him.

Oh, Sir, said Don Antonio, God forgiue you the wrong you doe the whole world, in seeking to recouer the pleasantest mad

man in the world,

Perceiue you not, that this recouery cannot bee so much worth, as the delight that his fopperies cause? but I imagine, Sir Bachelor, that all your Art will not make a man so irrecouerably mad, wife againe: and if it were not vncharitable, I would fay, Neuer may he recouer: for in his health wee lose not onely his owne conceits, but Sancho Pansa his Squires too, each of which would turne melancholy it selfe into mirth: for all that, I will hold my peace, I will fay nothing, and fee whether I gheffe right, that Signior Carrafeo's paines will be to no purpose. Who answered, that as yet the businesse was brought to a good palle, and he hoped for a happy fucceile: and fo offering Don Antonio his service hee tooke leave of him. And causing his Armor to be packed vpo a great hee Mule, at the instant he got himselfe vpon the Horse, with which hee entred the Lists; and the same day he went out of the Citic homeward, where by the way nothing hapned to him, worth the relating in this true Hiltorie.

Don Antonio told the Vice-Roy all that Carrasco said; at which he received not much cotent, for in Don Quixotes retirement, was their salfo that ever had notice of his mad prankes.

Sixe dayes was Don Quixote in his bed, all muddy, fad and forrowfull, and wayward, descanting in his thoughts vpon his ill fortune to be vanquished. Sanche comforted him, & among le other

other reasons, told him, Signior mine, cheere vp, be lively, if you can, give Heaver thankes, that though you came vith a tumbling cast to the ground, yet you have never a rib broken; and since you know that sweet meat must have sowre sawce, and that there is not alwayes good cheere, where there is a smoking Chimney, cry, A sig for the Physician, since you need not his help in this disease. Let's home to our houses, and leave looking after these Adventures thorow Countreys and places weeknow not: and if you consider it well, I am heere the greatest loser, though you be in the worst pickle.

I, though when I left to be a Gouernour, left also my desires that way; yet left not my desire of being an Earle, which will neuer be effected, if you leave to be a King, by leaving the exercise of Chiualrie, and so my hopes are like to vanish into smoke.

Peace, Sancho, said Don Quixote, my retirement shall be but for a yeere, and then Ile straight to my honourable profession againe, and I shall not want a Kingdome for my selfe, and some

Earledome for thee.

God grant it, said Sancho, and let sinne be dease: for I have alwayes heard, that a good hope is better then a bad possession. In this discourse they were, when as Don Antonio entred, with shewes of great content, saying, My reward, Signior Don Quixote, for the newes I bring; for Don Gregorio and the runagate Spaniard with him, are upon the Wharse: the Wharse, quoth I? In the Vice-Royes house, and will be here presently.

Don Quixote was formewhat revived, and faid, Truely, I was about to have faid, I would it had beene otherwise, that I might have gone into Barbary, and with the strength and vigour of this Arme, not onely have given liberty to Don Gregorio, but to

all the Christian captives in Barbary.

But what fay I, wretch that I am? Am not I vanquished? Am not I ouerthrowne? Am not I hee that must not touch Armes this twelue monetsh? What then do I promising? Why doe I praise my selfe, since it were fitter for mee to vse a distasse then a sword? No more of that, Sir, said Sancho: a man is a man, though he haue but a hose on his head. To day for thee, and to amorrow for me: and for these thumps and encounters there is

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no heed to be taken : for he that falls to day, may rife to morrow, except it be that he meane to lye a-bed; I meane, to difmay and not take heart to fresh skirmishes : and therefore raise you your selfe now, to welcome Don Gregorio: for mee thinkes, the people of the house are in an vprore, and by this hee is come: and he said true; for Don Gregorio having given the Vice-Roy account of his going and comming, delirous to fee Ana Felix, he came with the run-agate to Don Antonio's house: and though Don Gregorio, when they brought him out of Argiers, were in a womans habit; yet by the vvay in the Boate hee changed it with a Captine, that came with him: but in vvhatfoeuer habit he had beene in, hee would have feemed a personage, worthy to be coueted, fought after, and ferued: for he was extraordinary comely, and about some seventeene or eighteene yeeres of age. Ricote and his Daughter went out to welcome him; the Father with teares, and the Daughter with honefty.

They did not embrace each other; for where there is love,

there is never much loofenelle.

The two iount beauties of Don Gregorio, and Ana Felix afto-

nished all the by-standers.

Silence there spoke for the two Louers, and their eyes were tongues, that discovered their ioyfull, but honest thoughts: the run-agase told them the meanes and slight hee had vied to get Don Gregorio away. Don Gregorio told his dangers and straites he was put to, amongst the women with whom hee remained, not in tedious manner, but with much breuitie; where hee shewed that his discretion was about his yeeres.

Finally, Ricote paid and royally fatisfied as well the run-agate, as those that had rowed with him. The run-agate was reduc't and re-incorporated with the Church, and of a rotten member,

became cleane and found, by penance and repentance.

Some two dayes after, the Vice-Roy treated with Don Antonio about meanes, that Ricote and his Daughter might remaine in Spaine; thinking it to be no inconvenience, that to Christianly a Father and Daughter should remaine, and to see too so vveil intentionated.

Don Antonio offered to negotiate it amongst other businesse, for

for which hee was to goe to the Court of necessitie, letting them know, that there by fauour and bribes many difficult matters are ended.

There is no trust in fauors or bribes, faid Ricote then present; for with the Grand Don Bernardino de Velasco, Counte Salazar, to whom his Maielty hath given in charge our expulsion, neyther entreaties, promises, bribes or compassion can prevaile : for though true it be, that he mixeth his justice with mercy, yet because he sees, that the whole body of our Nation is putrid and contaminated, he vieth rather Cauterizing that burnes it, then oyntment that foftens it: and so with prudence, skill, diligence, and terror, he hath borne vpon his strong shoulders, & brought to due execution, the waight of this great Machine; our industries, tricks, slights and frauds, not being able to blinde his vvatchfull eyes of Argus, which vvake continually: to the end that none of ours may remaine; that like a hidden roote, may in time sprout vp, and scatter venemous fruit throughout all Spaine, now clenfed, and free from the feare, into which their multitude put her (a heroike resolution of the Grand Philip the third, and vnheard of wisedome, to have committed it to Don Bernardino and Velasco.

Well, vhen I come thither said Don Antonio, I will vse the best meanes I can, and let Heauen dispose vvhat shall bee sittest. Don Gregorio shall goe with me, to comfort the affliction of his parents for his absence, Ana Felix shall stay vvith my wife heere, or in a Monastery: and I know the Vice-roy will bee glad to have honest Ricote stay vvith him, till he sees how I can ne-

gotiate.

The Vice-roy yeelded to all that was proposed: but Don Gregorio knowing what passed, said, that by no meanes he could or would leave Ann Felix: but intending to see his friends, and to contriue how he might returne for her, at length he agreed. Ann Felix remained with Don Antonio's wife, and Ricote in the Vice-roy his house.

The time came that Don Antonio was to depart, and Don Onixote and Sancho, which was some two dayes after, for Don Quixotes fall would not suffer him to travell sooner. When

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Don Gregorio parted from Ana Felix, all was teares, fwouning, fighs and lobs. Ricote offred Don Gregorio a 1000 crownes: but he refused them, and borrowed onely fiue of Don Antonio, to pay him at the Courtagaine: with this they both departed, and Don Quixote and Sancho next (as hath beene said) Don Quixote differenced, and Sancho on foote, because Dapple vvas laden with the Armour.

CHAP. LXVI.

That treats of what the Reader shall see, and hee that bearkens heare.

S they went out of Barselona, Don Quixote beheld the place where he had his fall, and said, Hic Troia smit, here vvas my ill fortune, and not my cowardize, that bereaued mee of my former gotten glory: here Fortune vsed her turnes, and returnes with me: heere my exploits were darkned, and finally, my fortune sell, neuer to rise againe. Which Sancho hearing, said, Signior mine, 'Tis as proper to great spirits to be patient in adversitie, as iocund in prosperity, and this I take from my selfe: for if when I my selfe being a Governour was merry; now that I am a poore Squire on foot, I am not sad. For I have heard say, that she you call vp and downe Fortune, is a drunken longing vvoman, and vvithall blinde, and so shee sees not what she doth; neither knowes whom she casts downe, or whom she raiseth vp.

Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, thou art very Philosophicall: thou speak It maruellous wisely, I know not who hath taught thee. All I can tell thee, is, that in the world there is no such thing as Fortune; neither doe things that happen in it, good or euill, fall out by chance, but by the particular providence of heauen: hence its said, That every man is the Artificer of his own Fortune, which I have beene of mine, but not with the discretion that might have beene fitting, and so my rashnes hath been

requited:

requised: for I might have thought that it was not possible for Rosinantes weakneile, to have relitted the powerfull greatnesse of the Knight of the white-Moones Horse. In fine, I was hardy, I did what I could: downe I came, and though I lost my honour; yet I lost not, nor can lose my vertue, to accomplish my promise. When I was a Knight Errant, bold and valiant, with my workes and hands I ennobled my deedes: and now that I am a foot Squire, I will credit my workes, with the accomplishment of my promise: log on then, Sancho, and let us get home there to passe the yeere of our Probationership: in which retirednesse, we will recouer new vertue, to returne to the neuer-forgotten exercise of Armes.

Sir, said Sancho, 'Tis no great pleasure to trauell great journeys on foot: let vs leaveyour Armour hanged vp vpon some tree, in stead of a hanged man: and then I may get vpon Dapple, and ride as fast as you vvill: for to thinke that I will vvalke

great iourneys on foote, is but a folly.

Thou half faid evell, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote: hang vp my Armes, for a Trophy; and at the bottome, or about them we will carue in the Trees, that which in the Trophy of Roldans was veritten.

> Let none these moone, That his Valour will not With Roldan proone.

All this (methinks, faid Sancho) is precious: and if it vvere not that we should want Resinante by the vvay, 'twere excellent good hanging him vp.

Well, neither he, nor the Armour, quoth Don Quixote, shall be hanged up, that it may not be said, so a good seruant, an un-

gratefull Mafter.

You say maruellous well, quoth Sancho: for according to the opinion of wise men, the fault of the Assemult not bee layd vpon the pack-saddle: and since in this last businesse you your selfe were in fault, punish your selfe, and let not your fury burst vpon the hacked and bloudy Armour, or the mildnesse of Rosenante, or the tendernes of my feet, making me walke more then is sitting.

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All that day and foure more they patied in these reasons and discourses: and the fift after, as they entred a towne, they saw a great many of people at an Inne dore, that by reason of the heat

were there shading themselves.

When Don Quixote approched, a Husbandman cried aloud, Some of these Gentlemen, that know not the parties, shall decide the businesse of our wager. That will I (said Don Quixote) with all vprightnesse, if I may vnderstandit. Well, good sir, said the Husbandman, this is the matter; Heere's one dwells in this towne so fatte, that he weighes eleuen a Arrobes, and hee Arrobe, meachallenged another to run with him that weighes but fine: the sure of 25, wager was to runne one hundred paces with equall waight, and pound waight the Challenger beeing asked how they should make equall waight, said, That the other that weighed but fine Arrobes, should carry sixe of Iron, and so they should both weightequally.

No, no, said Sancho, before Don Quixote could answer, It concernes mee (that not long since left being a Gouernour and a Iudge as all the world knowes) to decide doubts, and to sentence this businesse. Answer on Gods name, friend Sancho (said Don Quixote) for I am not in the humor to play at boyes-play.

fince I am so troubled and tormented in minde.

With this licence, Sancho said to the Husbandmen that were gaping round about him, expecting his sentence, Brothers, the sat mans demand is vnreasonable, and hath no appearance of equity; for if hee that is challenged may choose his weapons, the other ought not to chuse such as may make his contrary vnweyldy and vnable to be Victor: and therefore my opinion is, that the sat Challenger doe picke, and cleanse, and with-draw, and pollish, and nibble, and pull away sixe Arrobes of his slesh, some-where or other from his body (as he thinkes best) and so having but five remaining, hee will be made equal with his opposite, and so they may runne upon equal termes.

I vow by me, faid the Husbandman that heard Sancho's fertence, this Gentleman hath spoken blessedly, and sentenced like a Canon: but I warrant, the fat man will not lose an ounce of his

flesh, much letse fixe Arrobes.

a A good would have faid, Let the burden light ypon him.

The best is, said another, not to runne, that the leane man straine not himselfe with too much waight, nor the fat man dif-flesh himselfe, and let halfe the wager be spent in wine, and let vs carry these Gentlemen to the Tauerne that hath the a best, wish, as if hee and give me the cloke when it raines.

I thanke you Sir, faid Don Quixote; but I cannot flay a jot : for my fad thoughts make mee feeme vnmannerly, and trauell more then ordinarily. And so spurring Resinante, he passed forward, leaving them to admire and note, as well his strange shape as his mans discretion; for, such they judged Sancho. And another of the Husbandmen faid; If the man be so wise, what think ye of the Master? I hold a wager, that if they went to study at Salamanca, they would be made Judges of the Court in a trice, for all is foppery to your studying: study hard, and with a little favour and good lucke, when a man least thinkes of it, hee shall haue a Rod of Iustice in his hand, or a Miter vpon his head.

That night the Master and man passed in the open field: and the next day being upon their way, they faw a footman comming towards them with a paire of Wallets about his necke, & a lauelin or Dart in his hand, just like a footman, who comming neere Don Quixote, mended his pace, and beginning to runne, came and tooke him by the right thigh; for hee could reach no higher, and faid with a great deale of gladnetle; Oh my Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha, and how glad my Lord Duke will be, when he knowes you will return to his Castle? for he is there

still with my Lady Duchesse.

I know you not, friend, faid Don Quixote, who you are, ex-

cept you tell me.

I, Signior Don Quixote, faid the foot-man, am Tofilos the Dukes Lackey, that would not fight with your Worship about the marriage of Donna Rodriguez daughter.

God defend me, faid Don Quixote, and is it possible? and are you he, into whom the Enchanters my enemies transformed my contrary, to defraud me of the honour of that combat?

Peace, Sir, quoth the Letter foote-post, there was no Enchantment, nor changing of my face, I was as much Tofiles the Lackey, when I went into the Lists, as when I came out : I

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thought to have married without fighting, because I liked the wench well; but it fell out otherwise. My Lord Duke caused me to be well banged, because I did not according as I was instructed before the battell was to begin: and the Conclusion is, the wench is turned Nun, and Donna Rodriguez is gone backe againe into Castile, and I am going now to Barselona to carry a packet of Letters to the Vice-roy which my Lord sends him: and if it please you to drinke a sup (though it be hot, yet pure) I have a little Gourd heere sull of the best wine, with some slices of excellent cheese, that shall serve for a provoker & Alarum to thirst if it be assessed.

I see the Vy, said Sancho, and set the rest of your courtesie, and therefore skinke, honest Tosslos, in spight of all the Enchanters in

the Indies.

Well, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, thou art the onely Glutton in the world, and the onely Alle aliue, fince thou can't not bee persuaded that this foote-man is Enchanted, and this Tosilos counterfait; stay thou with him and fill thy selfe, lle go on faire and softly before, and expect thee.

The Lackey laughed, and vnsheathed his bottle, & drawing out his bread and cheese, hee and Saucho sate vpon the greene grasse, and like good fellowes they cast Anchor vpon all the Wallets prouant so hungrily, that all being gone, they licked

the very Letter-packet because it smelt of cheese.

Tosilos said to Sancho; Doubtletse thy Master, friend Sancho, is a very mad-man. Hee owes no man nothing in that kinde, said Sancho; for if the money he were to pay, be in madnesse, he hath enough to pay all men. I see it well enough, and tell him of it, but tis to no purpose; for hee is now even past recovery, since hee hath beene vanquished by the Knight of the white Moone. Tosilos desired him to tell him what had befalne him: but Sancho answered, it was a discourtesse to let his Master stay for him, but at some other time when they met, he should know; and so rising up after he had well dusted himselse, and shaked the crums from his beard, he caught hold of Dapple before, and crying sarewell, left Tosilos, and overtook his Master that stayed for him under the shade of a tree.

CHAP. LXVII.

Of the resolution Don Quixote had to turne Shepheard, and to leade a Country life, whilest the promise for his yeere was expired, with other accidents, truely, good, and sauourie.

F Don Quixote were much troubled in minde before his fall, he was so much more after it: Hee stood shading himselfe vnder the tree (as you heard) and there his thoughts set vpon him, as slies vpon hony; some tending to the disenchantment of Dulcinea, others to the life that he meant to lead in the time of his forced retirement.

Is it possible, Sancho, said Don Quizote, that still thou thinkest that that was a true Lackey, and that thou hast forgotten too that Dalcinea was converted and transformed into a Country wench, and the Knight of the Looking-glasses, into the Bachelor Samson Carrasco: all these by the doings of Enchanters my enemies that persecute me? But tell me now didst thou ask that Tossos, what became of Alissidora? did she lament my absence, or hath she forgoten her amorous passions, that when I was present troubled her?

I neuer thought on't (faid Sancho) neyther had I leyfure to aske after fuch fooleries. Body of me, Sir, you are now in a humour of asking after other folkes thoughts, and amorous ones

too.

Look thee, Sancho, there is a great deale of difference betwixt loue and gratefulnesse; it may well be that a Gentleman may not be amorous: but it cannot be (fpeaking in all rigour) that he should be vngratefull: Altistura in likelihood loued me very well, she gaue me the three night-caps thou worest of, she cried at my departure, cursed mee, reuiled mee, and without modesty railed publikely, all signes that she adored me; for the anger of louers often ends in maledictions. I could give her no comfort, nor no treasure, all I have being dedicated to Dulcinea, and the

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treasure of Knights Errant is like that of Fairies, false and apparant onely, and all I can doe, is but to remember her, and this I may doe without prejudice to Dulcinea, whom thou wrongelt with thy flacknetse in whipping thy selfe, and in chastifing that Helh of thine, that I wish I might see devoured by wolves, that had rather preserve it selfe for wormes, then for the remedy of that poore Lady.

Sir, faid Sancho, if you will have the truth, I cannot perswade my felfe that the lashing of my posteriors can have any reference to the dif-enchanting of the Enchanted, which is as much as if you should fay, If your head grieue you, anoint your knees, at least, I dare sweare, that in as many histories as you have read of Knight Errantry, you never faw whipping dif-enchant any body: but howfocuer, I will take it when I am in the humour, and when time ferues He chastife my selfe.

God grant thou doll, faid Don Quixote, and heaven give thee grace to fall into the reckoning and obligation thou half to help

my Lady, who is thy Lady too, fince thou art mine.

With this discourse they held on their way till they came just to the place where the Bulls had ouer-runne them: and Don Quixote called it to minde, and faid so Sancho; In this field we met the brave shopheardesses, and the lusty swaines, that would here have imitated and renued the Paltorall Arcadia: an innention as strangeas witty; in imitation of which, if thou thinkest fit, Sancho, wee will turne Shephcards for the time that wee are to live retired : He buy theepe, and all things fit for our pafforall vocation, and calling my felfe by the name of the Sheplicard Quixotiz, and thou the Shepheard Panfino, we will walke vo and downe the Hills, thorow Woods and Meadowes, finging and versifying, and drinking the liquid Christall of the fountaines, formetimes out of the cleere fprings, and then out of the fwift running rivers; The Oakes shall afford vs plentifully of their most sweet fruit, &the bodies of hardest Corke-trees shall be our feates, the willowes shall give vs shade, the roses their perfume, and the wide medowes carpets of a thousand flourithed colours: the Avre hallgive ws a free and pure breath: the Moone and Starres in Spight of Nights darkerieffe shall give vs

light, our fongs shall afford vs delight, and our wailing, mitth, Apollo, verses, and Loue-conceits, with which we may be eternalized and famous, not onely in this present age, but ages to come also. By ten, quoth Sancho, this kinde of life is very sutable to my defires, and I beleeve the Bachelor Samfon, and Mafter Nicholas the Barber will no fooner have feene ic, but they will turn shepheards with vs: and pray God the Vicar have not a minde to enter into the sheep-coat too, for he is a merry Lad and iolly. Thou halt faid very wel, Sancho, faid Don Quixote, & the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, if so be he enter the Pastorall lap (as doubtleffe he will) may call himselfe the shepheard Samsonino, or Garrascon. Mr. Nycholas may call himselfe Niculoso, as the ancient ² Boscan called himselfe, Nemoroso. I know not what name wee shuld bestow vpon the Vicar, except it were some derivariue fro his own, calling him the shepheard Curiambro. The shepheardesies on whom we mult be enamoured, we may chuse their names as amongst Peares; and fince my Ladies name ferues as well for a shepheardesse as for a Princesse, I need not trouble my selfe to get her another better, give thou thine what name thou wilt.

Alluding to the word Bufque for a Wood.

Mine, faid Sancho, shall have no other name but Terefona, which will fit her fatnetse well, and it is taken from her Chrissian name, which is Terefa, and the rather I celebrating her in my verses, doe discover my chaste thoughts, since I seeke not in other mens houses better bread then is made of wheat: twere not fit that the Vicar had his shepheardesse, to give good example, but if the Bachelor will have any, tis in his owne free choice.

Lord blesse me, Sancho; said Don Quizoto, and what a life shall we have on't? what a world of horne-pipes, and Zamora bag-pipes shall we heare? what Tabouring shall we have? what iangling of bells and playing on the Rebecke? and if to these different musikes we have the Albogue too, we shall have all kinde of pastorall instruments.

What is Albogne (quoth Sancho?) It is, said Don Quixote, a certaine plate made like a Candleslicke, and being hollow, gives, if not a very pleasing or harmonious sound, yet it displeases not altogether, and agrees well with the rusticke Tabor and bag-pipe; and this word Albogne is Moorish, as all those in

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our Castilian tongue are, that begin with Al, to wit, Almoafa, Almorzar, Alhombra, Alguazil, Alucena, Almazon, Alfancia and the like, with some few more; and our language hath onely three Moorish words that end in I, which are Borcegni, Zaguicami, and Meranedi: Alheli & Alfaqui areas well known to be Arabicke by their beginning with Al, as their ending in I.

This I have rold thee by the way, the word Albogne hauing brought it into my head, and one maine helpe wee shall have for the perfection of this calling, that I, thou knowell, am somewhat Poeticall, and the Bachelor Samson Carrasco is a most exquisit one; for the Vicar I say nothing, but I say a wager he hath his sinacke, and so hath Master Nicolas too: for all these, or the most of them play upon a Guittern, and are Rimers, I will complaine of absence: thou shalt praise thy selfe for a Constant Louer, the shepheard Carrascon shall mourn for being distain'd, and let the Vicar Cariambro do what he pleaseth, and so there is no more to be desired.

To which (faid Sancho) Sir, I am so valucky, that I feare I shall not see the day, in which I may see my selfe in that happy life: oh what neat spoones shall I make when I am shepheard! what hodge-potches and creame! what garlands and other pastorall trumperies? that though they get me not a same of being wise, yet they shall, that I am witty. My little daughter Sanchica shall bring our dinner to the slocke: but soft, she is handsome, and you have shepheards more knaues then sooles, and I vould not have her come for wooll, and returne shorne: and your loose desires are as incident to the fields as to Cities, and as well in shepheards Cotages, as Princes Palaces, and the cause being removed, the sin will be saved, and the heart dreames not of what the eye sees not, & better a fair paire of heels, then die at the gallows.

No more Prouerbs, Sancho, (said Don Quixote) since each of these is enough to make vs know thy meaning, and I have often aduised thee, not to be so prodigall of thy Prouerbs, but more sparing: but its in vaine to bid thee; for the more thou art bid, the more thou wilt doe it. Mee thinkes, Sir, said Sancho, you are like what is said, that the Frying-pan said to the Kettle, Auant, blacke-browes; you reprehend me G g 3

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for speaking of Prouerbs, and you thred vp yours by two and two.

Look you, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, I vie mine to purpose, and when I speake them, they fitte as well as a little ring to the finger: but thou bringest in thine so by head and shoulders, that thou rather draggest then guidest them : and if I forget not, I told thee heretofore, that Prouerbs are briefe sentences, drawne from the experience and speculation of our Ancient Sages, and a Prouerbe ill applied, is rather a foppery then a sentence : but leave we this now; and fince night comes on vs, let's retire a little out of the high-way, where we will passe this night, & God knowes what may befall vs to morrow. So they retired, and made a short supper, much against Sancho's will, who now began to thinke of the hard life of Knight Errantry in Woods and Mountaines, especially calling to his remembrance, the Cafiles and houses as well of Don Diego de Miranda, and where the rich Camacho's mariage was, and likewife Don Antonio Moreno's: but he considered with himselfe, that nothing could last euer: and so he slept away the rest of that night, which his Mafter patfed watching.

CHAP. LXVIII.

Of the Bristled Aduenture that befell Don Quixote.

He night was somewhat darke, though the Moon were vp but she was obscured; for sometimes my Lady Diana goes to walke with the Antipodes, and leaves the Mountaines blacke, and the Vallies darkened. Don Quixote complide with Nature, having slept his first sleepe, he broke off his second, contrary to Sancho, for his lasted from night till morning: a signe of his good complexion, and few cares. These kept Don Quixote waking in such fort, that he awakened Sancho, and said to him;

I wonder, Sancho, at thy free condition: I imagine thou art

made of Marble, or of hard Braile, vvhich neither moones, or hath any feeling. I wake, when thou sleepelt; I vveepe, when thou singest; I amready to faint vvith falting, vvhen thou are lazy, and vnweildy vvith pure cramming in: 'twere the part of good servants, to have a fellow-feeling of their Masters griefes, if it were but for decency: behold this nights brightnes, and the solitude we are in, which invites vs to intermingle some watching with sleepe: rise by thy life, and get thee a little apart, and with a good courage and thankefull cheere, give thy selfe three or foure hundreth lashes vpon account, for Dulcinea's dis-enchanting: and this I intreat of thee; for I will not now, as heretofore, come to handy-gripes with thee; for I know, thou hast shrewd Clutches: and after thou hast done, we will passe the rest of the night; I, chanting my absence, and thou thy constancy, beginning from henceforward our Pastorall ex-

ercise, which we are to keep in our Village.

Sir, faid Sancho, I am of no Religious order, that I should rife out of the middelt of my fleepe to discipline my felfe; neither doe I thinke it possible, that from the paine of my whipping, I may proceede to Musick, Pray, Sir, let mee sleepe, and doe not prelle me so to this whipping; for you wil make me vow neuer to touch so much as a hayre of my coat, much leffe of my flesh. O hard heart! oh vngodly Squire! oh ill giuen bread, and fauours ill placed which I bestowed, and thought to have more and more conferred vpon thee: by me thou wast a Gouernour, and from me thou walt in good possibilitie of being an Earle, or having some aquivalent Title, and the accomplishment should not have failed, when this our yeere should end : for I post tenebras spero lucem. I vnderstand not that, said Sancho, only I know that whilest I am sleeping, I neither feare nor hope, have neither paine nor pleasure: and well fare him that invented sleepe, a cloke that couers all humane thoughts; the foode that flakes hunger; the water that quencheth thirlt; and the fire that yvarmeth cold; the cold that tempers heate; and finally a current coine, with which all things are bought, a ballance and weight that equals the King to the Shepheard; the foole to the wifeman: onely one thing (as I have heard) fleepe hath ill, which is,

that it is like death, in that betweene a man affeepe, and a dead

man, there is little difference.

I have never, Sancho, faid Don Quixote, heard thee speake more elegantly then now: whereby I perceive, the Proverbe thou often yield is true; You may know the man, by the conversation he keepes. Gods me, Master mine, I am not onely hee now that threeds on Proverbs: and they come freer from you (methinkes) and betwixtyours and mine, there is this onely difference, that yours are fitly applyed, and mine ynseasonably.

In this discourse they were, when they perceived a dease noise thorowall the Valleys. Don Quixote stood vp, and laid hand to his sword, and Sancho squatted under Dapple, and clapt the bundle of Armour, and his Ailes Pack-saddle on each side of him, as scarefull, as his Master was outragious: still the noyse encrealt, and drew neerer the two timorous persons (at least one)

for the others valour is sufficiently knowne.

The Businesse was, that certaine fellowes draue some sixe hundreth Swine to a Fayre to sell, with whom they trauelled by night; and the noise they made, with their grunting and squeaking was so great, that it deased Don Quixotes and Sancho's eares, that neuer marked what it might be. It fell out, that the goodly grunting Herd were all in a troope together, and without respect to Don Quixote or Sancho's person, they trampled ouer them both, spoiling Sancho's Trenches, and ouerthrowing not onely Don Quixote, but Rosinaute also: the sury of the sudden comming of these vncleane beasts, made a consustion, and laid on ground the pack-saddle, Armour, Rosinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote. Sancho rose as well as he could, and desired his Masters sword, telling him, he would kill halse a doozen of those vnmannerly Hogs, for now he knew them to be so.

Don Quixote faid, Let them alone, friend, for this affront is a penalty for my fault, and a just punishment it is from Heauen, that Dogs and Wasps eate a vanquisht Knight Errant, and that

Swine trample ouer him.

And it is a punishment of Heaven too, belike, said Sancho, that Flyes doe bite the Squires of vanquished Knights, that Lice eate them, and hunger close with them.

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If we Squires were sonnes or neere Kinsmen to the Knights we serue, 'twere not much wee were partakers with them, even to the fourth generation: but what have the Pansa's to do with the Quixotes?

Well: yet let's goe fit our selves againe, and sleepe the rest of the night, and 'twill be day, and we shall have better lucke.

Sleepe thou, Sanche, faid Don Quixote, for thou wall borne to fleepe, and I was borne to wake: betwixt this and day-breake, I will give reines to my thoughts, and vent them out in some Madrigall, that without thy knowledge I composed this night.

Me thinkes, faid Sancho, that thoughts that give way to Verfes, are not very troublesome : and therefore versifie you as much as you lift, and He fleepe as much as I can: and fo taking vp as much of the ground as he would, he crowched vp together, and flept liberally: Debts, nor furetiship, nor any other af-

fliction disturbing him.

Don Quixote leaning to the body of a Beech or Cork-tree (for Cid Hamete Benengeli distinguisheth not what tree it was) to the Musick of his owne sighes, sung as followeth: Lone, when I thinke, &c. Each of which Verses were accompanied with many lighs, and not few teares, fit for a vanquisht Knight, and one who had his heart pierc't thorow with griefe, and tormented with the absence of his Dulcinea.

Now day came on, and Sir Sol with his beames playd in Sancho's eyes; who awoke, and lazed himselfe, shaking and stretching out his lither limbs, he beheld the hauock the Swine had made in his Sumpterie, and he curfed & re-curfed the Herd.

Finally, both of them returned to their commenced iourny; and toward Sun-fet, they faw fome ten Horse-men comming toward them, and foure or fine foot-men. Don Quixote was agast at heart, and Sancho shivered, for the troope drew neerer to them, who had their Speares and Shields all in warlike array.

Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and faid, If, Sancho, it vvere lawfull for me to exercise Armes, and that my promise had not bound my hands, I should thinke this were an Aduenture of Cake-bread: but perhaps it may bee otherwise then vvee

thinke for.

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By this the Horse-men came, and lifting up their Lances, without a voord speaking, they compatled in Don Quixote before and behinde; one of the foot-men threatening him with death, and clapping his finger to his mouth, in figne hee should not cry out; and so he laid hold on Rosmante's bridle, and led him out of the way : and the rest of the foot-men catching Sanche's Dapple, all of them most filently followed after those that carried Don Quixote; who twice or thrice vvould have asked. whither they carried him, and what they would with him? but he no fooner began to moue his lips, when they were ready to close them with their Lances points: & the same hapned to Sanche, when one of the foot-men pricked him with a Goad, he offering but to speake, and Dapple they punched too, as if he would haue spoken: it now beganne to grow darke, so they mended their pace: the two prisoners feares encreased; especially when they might heare that sometimes they vvere cryed out on, On, on, ye Troclodites, peace, ye barbarous Slaues : Reuenge, ye Anthropophagi: complaine not, ye Seysbians; open not your eyes, ve murderous Polyphemans, ye Butcherous Lyons, and other fuch names as these, with which they tormented the eares of the lamentable Knight and Squire.

· Sanchos mistakes.

Sancho said within himselfe, We Tortelites? We Barbers Slaues? we Popingeyes? we little Bitches to whom they cry, Hist, Hist: I doe not like these names, this winde winnowes no corne, all our ill comes together, like a whip to a Dogge: and I would to God this Aduenture might end no worse.

Don Onixote was embesel'd: neither in all his discourse could he finde, what reprochfull names those should be, that were put vpon him, whereby hee plainely perceived there was no good to be hoped for; but on the contrary much euill.

Within an houre of night they came to the Castle: which Don Quixote well perceived to be the Dukes, where but awhile

before they had beene.

Now God defend (faid he) as soone as hee knew the place: what have we heere? Why, in this house, all is courtesse & good vsage: but for the vanquished, all goes from good to bad, and from bad, to worse.

They

They entred the chiefe Court of the Castle, and they saw it so dressed and ordered, that their admiration increased, and their searce re-doubled; as you shall see in the following Chapter.

CHAP. LXIX.

Of the newest and strangest Aduenture, that in all the course of this History befell Don Quixore.

He Horfemen all alighted, and the footmen taking Don Quixote and Sancho forcibly in their Armes, they fet them in the Court, where round about were burning a hundreth Torches in their Vetsels of purpose; and about the Turrets aboue fine hundreth lights; so that in spight of darke

night, they might there fee day.

In the midlt of the Court there was a Hearfe raifed some two yards from the ground, couered with a Cloth of State of blacke Veluet, and round about it there burned a hundred Virgin Waxe Candles in siluer Candlestickes; on the top of it there lay a faire Damozell, that shewed to be dead, that with her beauty made death her selfe seeme faire: her head was laid upon a Pillow-beare of Cloth of gold, crowned with a Garland, wouen with divers odoriferous Flowers: her hands were crossed upon her brest, and betwixt them was a bough of slourishing yellow Palme.

On one side of the Court there was a kinde of Theater set vp, and two Personages in their Chaires, who with their crownes on their heads, and Scepters in their hands, seemed to be eyther reall or fained Kingstat the side of this Theater where they went vp by steps, there were two other Chayres, vwhere they that brought the prisoners, set Don Qnixote and Sancho, and all this vvith silence and signes to them that they should bee silent too: but without that they held their peace: for the admiration of what they there saw, tyed their tongues: After this two other principall Personages came vp, vwhom Don Qnixote straight

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straight knew to be the Duke and Duchesse, his Oast and Oastelle, who fate downe in two rich Chaires, neere the two feeming Kings. Whom would not this admire? especially having scene that the body upon the Hearse, was the faire Altisidora? When the Duke and Ducheffe mounted, Don Quixote and Sancho bowed to them, and the Dukes did the like, nodding their heads a little : and now an Officer entred athwart them, and comming to Sancho, clapt a Coat of blacke Buckram on him. all painted with flames of fire : and taking his Cap off, hee fet a Miter on his head, just such a one as the Inquisition causes to be fet vpon Heretikes, and bade him in his care, he should not vnfowe his lips, for they would clap a gagge in his mouth, or kill him.

Sancho beheld himselfeall ouer, and saw himselfe burning in flames: but fince they burned not indeed, he cared not a rush for them: he tooke off his Miter, and faw it painted with Diuels: he put it on againe, and faid within himselfe, Well yet, neither

the one burnes me, nor the others carry me away.

Don Quixote beheld him also, and though feare suspended his sences, he could not but laugh at Saneho's Picture : and now from vnder the Herse there seemed to sound, a low and pleafing found of Flutes; which being vn-interrupted by any mans voice (for there it feemed Silence felfe kept Silence) was foft and amerous.

Straight there appeared fuddenly on the Pillow of the Hearfe, a Carkeise of a goodly Youth, clad like a Romane, who to the found of a Harpe himselfe playd on, with a most sweet and cleere voice, fung these two Stanza's following. Enough faid one of the two, that seemed to be Kings: Enough, divine as being base- singer: for it were to proceede in infinitum, to paint vnto vs the misfortunes and graces of the peereletle Altisidora, not dead, not worth the as the simple world furmifeth; but living in the tongues of Fame, and in the penance that Sancho is to palle, to returne her to the loft fight: and therefore thou, oh Radamanthus, that iudgest with mee in the darksome Caues of Dis, since thou knowest all that is determining in the inscrutable Fates, touching the restoring of this Damozel, tell and declare it forthwith,

4 Whith I likewife omit ly made on purpole, & fo translation.

that the happinelle we expect from her returne, may not be deferred.

Scarce had Iudge Minos faid this, when Radamanthus standing vp, said, Goe too, Ministers of this house, high and low, great and small, come one after another, and seale Sancho's Chin with source and twenty tuckes, twelue pinches, and vvith pins pricke his armes and buttocks sixe times, in which Altishdora's health consists.

When Sancho Panfa heard this, he broke off silence, and said, I vow, you shall as soone tucke me, or handle my face, as make me turne Moore. Body of me, vivhat hath the handling my face to doe with this Damozels resurrection? The old Woman tasted the Spinage, &c. Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be whipped to distendent her: Altistidara dyes of some sicknesses it pleased God to send her; and her raising must be with source and twenty tuckes given me, and with grinding my body with pins thrusts, and pinching my armes blacke and blue: away with your tricks to some other, I am an old Dogge, and there's no histing to me.

Thou dyest, quoth Radamanthus alowd: relent, thou Tyger, humble thy selfe proud Nembroth, suffer and be silent, since
no impossibilities are required of thee; and stand not ypon difficulties in this businesse: thou shalt be tuckt, and see thy selfe
grinded, thou shalt grone with pinching. Goe too, I say, Ministers, sulfill my command; if not, as I am honest man, you

shall rue the time that ever you vvere borne.

Now there came thorow the Court, fixe like old Waitingwomen, one after another in Procession; source with Spectacles, and all with their right hands lifted aloft, with source singers breadths of their wrists discourred, to make their hands seeme

lirger (as the fashion is.)

No fooner had Sancho feene them, vyhen bellowing like a Bull, he faid, Well might I suffer all the world else to handle me, but that Waiting-vyomen touch mee, I vyill neuer consent: Let vm Cat-scratch my face, as my Master was served in this Castle: let vm thrust me thorow with Bodkin-pointed Daggers: let vm pull off my sless vith hote burning Pincers, and I will

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will beare it patiently, and serue these Nobles: but that Waitingwomen touch me, let the Diuell take me, I will not consent.

Don Quixote then interrupted him, saying, Haue patience soone, and please these Lordings, and thanke God, that hee hath given such vertue to thy person, that with the martyrdome of it thou may st dis-enchant the Enchanted, and raise up the dead.

And now the Waiting-women drew neere Sancho; who being wonne and perswaded, settled in his Chaire, offered his face and chin to the first that came, who gaue him a well-sealed tuck, and so made him a curtise. Lesse curtise, and lesse slabber-sauces, good Mistris Mumpsimus, quoth Sancho: for, I protest

your hands finell of Vineger.

At length all the Waiting-women fealed him, and others pinched him: but that which hee could not suffer, was the Pins pricking; and therefore he rose out of his Chaire very moody, and laying hold of a lighted Torch that was neere him, he ran after the women, and his Executioners, saying, Auant, infernal Ministers, for I am not made of Brasse, not to be sensible of such extraordinary martyrdome.

By this Attrifdera that was weary with lying fo long vpon her backe, turned on one fide: which when the by-ftanders faw, all of them cryed out joyntly, Altifidera lives, Altifidera lives.

Radamantas commanded Sancho to lay aside his choller,

fince now his intent was obtained.

And as Don Quixote saw Altisidera stirre, he went to kneele downe to Sancho, saying, Some of my entrailes: 'Tis now high time, that thou give thy selfe some of the lashes to which thou art obliged, for the differentanting of Duleinea.

Now, I fay, is the time, wherein thy vertue may be seasoned, and thou may it with efficacic effect the good that is expected

from thee.

To which (quoth Sancho) Heida: this is fowre voon fowre: twere good after these pinchings, Tucks & Pins-prickings, that lashes should follow; there's no more to be done, but even take a good stone, and tye it to my necke, and cast me into a Well: for which I should not grieve much; if so bee that to cure other folkes ills, I must be the Pack-horse: let mee alone, if not, I shall

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marre all; and now Altistaira sate vp in the Herse, and the Hoboyes, accompanied with Flutes and Voyces, began to sound, and all cryed out, Live Attistaira, Altistaira sine. The Dukes rose vp, & with them Minos & Radamanthus, and all together with Dan Quixete and Sancho went to receive Attistaira, and to helpe her out of the Herse, who faining a kinde of dismaying, bowed downe to her Lords, and to the two Kings, and looking askonce on Dan Quixete, said; God pardon chee, discourreous Knight, since by thy cruelty I have remained in another world, methinkes at least these thousand years, and thee I thanke, the most compassionate Squire in the world, I thanke thee for the life I postets: and now dispose of sixe of my smockes, which I give thee to make sixe shires; and if they be not all whole, yet they are cleane at least.

Earche killed her hands with his Miter off, and his knees on the ground, and the Duke commanded they should return him his cap, and in flead of his gowne with the flames, they should return him his Gaberdine. Sanche desired the Duke that they would leave him both, which he would carry into his Country, in memory of that vn-heard-of successe. The Duchesse answered, they should, and that he knew how much she was his friend. The Duke commanded all to avoid the Court, and to retire to their lodgings, and that Don Quixote and Sanche should be car-

ried to theirs they knew of old.

CHAP. LXX.

Of divers rare things, which serve for the better illustration and cleering of this History.

Ancho slept that night vpon a Quilt & in Don Quixote's owne chamber, which he would faine haue auoyded, had it beene in his power; for he knew full well, that his Master would hardly let him sleepe all night, by reason of the many questions he would demand of him, to which he must of necessity

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fity make answer. Now was hee in no good humour to talke much ; for hee felt yet the smart of his fore-passed torments, which were an hindrance to his tongue. And without doubt, he would rather haue layne alone in any poore Shed, then with company in that goodly house; so true was his feare, and so certaine his doubt, as he was scarce laid in his bed, but his Master began this discourse vnto him.

Sancho, what thinkest thou of this nights successe? Needes must a man confesse, that great and powerfull is the force of discussion, since as thou thy selfe hast seene with thine owne eyes, Altistara had surely died, and that by no other arrowes, nor by any other sword, nor other instrument of warre, no, nor by the force of poyson, but by the apprehension of the churlish rigor,

and the disdaine wherewith I have ever vsed her.

She might (answered Saneho) have died in good time, and at her choice and pleasure, so she would have let me alone in mine owne house, since I was never the cause that shee became a Louer, nor did I ever in all my life scorne or distaine her. But I wot not, nor can I imagine how it may be, that the health or welfare of Alvisidora, a Gentlewoman more fantasticall then discreet, hath any reflection (as I have said heeretofore) vpon the afflictions of Sanebo Pansa. Now I plainely and distinctly perceine, that there be both Enchanters and Enchantments in the world, from whom God deliver me, since I cannot well deliver my selfe from them. And therewithall I intreat you to let mee sleepe, and except you wil have me throw my selfe out of a window, aske me no more questions.

Sleepe, my friend Sancho (replied Don Quixote) valelle the nipping fcoffes and bitter frumps which thou halt received, will

not permit thee fo to doe.

There is no griefe (answered Sancho) comparable vnto the affront of scotling frumps, and so much the more sensible and of such affronts, as that I have received them by olde women; a mischiefe take them: I be seech you once more that you will suffer mee to sleepe, since that sleepe is an easing of all miseries. Be it as thou sayest, quoth Don Quixote, and God accompanie thee.

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So they both fell a fleepe, and whilest they sleet, Cid Hamere, Author of this great History, would need swrite and relate, why the Duke and the Duchesse had caused this monument to bee

built, and invented all that you have seene above.

He writes then, that the Bachelor Samson Carraseo, having not forgotten what had hapned vnto him, at what time; vnder the name of the Knight of the Looking glasses, he was vanquished and overthrown by Don Quinote: and therewithall how all his designes and purposes were vanished into smoake; yet neverthelesse would he (hoping for better successe) attempt the combat againe: Therefore is it, that being informed by the Page who brought the Letter, and with it the Present vnto Teresa Pansa, the wife of Sancho, from the place where Don Quinote made his residence, he recovered new Armes and a Horse.

Then caused he the white Moone to be painted in his shield:
A Mulet carried all this equipage, and a Lob or Swaine led the same, and not Thomas Cociali his ancient Esquire, for feare hee

should be known of Sancho and Don Quixote.

He so well bestirred himselse in his journies, that at last heecame to the Dukes Castle, who taught him the way or tract that Don Quixote had taken, and how he had a great desire to be present at the Tiltings and Turnaments of Saragosa. He likewise related vnto him the gullings or gudgeous that hee had given him, with the invention of Dulcinea's distenchantment, which should be accomplished at the charges of Sancho's buttocks. In summe, he vnderstood from him the soo or jest that Sancho had vsed toward his Master, in making him beleeve that Dulcinea was Enchanted and transformed into a Country Lasse, and how the Duchesse his wife had given Sancho to vnderstand, that himselse was the man that deceived himselse, for somuch as Dulcinea was verily Enchanted.

The Bachelor could not containe himselfe from laughing, and therewithall to be amazed, considering the quaint subtilty, and plaine simplicity of Sancho, equall vnto the extreme folly of Don Quixote. The Duke desired him, that if hee met with him, and eyther vanquished him or not, he would be pleased to come that way againe, to the end hee might aduertise him of it.

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The Bachelor promifed him to doe it, and so tooke his leave of the Duke, to goe and see whether hee could finde Don Quix.

ote. He found him not a Saragosa, but went further, and then

befell him what you have already heard.

He came afterward to the Dukes Castle, and there made report of all, together with the conditions of the combat. Hee moreouer told them, that Don Quixote came againe to accomplish, as a perfect Knight Errant, the promise which hee had made, to retire himselfe to his owne Village, and there to abide the full space of one full yeere. And that during the said time, it might peraduenture be brought to passe (said the Bachelor) that he might be cured of his folly. That he neuer had other intention, and that for this onely easte he had thus disguised himselfe; for, it was great pitty that a Gentleman, so well skilled and versed in all things as Don Quixote was, should become a foole.

With that he tooke leave of the Duke, and went to his Burrough, where he staid for Don Quixote, who was comming after him. Whereupon the Duke tooke occasion to put this tricke vpon him; for, he tooke a wondrous pleasure of what succeeded vnto Sancho and Don Quixote: and therefore hee caused all the approches and high-waies about his Castle to be layd and watched, especially where he imagin'd our Knight might come. And for the said cause, he placed divers of his servants, as well on foot as on horse-backe, to the end that if they met with him, willed hee, or nilled hee, they should bring him to the Castle.

Now it fortuned that they met with him, and forth-with they gaue the Duke knowledge of it, who was already refolued what he would doe. As foone then as he knew of his comming, he caused all the torches and lights that were in the Court to be lighted, and Altisidera to bee placed upon the Tombe with all the preparation that you have seene before, and that so lively represented, as one would have sound very little difference betweene the truth, and that which was counterfeit.

Cid Hamete goeth yet further; for he faith, That he zisfuredly beleeueth, that the mockers were as foolish as the mocked; and

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that there wanted not two inches of the Dukes and Duchesses wtter prination of common understanding, since they tooke so much paines to mocke two sooles, whereof the one was them sound asseepe; and the other broad awake, transported with his rauing and ranging thoughts.

In the meane time the day surprized them, and they desired to rise; for the sluggish seathers were never pleasing vinto Doss

Quixote, were he conquered or conqueror.

Altisidora, who, as Don Quixote supposed, being risen from death to life, conforming her selfet to her Master and Mistresses humour, being crowned with the very same garland which she had in the tombe; attired in a loose gowne of white Tastata, all beset with flowers of gold: her haire loose, and dangling down her shoulders, leaning upon a staffe of fine Ebony wood; shee entred into Don Quixote's chamber, who so soone as he saw her, was so amazed and confounded at her presence, as he shrunke downe into his bed, all couered with the clothes, and hid with the sheetes and counterpoint, that hee neither spake word, nor used any manner of gesture towards her, as might witnesse that he desired to shew her any courtesse.

Altistidora sat downe in a chayre, which was neere vnto Don Quixote's head, & after fetching a deepe deepe sigh, with a low,

fweet, and milde voyce, the thus bespake him:

Sir Don Quixote, whensoeuer women of quality, or maidens of discretion trample their honor under their feet, and giue their tongue free liberty and scope to exceed the bounds of conueniency or modesty, publishing the secrets lurking in their hearts, they then shall finde themselves brought to extreme mi-

fery and diffreile.

Now am I one of those, pressed, vanquished, and also enamoured: All which notwithstanding I suffer patiently, and continue honest. So that having beene so too much, silence was the cause that my soule went out of my body, and I lost my life. It is now two daies since, that the consideration and remembrance of the rigor, which thou so the consideration and remembrance of the rigor, which thou so the consideration and remembrance of the rigor, which thou so to reject my plaints) which you have vsed towards me, brought me to my lives end, H h 2

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or at least I have beene deemed and taken for dead by all those that saw me. And had it not beene, that Loue, who taking pity of me, deposed my recovery among the grievous torments of this good Esquire, I should for ever have remained in the other world. Loue might well depose it (replyed Sancho) in those of my Asse, and I would have beene very glad of it. But tell me, I pray you good Damozell, even as Heaven may provide you of another more kind-louing-Louer then my Master, what is it that you have seene in the other world? What is there in Hell, that he who dyeth desperate, must necessarily vndergoe? I must needs (quoth Assistant and plaine truth of all. So it is, that I was not wholly or thorowly dead, since I came not into Hell: for had I once beene therein, there is no question, but I had never beene able to come out of it at my pleasure.

True it is, that I came even vnto the gate thereof, vwhere I met with a doozen of Diuels, who in their hosen and doublets were playing at Tennis-ball; they did weare Falling-bands set with peakes of Flemmish Bone-lace, with Cuffs vnto them of the very same, so deep, as they appeared soure good inches longer then the arme, to the end their hands might seeme the greater. Their Battledors or Rackets were of sire. But that vwhich made me wonder most, was, that they vsed Bookes in stead of Balls, which bookes were full-stuft with winde and stifning, a thing both wondrous and newly-strange, yet did not that so much astony me: for, as it is proper vnto those, that winne at any game, to reioyce and be glad; whereas those that lose, are ever sad and discontent: there, all grumbled, chasted, fretted and

bitterly curfed one another.

That's no wonder (quoth Sancho) fince the Diuels, whether they play, or play not; whethey they vvinne, or winne not; at

that play they can never be content.

Belike it is even so (replyed Altisidora:) but there is also another thing, which likewise bred some amazement in me; that is to say, brought me into admiration. Which is, that the ball, that was but once to sled or strucken, could not serve another time, so that at every stroke, they were forced to change bookes whether they were old or new, which was a marvellous thing to behold.

Now it hapned, that they gave so violent a stroke vnto a moderne booke, and very fairely bound, that it made the very guts to fly out of it, and scattered the leaves thereof vp and downe.

Then said one Diuell vnto another, I prethee looke vvhat that booke treateth of. It is (answered the other Diuell) the second part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, not composed by Cid Hamete, it's first Authour, but by an Aragomon, vvho braggeth to be borne at Tordesslas. Now sie vpon it (quoth the other Diuell) out of my sight with it, and let it be call into the very lowest pit of Hell, so deepe as mine eyes may neuer see it againe. But why (said the other Diuell?) is it so bad a booke? It is so vile a booke (replide the first Diuell) that had I my selfe expressely composed it, I could neuer haue encountred worse.

In the meane time they followed on their game, to sling other bookes to and fro; but having heard the name of Don Quixote, he whom I loue so passionately, I have laboured to engrave that

vision in my memory.

Now withour doubt then (faid Don Quixote) it was a right vision: for, there is no other man of that name in the vehole vevorld but my selfe: And that History doth already goe from hand to hand thorow all parts of the Vniuerse: and yet stayes in no place, for so much as every one will have a kicke at it. Now I have not been angry or vexed, when I have heard that I wander vp and downe like a fantasticke body, amidst the pitchy shades of Hell, and not in the light of the earth; since I am not the man that History speaketh of. If it be true and faithfully compiled, it will live many ages; but if it be nothing worth, it will dye even at it's birth.

Altisidora would have continued her plaints, accusing Don Quixote of rigour and vnkindnes; but hee said thus vnto her, Madame, I have often told you, that I am very angry, that you have settled your thoughts on me; since you can draw nothing from me but bare thanks, and no remedy at all. I was onely borne for Dulcinea of Toboso, and to her onely have the Destinies (if there beauty) wholly dedicated me. To thinke, that any other beauty can possesse or vsurpe the place, which she possesses

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felfeth in my foule, were to beleeue an impo Tibility. And this should suffice to disabuse you, and to make you to retire your selfe within the bounds of your honesty, since no creature is

evde vnto impossibilities.

Altissidora hearing these words, made a semblance to be very angry: so that, as it were in a great anger, she thus bespake him, Is weare by the Prince of the Mun ps, the soule of a Morter, and stone of a Date; more obstinate and hard-hearted, then a rude and base Pesant when one such vnto him, and when he addresseth his levell to the Butt or Marke: it I take you in hand, I will plucke your very eyes out of your head.

Doe you haply suppose, Sir vanquished, and Don Knocktdowne with Batsand Cudgels, that I would have dy de for you? No, no, Sir, what soener you have seene this night, hath been nothing but a fiction, or thing fained. I am not a Maiden, that would suffer so much as the least-least paine at the tip of my nailes for such a Camell as you are; much lesse that I yould

dye for fuch a groffe animall.

I beleeue it well (quoth Sancho then) for all these louers deaths are but to cause sport and laughter. Well may they say, that they dye: but that they will hasten their deaths, Indas may

beleeue it if he lift.

As they were in these discourses, the Musician and Poet, who had sung the fore-going Stanza's, entred into the Chamber, and making a very low reuerence vnto Don Quixote, hee thus said vnto him, Sir Knight, I beseech you to hold me in the number of your humblest seruants. I have long since been most affectionate vnto you, as well by reason of your farre-bruxed renowne, as for your high-raised seates of Armes.

Tell me (answered Don Quixote) who you are, that my

eourtesie may answere your merit.

The Yongman gaue him to understand, that he was the Mu-

fician and the Panegiricke of the fore-palled night.

In good footh (replide Don Quixote) you have a very good voice: Neuertheletle me seemes, that what you sung, was not greatly to the purpose: for, what have the Stanza's of Garculasse to doe with the death of this Damozell? My faire Sir, said the

Musi-

Musician, you ought not to wonder at that: The best & choiself Poets of our age doe practice it: so that every man writes as
best pleaseth his fantasie, and stealeth what, and from vyhom he
lists, whether it co-here with the purpose or not. By reason
whereof, all the follies, absurdities, or topperies that they sing,
indite, or vyrite, they ascribe ynto a Poetical licence.

Don Quixote would have answered, but he was hindred by the Duke and Duchesse, who both entred the Chamber to see him. Amongst whom there passed so long a discourse, and pleasant a conference, in which Sancho alledged so many ready quips, witty conceits, merry Proverbs, and therewithall so many wyly shifts, and subtile knaueries, as the Duke and the Duchesse were all assonished againe; as well by reason of his sim-

plicitie, as of his fubrilty.

Don Quixose befought them to give him leave to depart the very fame day; fince that Knights subdued as he was, ought rather to dwell in an homely Cottage, or simple Shed, then in Kingly Palaces: which they most willingly granted him: And the Duchesse demanded of him, whether Assistance was in his good favour, or no. Madame, (answered Don Quixose) you are to vinderstand; that all the infirmitie of this Damozell, takes it's beginning and being from idlenesse, and that an honess occupation, and continuall exercise is the onely remedy for it. She was even now telling me, that in hel they are working Tapillry worke, and that there are made Tyrings and Net-workes.

I thinke that the is skulfull in fuch workes, and that's the reafon the therein employes her felfe, neuer ceating to handle small Spindles or Spooles: and thus the images of him the loueth will

neuer be remoued in her imagination.

What I tell you is most certaine: It is my opinion, it is my

And mine also, quoth Sancho, since I neuer saw any workeman, that applide or busied himselfe about such workes, that dyde for loue. The Maidens, I say, occupied about such works, thinke more on the accomplishing of their taske, then on that of their Loues. I judge of it by my selfe, whilest I am digging or deluing, I neuer thinke on my Pinkaney at all; I speake of my Hh 4

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Terefa Panfa, whom I loue better a thousand times, then my

very eye-lids.

Sancho, you speake very well, said the Duchesse: and I will take such order, as my Altifidora shall henceforward occupy her felfe about such workes: for, she can worke them excellently well.

Madame (quoth Altifidora) I shall not need to vse such a remedy, since the remembrance or consideration of the cruelties and vnkindnetses which this Robber and rouing. Thiese hath vsed towards me, will be of force, without any other deuice or artisice, to blot and deface them out of my memory. In the meane while, with your Highnesses permission, I will be gone from hence, that so mine eyes may not behold not onely his silthy and gastly shape; but his vgly and abominable counternance.

The words (replyde the Duke) which you wtter, make me remember the old Prouerbe, which teacheth vs, that he vyho sharpely chides, is ready to pardon.

Altifidera made a flow to dry up the teares from her eyes with a Handkercher; and then making a very low curtie unto her Master and Mistresse, she went out of the Chamber.

Alas, poore Damozel (faid then Sanebo) I fend thee ill lucke, fince thou haltalready met with it, in lighting vpo a foule made of a Skuttle, and a heart of Oake. Hadft thou had to doe with me, thou shouldst haue found a Cock of me, that would have crowed after another fashion.

Thus their discourse brake off; Don Quixote took his clothes, dined with the Duke and Duchesse, and in the afternoone went his way.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXI.

Of what befell Don Quixote and his Squire Sancho Panla, in their travell towards their Village.

He vanquished Knight Errant, Don Quixote de la Mancha went on his journey, very sad and pensiue on the one side, and most glad and buck-some on the other. From his being conquered proceeded the cause of his sadnesse; and his gladnes, in considering the worth and vertue of Sancho, whereof he gaue manifest euidence in the resurrection of Altifidora; although with some scruple he perswaded himselfe, that

the enamored Damozell was not verily dead.

Sancho was no whit well pleased, but chased to himselse, because Altisidora had not kept promise with him, and given him
the Shirts he expected at her hands. And therefore musing and
pondering on them, he said to his Master, By my faith, Sir, I
am the most vnfortunate Physician, that may be found in the
world. There be some Leaches, that kill a sick man vyhom
they have vnder cure, and will neverthelesse be well paid for
their paines. Now all they doe, is but to write a short Bill of
certaine medicines, which the Apothecary, and not they, doth
afterward compound: Whereas I, cleane contrary, to whom
the recovery and health of others doth cost many a clod of
bloud, many a slirt and bob, many a bitter frump, and many a
lash with whips and rods, reape not so much as one poore farthing.

But certainely I promife you, if any discassed or sicke body fall into my hands againe, before I cure vm, I'le be very well greazed for my paines. For, the Abbot liueth singing, and I can not thinke, that the heauens have endowed me with the vertue and knowledge I have, to the end I should communicate and

impart the fame vnto others for nothing.

My good friend Sancho (answered Don Quixote) thou art in the right, & Altisidora hath done very ill, that she hath not given thee the shirts, which she promised thee, although that vertue &

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proprietie which thou hast, have been given thee gratis, and that in learning and studying it, thou hast not beene at a penny charge: nevertheless, the troubles and vexations, which thou hast received, and endured in thine owne person, are farre more, then all the studies that thou couldest have vndergone or employed about it. As for mee, I can tell thee, that if thou wouldest have had the full pay for the whip-lasses, that thou shouldest give thy selfe tor disenchanting of Dulemea, thou hadst already fully received it. Yet know I not whether the wages or hire, will answere the cure, or recoverie, and I would not have it be an hindrance to the remedy. Me seemes notwithstanding, that one shall lose nothing in the tryall.

Confider, Saneho, what thou wilt haue, and forthwith whip thy felfe, and with thine own hands pay thy felfe downe-right,

fince thou half money of mine in thy keeping.

Sancho presently opened his eyes and eares a foote wide at these kinde offers, and tooke a resolution with a cheerefull heart to whip and lash himselfe: and therefore said vnto his Master, Now is the time, my Noble Sir, that I will wholly dispose my selfe to give you satisfaction, since I shall reape some benefit by it. The love of my children and my wife, induceth me to have no regard at all vnto the harme or ill, that may thereby come vnto me.

Tell me then, what will you give me for every stripe or lass? If I were bound to pay thee (replyed Don Quissote) equivalent to the greatnesse and qualitie of the remedy, the treasure of Venice, and the rich Mynes of Pern, would not suffice to recompence thee. Looke well thy selfe, what thou hast of mine, and value every lash as thou wilt. The whip-lashes (quoth Sancho) are in number three thousand, three hundred and odde: I have already given my selfe sive, the other remaine behinde. Let the sive serve to deduct the odde number remaining, and let all be reduced to three thousand and three hundred. My meaning is, to have for every lash a piece of three blanks, (and lesse I will not have, should all the world command me the contrary) so that they will amount to 3300. pieces of three blanks. The three thousand, make a thousand and five hundred halfe Ryalls,

Ryalls, and they make seuen hundred and fifty whole Ryalls; and the three hundred make one hundred & fifty halfe Ryalls, which amount vnto the summe of three score and fifteen Ryalls, which, added vnto the seuen hundred and fifty, the whole sum amounteth vnto eight hundred and fiue and twenty Ryalls.

I will reckon this fumme, and deduct it from that I have of yours in my keeping, and by this meanes shall enter into my house both rich and well satisfied, albeit well whipt and scourged: for, Trouts are not caught with nothing, and I say no

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Oh thrice-happy Sancho! oh amiable Sancho (faid Don Quixote) how am I and Dulcinea bound to ferue thee, so long as the Heauens shall be pleased to give vs life? If she recover her first being, and if it be impossible to continue still in that state, her misfortune shall proove most fortunate, and my defeat or conquest, a most glorious and happy triumph. Then look, Sancho, when thou wilt begin this discipline, and I will give thee one hundred Ryalls over and above, that so I may binde thee to begin betimes. When (replied Sancho?) Even this very night. Be you but pleased, that this night we meet in the open fields, and you shall see me open, gash, and slay my selfe.

To be short, the night came, which Don Quixote had with all manner of impatience long looked for: to whom it seemed that the wheeles of Apollo's Chariot had beene broken, and that the day grew longer then it was wont, even as it happeneth vnto Louers, who thinke that they shall never come to obtaine the accomplishment of their desires. At last they entred a grove of delightsome trees, which was somewhat remote, and out of the high way. After they had taken off the Saddle and Pack-saddle of Rosmante and Dapple, they sate downe upon the green grasse, and supped with such victuals as Sancho had in his Wallets.

This good Squire having made of Dapples halter or headftall, a good big whip or scourge, he went about twenty paces from his Master, and thrust himselfe among bushes and

hedges.

Don Quixote seeing him march thus all naked, and with so good a courage, began thus to discourse vnto him, Take heed, good good friend, that thou hack not thy selfe in pieces, and that the stripes and lashes stay the one anothers leasure; thou must not make such haste in thy Careere, that thy winde or breath faile in thy course. My meaning is, that thou must not lash thy selfe so hard and fast, that thy life faint, before thou come to thy desired number: But to the end that thou lose not thy selfe for want of a paire of writing-tables, more or lesse, I will stand aloofe off, & vpon these my prayer-beades will number the lashes that thou shalt give thy selfe. Now the heavens favour thee, as thy good

meaning well deserueth.

A good Pay-master (answered Sancho) will-neuer grudge to give wages; Ithinke to curry or so be-labour my selfe, that without endangering my life, my lashes shall bee sensible vnto me, and therein must the substance of this miracle consist. And immediately Sancho stripped himselfe bare from the girdle vp-ward, and taking the whip in his hand, began to ribbe-baste and lash himselfe roundly; and Don Quixote to number the strokes. When Sancho had given himselfe seven or eight stripes, hee thought he had killed himselfe; so that pawsing awhile, hee said to his Master, that he was very much deceived, and would therfore appeale, for somuch as every whip-lash did in lieu of a piece of three Blanks, deserve shalfe a Ryall.

Make an end, my friend Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) and

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be not difinaid; for I will redouble thy pay.

Now by my life then (quoth Sancho) blowes shall showre vpon me as thicke as haile: but the Mountibanke and cheating companion, in stead of lashing his shoulders, he vvhipped the trees, and so sighingly groaned at every stroake, that you would

have thought his foule had flowne out of his body.

Don Quixote, who was now full of compassion, fearing hee would kill himselfe, and that, through the folly of Sancho, his defires should not be accomplished, began thus to say vnto him, Friend, I conjure thee, let this businesse end heere: This remedy seemes to mee very hard and sharpe. It shall not be amisse that we give time vnto Time; for, Rome was never built in one day. If I have told right, thou half already given thy selfe more then a thousand lathes: it now sufficeth, let mee vie a homely phrase,

phrase) that the Asse endure his charge, but not the sur-

charge.

No,no,my good Sir,answered Sancho, it shall never be said of me, Money well paid, and the Armes broken. I pray you goe but a little aside, and permit me to give my selfe one thousand stripes more, and then we shall quickly make an end; yea, and we shall have more lest behinde. Since thou art so well disposed, replyde Don Quixose, I will then withdraw my selfe, may the heavens assist and recompense thee.

Sancho returned to his taske, with such an earnest passion, that the barke of many a tree fell off, so great was the rigour and fury wherewith he scourged himselfe. Now in giuing such an exceeding and outragious lash vpon a hedge, hee cryde out allowd, Heere is the place where Samson shall dye, with all those

that are with him.

Don Quizote ran presently at the sound of that wosfull voice, and at the noise of that horrible whip-stroke. Then laying fast hold on the Halter, which served Sancho in lieu of an Oxe-pizell, he said to him, Friend Sancho, let Fortune neuer permit, that thou, to give me contentment, hazzard the losse of thy life, which must serve for the entertainment of thy Wife and Children. I will containe my selfe within the bounds of the next hope, and will stay vntill thou have recovered new strength, to the end this businesse may be ended, to the satisfaction of all parties.

My good Sir (quoth Sancho) fince you will needs have it fo, in good time be it. In the meane while, I befeech you, Sir, east your Cloke vpon my shoulders. I am all in a sweat, and I would be loth to take cold. Our new disciplinants runne the

like danger.

Don Quixote did so, and leaving himselfe in his doublet, he couered Sancho, who sell asseepe, and slept vntill the Sunne awakened him. They kept on their way so long, that at last they arrived to a place three Leagues off, and at last staid at an Inne.

Don Quixote knew it to be an Inne, and not a Castle round enuironed with ditches or trenches, sortified with Towers, with Port-cullisses, and strong draw-bridges: for, since his last defea-

ture,

ture he discerned and distinguished of all things that presented themselves vnto him with better judgement, as we shall pre-

fently declare.

Hee was lodged in a low chamber, to which certaine oldeworne certaines of painted Serge ferued in lieu of Tapistry hangings, as commonly they vie in Country Villages. In one of the pieces thight be feene painted by a bungling and vnskilfull hand, the rape of Helen, at what time her fond-hardy ghest stole her from Menelaus. In another was the history of Dido and Energy Shee on an high Turret, with a sheet making signe vnto her sugitive ghest; who on the Sea, carried in a Ship, vvas

running away from her.

Don Onixote observed in these two stories, that Helen seemed not to be discontented with her rape; for so much as shee leared and smiled vnder-hand; whereas beauteous Dido seemed to trickle downe teares from her eyes as big as Walnuts. Don Quixote in beholding this painted worke, said; These two Ladies were exceedingly unfortunate, that they were not borne in this age, and I most of all thrice-unhappy, that I was not borne in theirs; In faith I would so have spoken to these Lordly gallants, as Troy should not have beene burned, nor Carthage destroyed, since that onely by putting Paris to death, I should have beene the occasion that so many mischieses would never have happed.

I hold a wager (quoth Sancho) that ere long there shall be neuer a Tipling-house, Tauerne, Inne, Hostery, or Barbers shop, but in them all we shall see the History of our samous acts painted: neuertheles I would wish with all my hart, that they might bee drawne by a more cunning and skilfull hand, then by that te

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which hath pourtraid these figures.

Thou half reason, Sancho (answered Don Quixote:) for, this Painter is like vnto Orbanegia, who dwelled at Vbeda, vvho when he was demanded what hee was painting, made this answere, That which shall come forth to light: And if perchance hee drew a Cocke, hee would write a aboue it, This is a Cocke, lest any man should thinke it to be a Foxe. Now me thinkes, Sancho, that such ought to be the Painter or the Writer:

(for all is one fame thing) who hath fer forth the History of this new Don Quixore, because he hath painted or written that which may come forth to the open light. He hath imitated a certaine Poet named Manteon, who the last yeere was at the Court, who suddenly would make answer to whatsoever vvas demanded him. And as one asked him one day, what these words Dema de Doolignished, he arswered in Spanish, De donde diere. But omitting all this, tellune Sancho, Hast thou a mind to give thy selfe another touch this night, and wilt thou have it to be under the roofe of a house, or else in the open agre?

Now I atteney ou (quoth Sareho) for the stripes and lastes that I intend to give my selfe. Houe them as well in the house in the open fields: yet with this Pranifo, that I would have it to be amongst trees; for me thinks, that they keepe me good company, and doe exceedingly help me to indure and yndergoe my travell and paines.

Friend Sancho (faid Don Quizete) that shall not be: richer referue them, that you may exercise them when we shall be arrived at our Village, whither at the furthest we shall reach the next day after to morrow; and in the mean time thou shalt have recovered new strength.

Sancho answered, that he might doe what belt pleased him; but not with standing he desired to dispatch this but in ete in hot bloud, and whilest the Mill was going; for, dangers consist often in lingring and expectation, and that with prayers vinto God, a man must strike with his maller; that one; Take it, is more worth then two, Thou shall have it and better is one sparrow in the hand, then a vulture slying in the ayre.

Now for Gods sake, Sancho (replied Don Quixote) let vs not alledge so many Prouerbs; me thinkes thou art still returning vnto. Sient erat I prethee speake plainely, eleerly, and goe not so about the bush with such embroyling speeches, as I have often told thee; and thou shall see, that one loase of bread will yield thee more then an hundred.

I am so valucky (quoth Sancho), that I cannot discourse without Prouerbs, nor can I alleage a Prouerbe, that seemes not to be a reason vato meet. Neverthelesse, if I can, I will correct my sollie:

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felfe, and with that they gave over their enterparlie at that time.

CHAP. LXXII.

How Don Quixote and Sanche arrived at their Village.

On Quixote and Sancho looking for night, is layed in that Inne: the one to end in the open fields, the taske of his discipline; and the other to see the successe of it, whence depended the end of his desires. During which time, a Gentleman on horsebacke, followed by three or source servants, came to the gate of the Inne, to whom one of his attendants said thus; My Lord Don Almaro Tarfe, you may here rest your selfe, and passe the great heat of the day. This Inne seemeth to be very cleanly and coole.

Which speech Don Quixote hearing, he said vnto Sanche, Thou oughtest to know, that when I turned ouer the booke of the second part of my history, me thought that in reading of the

Same, I met with this name of Don Aluaro Tarfe.

That may very well be, faid Sancho: but first let vs see him alight from his horse, and then we will speake vnto him.

The Knight alighted, and the Hostelle appointed him a low chamber, neere vnto that of Don Quixote, and which was furnished with like figures of painted Serge. The new-come Knight did forth-with put off his heavy cloathes, and now going out of the Inne-porch, which was somewhat spacious and fresh, under which Don Quixote was walking, he demanded of him, Whither goe you, my good Sir Gentleman? I am going (answered Don Quixote) unto a certaine Village not farreoff, where I was borne. And you, my Lord, whither goe you? I trauell (said the Knight) towards Granada, which is my natiue Country. Sir, you were borne (replied Don Quixote) in a very good Country; In the mean time, I pray you in courtesie, tel me your name; for it slands me very much upon to know it, yea

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increthen can well be imagined. I am called Don Aluaro Tarfe (answered the Knight.) Then are you vindoubtedly (quotin Don Quixote) that Aluaro Tarfe, whose name is imprinted in the second part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, which a moderne Author hath lately set forth. I am the very same man of whom you speake (said the Knight) and that Don Quixote who is the principal subject of such an History, was my very great friend.

It was even I that drew him first out of his village, or at least that perswaded him to be at the Justs and Tiltings which were then kept at Saragosa, and whither I was going: and in good truth I did him a great favour; for I was the cause that the hangman did not well claw and bum-baste his backe, having rightly deserved such a punishment, because he had been e outer rash and

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But tel me, I befeech you then (quoth Don Quixote) my Lord Don Alvaro, do I in any thing refemble the said Don Quixote of whom you speake? Nothing at all, answered the other. And did that Don Quixote (replied our Knight) conduct with him a Squire named Sancho Pansa? Yes verily, (quoth Don Alvaro) And the report went, that this Squire was very blithe, pleasant, and gamesome; but yet I never heard him speak any thing with a good garbe or grace, nor any one word that might cause laughter.

I beleeue it well, said Saneho then; for, it suits not with all the world to be pleasant and iesting: and the very same Saneho of whom you speake (my Lord the Gentleman) must be some notorious rogue, some greedy-gut, and notable theese. It is I that am the right Saneho Pansa, that can tell many fine tales; yea more then there are drops of water when it raineth. If so you please, my Lord, you may make experience of it, and follow me at least one yeere, and you shall then see, that at every step I shall speake so many unpleasant things, that very often without knowing what I vtter, I make all them to laugh that listen unto one. In good sooth, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the farre renowned, the valiant, the discrete, the amorous; he who is the redresser of wrongs, the reuenger of outrages, the tutor of in-

fants, the Gardian of Orphanes, the Rampire or fortrelle of Widdowes, the Defender of Damozels and Maidens: he who hath for his onely Mistrelle, the matchlelle Duloinea del Toboso, is the very same Lord whom you see heere present, and vyho is my good Master. All other Don Quixotes, and all other Sancho

Pansa's are but dreames, fopperies, and fables.

Now by my holydom I beleeue as much (answered Don Alwaro;) for, in those few vvords by you even now vttered, you have shewed more grace then ever did the other Sancho Pansa, in al the long & tattling discourses that I have heard come from him. He savoured more of the Gourmand, then of a well-spoken man; more of a Coxe-combe, then of a pleasant. Without doubt I believe, that the Enchanters, which persecute the good Don Quixote, have also gone about to persecute me, in making me to know the other Don Quixote, who is of no worth or merit at all. Neverthelesse, I wot not well what to say of it, since I durst sweare, that I left him at Toledo in the Nuncio his house, to the end he might be cured and healed, and behold heere another Don Quixote, but farre different from mine.

As for me (quoth Don Quixote) I know not whether I be good or no, but well I wot I am not the bad. And for a manifest triall of my saying, my Lord Don Aluaro Tarse, if you please, you shall understand, that in all my life-time I was never at Saragosa. And having of late understood, that the imaginary Don Quixote had beene present at the Turnaments and Tiletings in that City, I would by no meanes come or goe into it, that in view of all the uvorld I might manifest his salse tale: Which was the reason that I went strait unto Barselona, the treasury or store-house of all courtesie, the retreat and resuge of all strangers, the relieuing harborough of the poore and needy, the native home of valorous men, where such as bee wronged or offended, are avenged; and where true friendships are reciprocall, and in summe, a City that hath no peere, be it eyther

for beauty, or for the faire fituation of it.

And albeit what hath befalne me bring me no great contentment, I doe not withflanding somewhat allay the griefe viith the pleasure, which by the sight thereof I have received & felt. To conclude, my Lord Don Almaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the very fame man of whom Fame speaketh, and not he, that vnhappy wretch, who to honour himselfe with

my designes, hath gone about to vsurpe my name.

In the meane while I humbly befeech you, by the profession which you make to be a Noble Knight, that before the ordinary Iudge of this place, you will be pleased to make me a declaration and certificate, how, so long as you have lived, even vntill this present howre, you never saw me, & that I am not the said Don Quixote imprinted in this second part, and likewise that this Sancho Pansa my Squire is not hee whom you heereto fore have knowne.

I shall doe it with all my heart, (quoth the Knight Don Afware) although I be very much amazed to see two Don Quixetes, and behold, two Sancho's at one very instant, so conformable in name, and so different in actions. But I tell you againe and againe &, I assuredly believe that I have not viewed what I have seene, and that what hath happed wnto me concerning this sub-

iect, hath not befalne at all.

Without doubt, my Lord, then faid Sancho, it is very likely that you are enchanted, even as my Lady Dulcinea of Tobofo is: would to God that your dif-enchanting might be brought to patfe with giving other three thousand and odde whip-lashes, as I doe for her; I would most willingly give them vnto my selfe, without any interest at all.

I know not what you meane (quoth Don Aluaro) by these whip-lashes. To whom Sancho said, that it vould be too long a discourse to relate; but yet hee would make him acquainted with the whole story, if peraduenture they should both travell

one same vvay.

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By this time the houre of dinner was at hand, and they fed and at etogether. At the very same time the ludge of the place came into the Inne, attended on by a Clerke or Notary, whom Don Quexote required that he would take a certificat or declaration, which this Knight Don Aluaro Tarfe would declare vnto him: for somuch as it did highly concerne his honor and reputation.

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Now the Tenor of this Declaration was, that the faid Gentle. man did in no fort know Don Quixote, who was there prefent, and that hee was not the man, whose name they had lately imprinted in an Hillory, entituled, The second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, composed by Abellaneda, borne at Tordesillas.

To conclude, the Judge engroffed all according to the forme of Law. The Declaration was made in forme and manner as all Notaries are accustomed to be, in such and the like cases. By which meanes Don Quixote and Sancho refled very glad, and well apaid, as if such a declaration had beene of very great moment and consequence vnto them, & as if their actions & speeches had not apparently shewed the difference and ods that was betweene the two Don Quixotes, and thetwo Sancho's.

Divers complements, and many offices & offers of courtefie did mutually enterpalle betweene Don Aluaro, & Don Quixote, wherein our heroyke Knight de la Mancha, declared fo much wisedome, and such discretion, that he resolved Don Alvaro of the doubt wherein he was : For, he perswaded himselfe that he vvas enchanted, fince with his owne hands hee felt and touched two Don Quixotes so different and contrary one to another.

Mid-day being past, and the heat allayed, they departed from that place all together. They had not gone about halfe a league, but they met with two feuerall paths, the one led to Don Quixates Village, and the other to the place whither Don Aluare

was going.

During which little space, Don Quixote related at large vnto him, the disaster of his over-throw, the enchantment, and the remedy of Dulcinea. All which things bred and caused a new admiration in the minde of Don Aluaro, who kept on

his vyay, and Don Quixote his.

Our Knight palled that night among the trees, to the end he might give Sancho meanes and leyfure to fulfill his penance, which he accomplished even as hee had done the fore-patted night, more at the charges of the hedges, shrubs, and trees there growing, then of his backe and shoulders. For hee kept them fo fafe and vvell, that the lashes which he gaue himselfe, would not have caused a flye to stirre, had shee taken vp her stand there.

Don Quixote thus abused, lost not one stroke with misseekoning, and found that those of the fore-going night, joyned wnto these, were just the summe of three thousand, nine and

cwenty.

It feemed the Sunne rose that morning earlier then his wont, to behold this facrifice, and they perceiuing that it was bright day, event on their iourney, discoursing of the error veherein Don Almaro evas, and how they had done very well in taking a declaration before the Judge, and that so authorically.

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em fo They wandred all that day, and the night succeeding, without encountring any thing worthy the relation, valetie it be, that the very same night Sanebo sinished his vvhipping taske, to the great contentment of Don Quixote, who greedily longed for peepe of day, to see if in their trauels they might meete with his sweet Mistresse Dulcinea, vvho vvas now disenchanted.

Thus vvandring, they met no vvoman, but they would approach & close with her, to take perfect view of her, and to discerne vvhether it were *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, confidently assuring themselves, as of an infallible truth, that the promises of the

prophet Merlin could not possibly proue false.

Whilest they were musing on these things, and their longings encreasing, they vnawares ascended a little hillocke, whence they discovered their Village. Which Sancho had no sooner perceived, but hee prostrated himselfe on his knees,

and vettered these words a

Oh my deare-dearely-beloued, and long desired native countrey, open thine eyes, and behold how thy sonne Sancho returnes at last to the againe: who if he be not very rich, yet is he at least very well whipt and lashed. Open thine armes likewise, and friendly receive thy sonne Don Quixote. And if he returneth to thee vanquished by the force of a strange arme, he yet at least returneth conquerour of himselse. And as himselse

hath often told me, it is the greatest victory, that any man can desire, or wish for. I have good store of money: for, if they gave me sound whip-lashes, I sound much good in being a wor-

thy Knight.

Let vs leaue these fooleries, said Don Quixote, and forthwith wend vnto our Village, where we will give free passage vnto our imaginations and prescribe vnto our selves the forme and method, that we are to keepe and observe in the rurall or passorall life, which we intend to put in practise. Thus reasoning together, they saire and gently descended the hillock, and approached to their Village.

CHAP. LXXIII.

Of the presages and sore-boadings, which hapned to Don Quixote, at the entrance into his Village; with other Aduentures, which serve for grace and ornament vato this samous History, and which give credit unto it.

ID Hamete reporteth, that as they were come neerevnto the entrance into their Village, Don Quixote perceiued how in the Commons thereof there were two
yong Lads, who in great anger contested and disputed together.
The one said to the other, Pierrot, thou must not chase nor bee
angry at it: For, as long as thou liuest, thou shalt neuer set thine
eyes vpon her. Which Don Quixote hearing, he began this
speech vnto Sancho; Friend (said he) does not thou vnderstand what yonder yong Ladsaith? So long as thou liuest thou
shalt neuer set eyes vpon her.

And what imports (quoth Sancho) what that youg Lad hath spoken? What (replyed Don Quixote?) seest thou not, how that applying the words vnto mine intention; his meaning is, that I shall never see my Dulcinea? Sancho was about to answere him, but he was hindred by an Hare, which chased, crossed their way. She vvas eagerly pursued by divers Gray-hounds

and Hunts-men, so that fearfully amazed she squatted down be-

tweene the feete of Dapple.

Sancho boldly tooke her vp, and presented the same vito Don Quixote, who cryed out alowd, Malum fignum, malum fignum: A Hare runnes away, Gray-hounds purfue her, and Dulcinea appeares not. You are a strange man (then quoth Saucho, let vs imagine that this Hare is Dulcinea, and the Gray-hounds which purfue her, the wicked Enchanters, that have transformed her into a Country-Latle. She runnes away, I take her vp, and deliuer her into your owne hands : you hold her in your armes, you hugge and make much of her. What ill-boading may

this be, and what misfortune can be implide upon this?

In the meane while, the two yong Boyes came neere vnto them to see the Hare; and Sancho demanded of one of them the cause or ground of their brabbling controversie? Then he, who had vttered the words, So long as thou livelt, thou shalt never fet eyes vpon her, related vnto Sancho, how that he had taken from the other Boy a little Cage full of Crickets, and that he neuer purposed to let him haue it againe. Then Sancho pul'd out of his pocket a piece of fixe Blankes, and gaue it to the other Boy for his Cage, which he put into Don Quixotes hands, faying thus vnto him, Behold, good Sir, all these fond Sooth-sayings and ill presages are dasht and ouerthrowne, and have now nothing to doe with our Aduentures, (according to my vnderstanding, although I be but a filly gull) no more then with the last yeeres snow. And if my memory faile mee not, I thinke I have heard the Curate of our Village fay, that it fits not good Christians and wife folkes to stand upon such foolish fopperies.

It is not long fince you told me so your selfe, and gave me to vnderstand, that all such Christians, as plodded & amused themsclues upon Augures or Divinations, were very fooles. And therefore let vs no longer trouble our selues with them, but let vs goe on, and enter into our Village. There whilest the hunters came in, they demanded to have their Hare, and Don Quixote

deliuered the fame vnto them.

Then he and Sancho kept on their way; and at the entrance li4

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into the Village, in a little meddow, they met with the Curate, and the Bachelor Carrafeo, who with their Beads in their hands

were faying their prayers.

It is to be vinderstood, that Sancho Pansa had placed vpon Dapple, and vpon the fardell of their weapons the lacket or Gaberdine of Boccossin all painted ouer with fierie flames, which was vpon him in the Dukes Cassle; the night that Altisidora rose againe from death to life: which jubb or tacket served them in stead of a Carpet or Sumpter-cloth.

They had likewise placed upon the Asses head the Myter, whereof we have spoken before. It was the newest kinde of transformation, and the sittest decking or array, that ever Asses

did put vpon his head.

The Curate and the Bachelor knew them incontinently, and

with wide-open armes ranne towards them.

Don Quixote alighted presently and very kindly embraced them. But the little children, who are as sharpe-sighted as any Linx, having eyed the Asses Myter, flocked suddenly about them to see the same, saying the one to the other, Come, come, and runne all you Camarados, and you shall see Sancho Pan-sa's Asses more brave & gallant then Mingo: and Don Quixote's Palfry leaner, sainter, and more slaggy then it was the first day.

Finally, being enuironed with a many yong children, and attended on by the Curat and Bachelor, they entred the Village, and went directly vnto Don Quixote's house. At the dore wherof they met with his Maid servant, and with his Neece, who

had already heard the newes of their comming.

Teresa Pansa, the wise of Sancho, had likewise been aduertised thereof. She ranne all disheueled and halfe naked to see her Husband, leading her Daughter Sanchica by the hand. But when she saw, that he was not so richly attired as she imagined, and in that equipage a Gouernour should be, she thus began to discourse with him, My Husband, after what fashion does thou come home? Mee thinkes thou commelt on foot, and vith toylesome trauelling all tyred and faint-hearted: Thou rather bearest the countenance of a miserable wretch, then of a Gouernour.

Hold thy peace Terefa (quoth Sancho:) for, oftentimes, when there be Bootes, there be no Spurres. Let vs goe vnto our house, and there thou shalt heare wonders. So it is, that I have money, which is of more consequence, and I have gotten it by mine owne industry, without doing wrong to any body.

Why then you have money, my good Husband (replyed Terefa?) That's very well. It is no matter how you came by it, be it by hooke or crooke. For, after what manner foeuer you have laid hands on it, you bring no new custom into the world. Sanchica embraced her Father, and asked him whether he had brought her any thing; and that she had as earnestly looked for him, as men doe for dew in the moneth of May.

Thus his Wife holding him by the one hand, and his Daughter by the one fide of his girdle, and with the other hand leading Dapple, they entred into their Cottage, leaving Don Quixele in his owne house in the power of his Neece and Maidfervant, and in the company of the Curat, and the Bachelor.

Don Quixote, without longer delay, at that very instant drew the Bachelor and the Curate alide, and in few words related his being defeated vnto them, and the Vow, which he had been forced to make, not to goe out of his Village during the space of one whole yeere: how his purpose was fully to keep the same, without transgressing it one iot or atome: since that by the rules of Knight Errantry, and as he was a true Knight Errant, he was strictly obliged to performe it. Which was the reason that he had resolved, during the time of that yeere, to become a Shepheard, and entertaine himselfe among the Defarts and solitarie places of that Countrey, where he might freely vent out and giue scope vnto his amorous passions, by exercising himselfe in commendable and vertuous pastorall exercises: And now befought them, if they had no greater affaires in hand, and vvere not imployed in matters of more importance, they would both be pleased to become his companions, and fellow-Shepheards. For, he would buy store of sheepe, and get so sufficient a flock together, as they might well take upon them the name of shepheards.

And in the meane time, he gave them to vndersland, that the

chiefelt point of this businesse was already effected: for, he had already appointed them so proper and convenient names, as if

they had been calt in a mould.

The Curat would needs know these names. Don Quixote told him, that himselfe would be called, the Shepheard Quixotis: the Bachelor, the Shepheard Carrascon; and the Curat, the Shepheard Curambro; and as for Sancho Pansa, hee should be

Stiled Panfino.

They were all astonished at Don Quixotes new folly: Neuerthelesse, that he might not another time goe out of his Village, and returne to his Knight-hoods, and Caualliers tricks: and therewithall supposing, that in the space of this yeere he might be cured and recoursed: they allowed of his designe and new inuention, and in that rurall exercise offered to become his companions.

We shall leade a pleasant life, said Samson Carrajco, since, as all the world knoweth, I am an excellent Poet, and shall every hand-while be composing of Pastoral Ditties and Eglogues, or els some Verses of the Court, as best shall agree to our purpose. Thus shall we entertaine our selves by the wayes we shall passe

and goe.

But good Sirs, the thing that is most necessary, is, that every one make choise of the name of the Shepheardesse, whom he intendeth to celebrate in his Verses: and that there be no Tree, how hard and knurry soener, but therein we shall write, carue, and engrave her name, even as amorous Shepheards are accusto-

med to doe.

In good footh, that will doe passing well (quoth Don Quixote) albeit I neede not goe farre to finde out the name of an imaginary Shepheardets; since I have the neuer-matched or paralelled Dulcinea of Toboso, the glory of all these shores; the ornament of these meddowes; the grace and comelinesse of beauty; the creame and prime of all graceful netse; and (to be short)
the subject, on which the extremitie of all commendations may
rightly be conferred, how hyperbolicals source it be.

It is most true, said the Curate. But for vs, we must feek out some barren Shepheardesses, and at least, if they bee not sit

and proper for vs, yet one way or other they may stead vs, if not in the maine, yet in the by. Although we have none (quoth Samson Carrasco) yet will we give them those very names as we see in print, and wherewith the world is full. For we will call them Phillis, Amarillis, Diana, Florinda, Galathea, and Eelisarda. Since they are publikely to be sold in the open market-place, we may very well buy them, and lawfully appropriate them vnto our selves.

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If my Mistresse, or, to say better, my Shepheardesse have to name Anna, I will celebrate her under the stile of Anarda; if she be called Francis, I will call her Francisa; and if she hight Lucie, her name shall be Lucinda: for, all such names square and encounter. As for Sancho Pansa, if he will be one of our fraternitie, he may celebrate his wife Teresa Pansa under the name of Teresaina.

Don Quixote burst out a laughing at the application of these names, whilst the Curat did infinitely commend and extoll his honourable resolution, and against offered to keepe him company all the time that he could spare, having acquitted himselfe of the charge vnto which he was bound.

With that they tooke leave of him, perswading, and entreating him to have a care of his health, and indevour to be merry. So it hapned, that his Neece and his Maid-servant heard all the speeches, which they three had together: And vyhen the Bacheler and the Curat were gone from him, they both came neere vnto Don Quixote, and thus his Neece bespake him:

What meanes this (my Lord, mine Vncle?) Now when we imagined, that you would have continued in your owne house, and there live a quiet, a reposed and honourable life, you goe about to cast your selfe headlong into new Labyrinths and troubles, with becoming a Swaine or Shepheard? Verily the come is already over-hard to make Oaten-pipes of it.

But how (quoth the Maid-feruant) can you indure and vindergoe in the open fields the foorching heate of Summer, and the cold and frost of winter nights, and heare the how-lines.

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lings of Wolues, without quaking for very feare? No truely, for so much as that belongs onely to such as are of a robust and Surly complexion, of a hard and rugged skinne, and that from their Cradles are bred and enured to such a trade and occupation. If the worst come to the worst, it were better to bee

Still a Knight Errant, then a Shepheard.

I befeech you, good my Lord, follow my counfell, which I give you, not as being full of wine and bread, but rather falting, and as one, that have fifty yeeres vpon my head. Abide Itill in your house, thinke on your domestike affaires, confesse your selfe often, serve God, doe good vnto the poore, and if any harme come to you of it, let mee take it vpon my soule.

Good Wenches hold your peace (replyed Don Quixote:) for I know what I haue to doe. In the meane while, let me be had to bed. Meethinkes I am not very well: yet affure your felues, that whether I be an Errant Knight, or a Shepheard, I will carefully prouide for all that you may stand in need of, and you shall see the effects of it.

The Neece and the Maidferuant, who without doubt were two merry good Wenches, layd him in his bed, and attended, and lookt fo well vnto him, as they could not possibly have

done better.

CHAP.

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CHAP. LXXIIII.

How Don Quixote fell Sicke : of the Will he made, and of his death.

Sall humane things being transitorie, and not eternal, are ever declining from their beginnings, vntill they come vnto their last end and period; but more especially the lives of men. And as that of Don Quixote had no priviledge from Heaven to continue in one estate, and keepe it's course, his end surprised him, at what time he least thought of it. I wot not whether it proceeded of the melancholy, which the sad remembrance of his being vanquished caused in him; or whether the disposition of the heavens had so decreed: so it is, that a burning Feuer seyzed vpon him, which forced him to keepe his bed sixed ayes.

During which time, the Curate, the Bachelor, and the Barber, who were all his good friends, did very often visit him: and Sancho Pansa his good Squire neuer went from his bed-

fide.

They supposing, that the vexation and fretting, which he felt for having bin conquered; as also because he saw not the accomplishment of his desires, touching the different ament of Dulcinea, caused this sicknes in him, endeuoured by all pos-

fible meanes to make him merry.

The Bachelor desired him to be of good courage, and to rise, that they might begin their Pastorall Exercise, and how he had already composed an Eglogue, which was nothing behinde those that Sanazaro had compiled: That for the same purpose he had bought two goodly and faire dogges, and of great renowne, for to keepe their flocke, whereof the one was called Bareino, and the other Butron; and how a Shepheard of Quintanar had sold them to him.

But for all this Don Quixote quitted not his forrow, nor left

off his fadnetle.

His friends called for a Phisician, who was nothing well please.

pleased with his pulse which he felt. And therefore hee told him, that whatsoeuer might happen, he should not doe amisse to begin to thinke on the saluation of his soule; for, the health

of his body was in very great danger.

Don Quixote, without being any whit amazed, did very quietly listen vnto this discourse, which neyther his Niece, his maid, nor his Squire did: for, they were so deepely plunged in teares & weeping, as, had they seene gastly death in the face, they could have done no more.

The Phylician told them plainely, that onely melancholy,

and his trouble some cares were the cause of his death.

Don Quixote entreated the company to leave him alone, because he had a great desire to sleepe a while. They did so, and he had a sound nap (as they say) of sixe houres, so that the maid and his Neece thought hee would never have waked againe. Well, hee waked at last, and with a loud and audible voyce, he vttered these words; The Almighty God be for ever blessed, that hath done so much good for mee. To be short, his mercies have no bounds, they are neyther shortned

nor hindred by the sinnes of man.

The Neecelistned viith heedy attention vnto her Vncles words, and perceiving that they were better couched, and wifer disposed then those he was accustomed to pronounce in all his sicknesses, she proposed this question vnto him: My Lord and Vncle, what is that you say? Is there any new matter befalne? what mercies doe you speake off? or what sinnes of men? My good Neece, (replied Don Quixate) the mercies I talke of, are those which God of his goodnes hath at this instant conferred upon me wretched sinner, and my sinnes have beene no stop or let unto them. I possesse a free and cleere sudgement, and nothing overshadowed vith the mysty clouds of ignorance, which the continual reading and plodding on bookes of Chivalry had over-cast mee withall.

I acknowledge all these extrauagancies, and confesse them to be but coozening tricks; and amaggreeved that this disbuse hath hapned so late vnto me, as it assords me no ley sure n

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to make amends for my overlight, by reading of other good bookes, and which might ferue and tend to the enlightning of my soule. My deare Neece, I feele my selfe neere vnto death, but I would not have it to be such, as the surname of foole should rest vpon mee; for, although I have been foolish in my life, I desire not to confirme the truth of it in my death. And therefore my deare friend, goe and cause the Curate, the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Niebolas the Barber to come immediately vnto me. I desire to confesse my selfe, and to make my last Willand Testament. His Neece was eased of this labour, by the comming of them all three, who even then entred the Chamber. Don Onixote no sooner saw them, but said thus ynto them;

My good Sirs, give me some new yeeres gift, I am no more Don Quixote de la Mancha, but rather Alonso Quixano, vnto whom my honest life and civill conversation hath heretofore appropriated the furname of Good. I am now a professed enemy to Amadis de Gaule, and of all the infinit rabble of his race. Now are all the prophane Histories of Errant Chiualry hatefull vnto me; I now acknowledge my folly, and perceive the danger whereinto the reading of them hath brought me. But now, by the meere mercy of my God, become wife, at my owne proper cost and charges, I vttely abhorre them. When these three friends heard him speake so, they believed vndoubtedly, that he was possessed with some new-kind of soolishnetse. My Lord Don Quixote (faid Samson vnto him) now that the newes are come vnto vs, that the Lady Dulcinea of Tobofo is diffenchanted, doe you speake in this manner? And now that we are so neere hand to become shepheards, that so vve may in finging mirth and iollity lead a kinde of Princely life, doe you intend to become a Hermite?

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Hold your peace, I pray you (replied Don Quixote) recollect your wits together, and let vs leave all these discourses: That, which hath hitherto served mee to my hurt and detriment, my death, by the assistance of heaven, shall turne to my good, and redound to my prosit. Good sirs, I perceive and seele death to sollow mee at my heeles. Let vs leave off, and

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quit all merriments and ielling, and let mee haue a Confessor to shrift mee, and a Notary to draw my last Will and Testament. In the extremity whereunto I now finde and feele my selfe, a man must not make a lest of his soule: and therefore whilest Master Curate is taking of my Confession, let mee

haue a Scriuener fetcht.

They flood all gazing one vpon another, wondring at Don Quixote's found reasons, although they made some doubt to belieue them. One of the fignes which induced them to coniecture, that he was neere vnto Deaths dore, was, that with fuch facility hee was from a starke foole become a wife man. For, to the words already alleadged, he added many more fo fignificant fo Christian-like, and so well couched, that without doubt they confidently beleeved that Don Quixote was become a right wife man. The Curate made all those who were in the Chamber to avoid, and being left alone with him, tooke his Confession. The Bachelor Carrasco went to finde out a Notary, who not long after came with him, and with Sancho Panfa. This good Squire having vnderstood from the mouth of the Bachelor, that his Master was in a very bad estate, and finding his Maid-servant and his Neece weeping very bitterly, began like a mad-man with his owne fifts to thump and beate himselfe, and to shead brackish teares.

The Confession being ended, the Curate came forth, and was heard to vtter these words, Verily, verily, he is at his last gaspe, and verily the good Alonso Quixano is become wise, and it is high time for him to make his last Will and Testa-

ment.

These heavy newes opened the sluces of the teares-full and swolne-blubbering eyes of the maid, of the Neeces, and of his good Squire Sancho Pansa; so that they showred forth whole fountains of teares, and setched from the very bottom of their aggricued hearts, a thousand groaning sighes. For, in effect (as we have already declared elsewhere) whilst Don Quixote was simply the good Alonso Quixano, and likewise when he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of a milde and affable disposition, and of a kinde and spleasing conversation:

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and therefore was he not onely beloued of all his houshold, but also of all those that knew him.

In the meane space the Notary came, who after hee had written the beginning of his Will; and that Don Quixote had disposed of his soule, with all the circumstances required and necessaries in a true Christian: and that hee was come vnto the Legacies, he caused this to be written. Item, concerning a certaine summe of money, which Sancho Pansa, whom I made my Squire, whilest my folly possessed me, hathyet in his custody. For so much as between him and me, there remaine certaine odde reckonings and accounts to bee made vp, of what he hath received, and laid out, my will and pleasure is, that he be not tyde to yeeld any account at all, nor bee in any bond for it: Nay rather, if any ouer-plus remaine in his hands, having first fully paid and satisfied him of what I owe and am endebted to him (which is no great matter,) my purpose is, that it be absolutely his owne, and much good may it do him.

And as being then a foole, I was the cause that hee had the Gouernment of an Iland given him, I would to God (now I am wise and in my perfect sences) it were in my power to give him a Kingdome: For, the sinceritie of his minde, and the sidelitie of his comportments doe well deserve it. Then addressing himselfe vnto Sancho, he made this speech vnto him, My deare friend, pardon mee, that I have given thee occasion to seeme a soole as I was, in making thee to fall into the same errour wherein I was falne, that in the world there have beene, and still are Errant Knights.

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Alas and welladay, my good Sir, answered Sancho throbbing and weeping, yeeld not vnto death I pray you, but rather follow my counsell; which is, that you endeuour to line many faire yeeres. The greatest folly that any man can commit in this world, is to give himselfe over vnto death without apparant cause, except he be wilfully slaine, or that no other hand bring him to his end, but that of melancholy.

Once more I befeech you, suffer not remissentle or faintheartednes to ouercome you. Rather rise out of your bed, and let vs go into the fields attired like Shepheards, as we were

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once resolved to doe. It may come to passe, that we behinde some bush or shrub shall sinde the Lady Madame Dulcinea distenchanted, so that we shall have no more businesse. If the vexation or irkesomenesse you feele to have been vanquished, attempt to bring you vnto death; let me vndertake the blame, who will stoutly maintaine in all places, and before all men, that you were overthrowne and quelled, because I had not well gyrt your Palfrey Rosmante.

And you have seene and read in your Bookes of Chivalry, that it is an ordinarie thing for one Knight to thrust another out of his saddle; and that he who is to day conquered, is to

morrow a conquerour.

It is most true (quoth Samfon) and Sancho Pansa relates

the very truth of fuch accidents.

My Sirs, (replyed Don Quixote) I pray you goe not on so fast, since that in the nests of the last yeere, there are no birds of this yeere. Whilome I was a foole, but now I am wise: Sometimes I was Don Quixote de la Mancha, but am now (as I haue already told you) the good Alonso Quixano. Let my wnfained repentance, and the truth of what I say, obtaine this fauour at your courteous hands, that you will haue the same estimation of me now, which you haue had heretofore. And so let Master Notary proceed.

Item, I make and institute my Necce Antoinette Quixana, (who is heere present) generall heyre of all my goods what-soeuer, having first deducted out of them all, that shall be necessary for the full accomplishment of the Legacies which I have bequeathed: And the first thing I would have discharged, I purpose, shall bee the wages which I owe vnto my Maid-scruant; and that, over and besides, she have twenty ducats delivered vnto her, to buy her some good clothes with all.

Item, I appoint and institute Master Curate, and Master Samson Carrasco the Bachelor heere present, to be the ourseers and Executors of this my last Will and Testament.

Item, my will and pleasure is, that if Antoinette Onixana
my Neece chance to marry, that it be to a man of whom diligent enquiry shall first be made, that he is ytterly ignorant of
bookes

bookes of Chiualrie, and that he neuer heard speech of them. And if it should happen, that hee have read them, and that notwithstanding my Neece will, or take him to her Husband, that the veterly lofe, and neuer have any thing that I have bequeathed her as an inheritance, all which, my Executors and Assignes may at their pleasure as shall seeme good vnto them.

imploy and distribute in pious vses.

Item, I intreat the faid Executors and Ouer-feers of my Will, that if by good fortune, they come to the knowledge of the Author, who is faid to have composed an History, which goes from hand to hand, under the Title of The second part of the heroike feares of Armes of Don Quixote de la Mancha, they shall in my behalfe most affectionately desire him to pardon me; for that I have vnawares given them occasion to write so infinite a number of great extrauagancies and idle impertinencies: for so much as I depart out of this life with this scruple vpon my conscience, to have given him subject and cause to publish them to the world.

He had no sooner ended his discourse, and signed and sealed his Will and Testament, but a swouning and faintnesse furprising him, he stretched himselfe the full length of his bed. All the company were much distracted and mooued thereat, and ranne presently to help him: And during the space of three dayes, that he lived after he had made his will, he did

fwoune and fall into trances almost every houre.

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All the house was in a confusion and vorore: All which notwithanding the Neece ceased not to feede very denoutly; the Maid-feruant to drinke profoundly, and Sancho to live merrily. For when a man is in hope to inherit any thing, that hope doth deface, or at least moderate in the minde of the inheritor the remembrance or feeling of the forrow and griefe, which of reason he should have a feeling of the Teltators death.

To conclude, the last day of Don Quixote came, after he had received all the Sacraments; and had by many and gr reasons made demonstration to abhorre all the Booke sof Errant Chiualry.

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The Notary was present at his death, and reporteth, how he had never read or found in any book of Chiualrie, that any Erfant Knight died in his bed, so mildly, so quietly, and so

Christianly as did Don Quixote.

Amidst the wailefull plaints, and blubbering teares of the by-standers, he yeelded up the ghost, that is to say, hee died, which the Curate perceiving, he desired the Notary to make him an attestation or certificate, how Alonso Quixano, surnamed the good, and who was commonly called Don Quixate de la Mancha, he was deceased out of this life unto another, and dyed of a naturall death. Which testificate he desired, to remove all occasions from some Authors, except Cid Hamete Benengeli salsely to raise him from death againe, and write endelessed histories of his samous acts.

This was the end of the ingenious Gentleman dela Maneha, of whose birth-place Cid Hamete hath not beene pleased to declare manifestly the situation vnto vs, to the end that all Villages, Townes, Boroughs and Hamlets of la Mancha should contest, quarrell, and dispute among themselues the honor to have produced him, as did the seuen Cities of Greece for the loue of Homer: wee have not beene willing to make mention and relate in this place, the dolefull plaints of Sancho; nor those of the Neece and Maid-servant of Don Quixote, nor likewise the sundry new and quaint Epitaphs which were graven over his tombe; Content your selfe with this which the Bachelor Samson Carraseo placed there,

Heere lyes the Gentle Knight, and stout, That to that height of valour got, As if you marke his deeds throughout, Death on his life triumphed not With bringing of his death about.

The world as nothing hee did prize, For as a Scar-crow in menseyes, He livid, and was their Bug-beare too; And had the luck with much adoc, To line a foole, and yet die wife.

In the meane while, the wife and prudent Cid Hamete Benengeli addrest this speech voto his writing pen: Heere it is (oh my flender quill, whether thou be ill or well cut) that thou shalt abide hanged youn those racks whereon they hang spits and broaches, being there-unto fastned with this copper wire: There shalt thou live many ages, except some rash, fondhardy and lewd Historian take thee downe to profane thee. Neuertheleffe, before they lay hands upon thee, thou maift, as it were by way of advertisment, and as well as thou canst, boldly tell them, Away, packe hence, stand a farre off, you wicked botchers, and vngracious Souters, and touch menor, fince to me onely it belongs to cause to be imprinted Cum bono Prinilegio Regia Maiestatis. Don Quixote was born for me alone, and I had my birth onely for him. If he hath been able to produce the effects, I have had the glory to know how to write & compile them well. To be short, He & I are but one felfe-fame thing, maugre & in despite of the fabulous Scribler de Tordesillas, who hath rashly and malapertly dared with an Estridge course and bungling pen, to write the prowelle and high Feates of Armes of my valorous Knight.

This fardle is too-too heavy for his weake shoulders, and his dull wit ouer-cold & frozen for fuch an enterprise. And if peraduenture thou know him, thou shalt also aduise him to fuffer the weary and already rotten bones of Don Quixote to rest in his Sepulcher: For, it would be too great a cruelty, if contrary to all Orders and Decrees of Death, he should go about to make shew of him in Castila the olde, where in good footh he lyeth within a Sepulchre, layd all along, and vnable to make a third iourney and a new outrode. It is sufficient to mocke those that so many wandring Knights have made, that those two whereof he hath made shew vnto the world, to the generall applause, and univerfall content of all Peoples and Nations that have had knowledge of them, as well thorow the whole Countries of Spaine, as in all other forreigne Kingdomes. Thus shalt thou performe what a good Chrislian is bound to do, in giving good counsell to him that wisheth thee euill. As for mee, I shall rest contented and well satisfied to

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haue beene the first that hath fully enioyed the fruites of his writings, and that according to my delires; since I neuer desired any other thing, then that men would veterly abhor the fabulous impercinent and extrauagant bookes of Chiualries:

And to say truth, by meanes of my true Don Quixote, they begin already to stagger; for, vndoubtedly such fa-

bles and film-flam tales will shortly faile, and
I hope shall neuer rife againe.

Farewell.

FINIS.